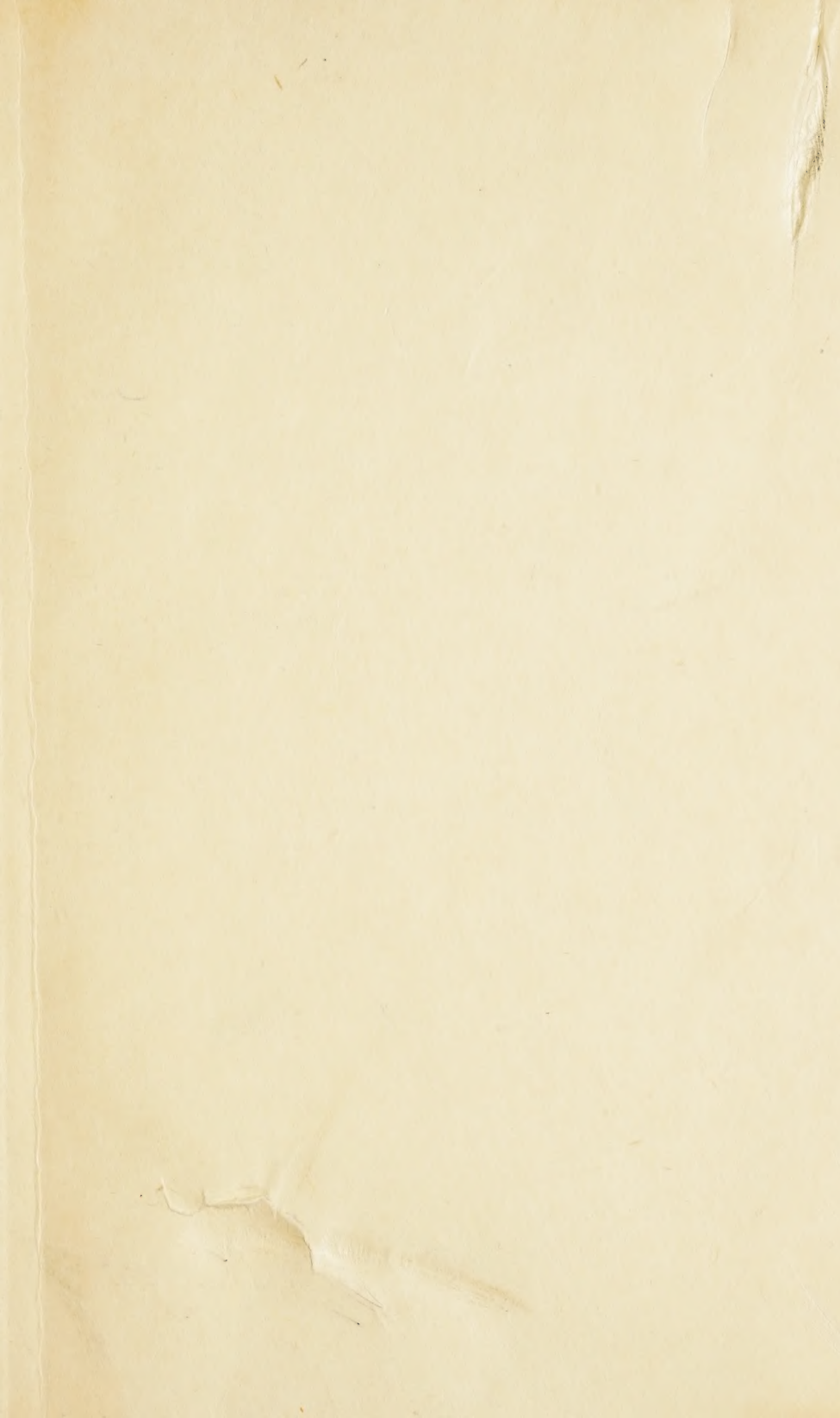




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QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

SPRING : 1942

HAPPINESS UNLIMITED

BY WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER

THINGS were not going any too well. I had forgotten my wife's mother's seventy-ninth birthday; I had issued a cheque against inadequate funds; I had gone through a red light. Life had suddenly proved too complicated for me with its aged duchesses, its fussy bankers, and its interminable traffic rules. Faced, according to the actuaries, with 18.72 years still before me I shuddered to think of them. Now I knew why men jumped off bridges into large bodies of water or off high buildings into no water at all. Life had got them down. I felt sorry for myself; in the psychic self-valuation tube the red column of my will to survive sank low. And just then Providence, thumbing over its card-index, which is just what I should have kept, set an addressing clerk in action on our university's faculty list. It also arranged that while she missed one name in every three, my name was one of the two she incompetently hit on in my bracket.

Meanwhile, my despair had been accentuated. In an unfrequented pocket of a suit called on to pinch hit for its working mate absent on a visit to the cleaners, I found an invitation for dinner for my wife and myself from *madame la présidente*;

it was then the *sixth* post-prandial day. Any light that had been in me became darkness, and how great was that darkness! Yet in the blackness of the night that covered me the day-star arose; I received the business announcement of *Happiness Unlimited*. It lies now in my safe-deposit box along with other less important documents like bonds and policies. They deal only with the fringe of life, the prospectus with life itself.

Happiness Unlimited laid before me in its Nile-green folder the most fascinating offer I have ever received, not excepting the reductions quoted by the door-step agent for taking three unwanted magazines *en bloc*. Briefly, it proposed for some consideration too delicate to mention, to undertake the precise and methodical management of those infinite minutiae of life which cleave to us like barnacles and defy bottom-scraping. It radiated the consolations of assurance as it saw life steadily and saw it whole. Or perhaps saw it rather as an amazing aggregate of fractional obligations, needing only system to produce the One out of the Many and thus solve an obstinate problem of philosophy. Some of the friends of the poet Horace acquired booklets which guaranteed life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for three readings; I read mine but once.

That seventy-ninth birthday anniversary which, forgotten, seemed to grandma (and to her daughter) like design for murder on my part—it was so unnecessary. *Happiness Unlimited* reminds you of dates and anniversaries; even more, it sends flowers, gifts, and other factual evidences of an affection enduring and accurate. If the peace-makers are blessed who do something about a quarrel begun, what shall be the benison on those who anticipate trouble and head it off?

Then that cheque. After all, it was well meant. The city-treasurer had invited my co-operation; I was moved by his enthusiasms. It was unfortunate that my bank balance was smaller than in my cheery optimism I had thought possible;

there were harsh words on both sides that could so easily have been avoided. *Happiness Unlimited* pays bills, and even if that only means that it pays when there is anything wherewith to pay, yet what prospects of dignified security are there! You simply write to the city tax-collector's office and say: "*Happiness Unlimited*, my agent, informs me that I cannot afford to pay my taxes this month; please communicate with me later on this subject." At once you become an important figure at the city-hall, just as at your bank they really cultivate the fellow who never meets his note on the due date, while they despise cravens like yourself who are afraid not to meet it. Law is not made for cowards; it is the conspiracy of the feeble against the strong and the tough.

About beating the red light at Clark and Seventh and the subsequent inharmonious interview, I am not so sure, but "planning where to go" seems suggestive; would it be Tim Fogarty's bar by any chance, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest? "Seeing to repairs" may have a bearing on the case, but I don't like the sinister note in "escort to doctor's". Still, there are times when a fellow needs a friend; seek not to count the cost. The hour of need may be where Prosperity used to hang out, just around the corner.

Then that forgotten invitation and the appalling frigidity of *madame la présidente* at the Kappa reception four days later, before you had even discovered the fatal missive in your second-string suit, to say nothing of the sub-Arctic conditions in your own home when the truth came out. Even *Happiness Unlimited* cannot pretend to do much for the latter unless it be "packing and moving" or "obtaining tickets" (*one* for a *long* journey preferably), but the former is covered by the undertaking to write "difficult notes". I wish I could afford the luxury of seeing just what could be composed in extenuation under circumstances meriting practically eternal damnation, but I continue at my amateur job, forfeited now, however,

by the knowledge that there are other professional appeasers available in the world besides those who strove once at London and in Washington.

But that is not all; many other contingencies are provided for. Thus "meeting boats, trains, or people", and a whole world of prospective unhappiness—lateness in arriving, failure to recognize, choice of wrong slip or track—such responsibility slides out from under you quietly and securely. "My representative, I fear, must have made some mistake"—who could profess annoyance in the face of importance so obvious? "Hunting houses or apartments"—it sounds positively sacrificial no matter what the charge, but it does restore confidence in the invincible spirit of man (or could it be woman?) that one should offer to do for another what only the instinct of self-preservation forces us to do, with much bad temper, for ourselves.

But the sure test of an offer is its social values, and here *Happiness Unlimited* has almost persuaded me that if I do not actually use its services in a business way, I should subscribe to it as one of my non-community-chest charities. It has a feeling for the ordinary needs of life and for the helplessness of the ordinary human creature in the face of them. It will plan and manage parties, for instance; "to plan is human, management's divine". Yes, and it will arrange children's parties, thus touching on the heroic, the sort of thing for which men get bronze grotesques in public parks. Gently but firmly, iron hand in velvet glove, it will enter on the scene, take childhood by the scruff of the neck where it needs most to be taken since 'progressive' education came into vogue, and masterfully compel it to play loathsome games till the grandfather's clock in the hall sounds the hour of departure so blessed for the hosts. It will preside cheerfully over these inanities where once your death's-head grin froze spontaneity (quote wife) "in the dear little tots" (end of quote wife). It

will assist the bride, but not that pariah the bridegroom, and "will send out the invitations". Ah, but who will draw the list? Probably, although this is not mentioned, it is a very expensive service, with several insurance contracts to be placed against battle, murder, and sudden death among the relatives. It will call on invalids and read to them, a very beautiful and humanitarian practice carried out when I was a boy by the ladies of the local churches. I see myself on a couch of pain; suddenly an angel of *Happiness Unlimited* appears, smooths my wrinkled brow (or bed, as need dictates), and reads me what it is best that I should hear read. I know that it will be that and not Aldous Huxley or Ernest Hemingway because next on the list stands "planning reading lists", and I see edification or information rushing in on the nature-abhorred vacuum of my mind.

As a professor I am bound to be interested in the offer to give "college orientation"; yet how can *Happiness Unlimited* hope to compete with the horde of amateur orientators already in the field under the playful official title of 'counselors', armed with perfectly tested systems for getting through college by combining *Vertebrate Paleontology 4* (lectures only) as the "required science" with *Drama 122B, Follies of 1941* for a "literary option"? The real point at issue is, and I should like to examine *Happiness Unlimited* searchingly on it, can they 'orientate' people into the 'right' fraternities without too much expense? If they can, they need toil in no other fields; all else will be added unto them.

But it is a grim fact that after "college orientation" comes "tutoring"; you can't keep the brats in college, not even in the College of Letters, where forgiveness fulfils and more than fulfils the scriptural count of seventy times seven, except by steady inoculations of more learning, or, at all events, more things attempted. It is a hard task to nurse these feeble souls through to the golden goal of a bachelor's degree and the right

to claim such alumnusship as will qualify them to get loyally drunk on the night before the 'big game'.

Then, too, "handling problem children". Let's be sympathetic; every child is a problem in n dimensions. You and I were once problem children, but we got solved because our parents looked in the back of the book and found the answer. They neither graphed their algebraic equations nor tolerated our nonsense in conduct; that is why most of us have kept out of jail. So many keep out now, not because the new education is any improvement on the old, but because the jails have hung out the SRO. We have fumbled our job with our boys and girls, and to cover up we talk pedagogy or hire people to talk it at us.

In the field of education *Happiness Unlimited* fascinates me. It deals not only with the poor dubs of undergraduate life, but offers itself to the graduate division as well with healing and with balm. It will undertake research work. This will cost money, but if a Ph.D. is what you want (or need), do you expect to get it for a five-spot? I am sure that *Happiness Unlimited* can think up a thesis subject in any department warranted to serve "as evidence of the ability to make a real contribution to human knowledge", and that it will vouch for simulating the You-ness of the You in the resulting dissertation, and yet more, that it will coach you for peace of mind in "doctor's oral", knowing as it must all the questions by now and the expected answers, right or wrong. Like the modern creators of antiques, *Happiness Unlimited* will no doubt also bore worm-holes in your thesis to make it appear authentic; a few well-placed flaws in that document are almost *de rigueur* in our better universities. Oddly enough, "research work" comes right below "packing and moving", but that is just a slip. Obviously, "research work" is done first; then come "packing and moving" to the eight hundred dollar a year job saved up by administrators for those who have loved learning

or the appearance thereof. But if you have paid *Happiness Unlimited* for research work, I foresee that you will do all your own packing and move all you can in the boot of the jalopy coupé.

Offerings for professors too, and how! Correcting papers; just ship the old mid-term down to the office of *Happiness Unlimited* with instructions to give six A's, 20 B's, 30 C's, a dozen D's, with a couple of F's shot in like the raisins in a fruit loaf just to keep up the standard. For the professor, my lads, can't be expected to be marking papers; he has higher things on his mind, and the parking space there is limited. He has to make speeches on defence to service clubs and women's auxiliaries; *O profunditas!* He has to have articles appear in the journals or he won't get his pay raised; probably he won't anyway, but that's the tradition, and he must have time to make it appear plausible. But no, what is this I see? "Writing speeches, articles." *Nunc dimittis, Domine*; there is nothing left now but a few appearances each week at classes, and "care of children by the hour" seems to cover that.

Thus one by one I learned how we may lay our burdens down; the consummation of the *vita beata* thus more nearly impends daily. The secret of the Happy Life is complete surrender to *Happiness Unlimited*. It may be argued that when you have paid for all these separate deliverances from care you will have nothing left. Well, have you anything left anyway when you pack all these worries on your own galled shoulders?

Often I have nearly argued myself into it. I think often that I'll call up EXbar 20095 to-morrow and ask to have a demonstrator sent out to show me one of those new gold bond, superheterodyne, fifty-point protection plans of the Life without a Care (Form J-927-A). Because if only I had enough leisure I could be a president, and if I were a president, I still wouldn't have to worry because *Happiness Unlimited*

offers "promotions planned and executed" and "taking telephone calls". So I could sit in the inner office and arrange my stamp collection and see what specimens I could afford to trade with the dean of the medical school, and have callers told that I'm too busy to see them unless they come from *Happiness Unlimited* with "golf games arranged". Then I would leave at 2.30 "to keep an important appointment with Senator Seeshort, Miss Busby. No, I shall not be back this afternoon."

SCIENCE IN WAR AND PEACE

BY J. A. GRAY

THE laws of motion and of thermodynamics, with the aid of chemical research, have given us the internal combustion engine, with all that this implies: the experiments of Faraday, the electric motor and electrical transmission of power. Maxwell's beautiful electromagnetic theory of light has inspired men like Hertz, Lodge, Rutherford and Marconi, and has thus brought about wireless telegraphy. New fields, such as X-rays, electron microscopy, radio-communication and nuclear physics with its untold possibilities have been opened up because a few physicists, fifty to eighty years ago, were interested in the phenomena that occur when an electric current is passed through gases at low pressures.

These are but a few of the examples that could be chosen to indicate the striking, unpredictable, and yet inevitable results of scientific investigation — inevitable in the sense that what there is for us to discover in the world around us will, in the course of time, be discovered. It is not inevitable, however, that use should be made of these and kindred results to construct machines of such terrific destructive power as are being used in the present war. These machines and others of even greater power will nevertheless be built just so long as people like the Nazis prefer 'guns to butter', or think that they belong to a master-race. There is not the slightest use in blaming science for this state of affairs, which cannot be prevented by obstructing scientific research, or by closing one's eyes to its existence.

Warfare to-day has two outstanding characteristics: (1) its high degree of mechanization; (2) the war, direct or indirect, on civilians. It is therefore essential to make the fullest use possible of the services of research scientists and engineers. These men have had to discover new methods (or improve old

ones) of locating enemy machines, such as unseen guns, submarines, ships and airplanes; to improve armour-plate; to calibrate guns and study their ballistics (in particular, of anti-aircraft guns); to produce new materials when there is a scarcity of key metals or of rubber; to seek new sources of minerals; to find new methods of reducing ores; to make special chemicals and drugs which can no longer be imported; and to study problems of nutrition. Medical men have even had to organize a new branch of science, called aviation-medicine. These are some of the problems which engage the attention of our scientists at the moment. The present essay, however, is concerned chiefly with some of the work of physicists. To gain a better perspective, the reader should know something of the achievements of these men during the first world war.

In 1914, it was not generally realized that scientists could and should assist men of the Services in the prosecution of war. As the war continued, however, it became more and more apparent that men of science had to be consulted about certain of its phases. In Great Britain, committees of scientists and engineers, working in collaboration with officers of the Army or Navy, were appointed. Later on, other scientists were asked to work on particular problems. The most important task put before physicists was to discover methods by which unseen enemy machines, such as guns and submarines, and subsequently airplanes, could be located.

There are two general methods of locating an object. In the first of these, bearings on the object from two or more known observation-posts are obtained. Lines parallel to these bearings are drawn on a map through points representing the observation-posts. The point of intersection of these lines gives the position of the object on the map. The other method requires only one observation-post. Two measurements are made, one giving the bearing on the object from the post, the

other the distance between the object and the post. To fix the position of the object, a line parallel to the bearing is drawn through the point on the map representing the post, and then the distance from the post to the object is marked off. Both of these methods can be used in locating unseen enemy machines.

One method of finding enemy guns is called sound-ranging. After a heavy gun—a twenty-five pounder will do—has been fired there is a sound, coming apparently from the muzzle, which can be heard thousands of yards away, if the wind is in the right direction. The problem to be solved is to locate the gun by finding the point of origin of the sound. It was solved in the following manner. Six microphones of a special type were placed behind the front line, about 1,500 yards apart. The relative times at which the sound-wave passed over each microphone were read off a photographic film, on which a time-scale in seconds, tenths and hundredths of a second had been impressed. Knowing that sound travels 370 yards a second in still air, we can, after making the necessary wind-corrections, calculate the bearing on the gun or source of sound from the mid-point between two successive microphones. All we need to know is the difference in the times at which the sound-wave passes over the two microphones, and this is read directly off the film. From the six microphones, therefore, we get five bearings (from five mid-points). The point where lines parallel to these bearings intersect on a suitable map gives us the position of the gun.

Methods of locating submarines and airplanes by means of sound (the sound coming from the unseen machine), were tried by other groups of physicists and engineers. In the case of airplanes, the method has met with a fair degree of success, that is, since 1918, when this work was organized by the inventor of the sound-ranging microphone. There are, however, two disadvantages. The pilot of the enemy machine can throw

his engine out of synchronization, and furthermore, as the airplane travels at a rate comparable to the speed of sound, it has moved on from its apparent position as given by the sound-locators. Submarines are much more difficult to locate by sound and, so far as I am aware, attempts to do so have not been very successful.

Location by sound corresponds to the first method described above. The second method had to be used to locate submarines, the observation-post being one (or on one) of our own ships. On the ship is placed a transmitter of a special type which emits ultra-sonic waves, so called because their frequency or pitch is higher than that of audible sound. A beam of these waves is sent in various directions through the water around the ship. If its path crosses that of a submarine, a signal is returned along the beam, and is received and registered in a special instrument on the ship. The position of the submarine is thus found because the direction of the beam gives the required bearing, and the distance from ship to submarine is obtained by multiplying the speed of sound in sea-water by half the time taken by the signal to go from the transmitter to the submarine and then back to the receiver. In this work, an important part was played by French physicists.

Mention has been made of these methods of detecting unseen enemy machines not only because they represent pioneer work, but because the successful manner in which such problems were solved has had considerable influence on events during the present war. For in Great Britain, special scientific departments have continued work of this type since the end of the previous war. Old methods have been improved and more important still has been the development of a new method of locating airplanes, called radio-location, which was in successful operation before the Battle of Britain began. In that battle, these locators gave the position of enemy airplanes and the direction in which they were flying. Our pilots, there-

fore, could be sent to the places where they were most wanted. They could also obtain a reasonable amount of rest between successive flights. The Battle of Britain might well have been lost without the information given by radio-locators.

The importance of radio-location can be seen in other ways. For example, by April next, in the Physics departments of Canadian universities (in a few cases the department mainly concerned is that of Electrical Engineering), a course in radio-technique will have been given, in less than a year, to about four thousand men. These men, after they have been given special training elsewhere, will maintain and operate radio-locators.

It took two years to make sound-ranging the accurate instrument for locating enemy guns that it eventually became, and nearly three years to find and perfect a suitable method for the detection of submarines. During the present war, however, an unexpected problem, one necessitating quick action, may crop up, such as that of protecting ships against magnetic mines. A steel ship acts as a magnet and, if not degaussed, may set off a mine. A ship can be degaussed by placing cables carrying electric currents around it in such a way as to compensate for its magnetism.

Much more can be said about the work of physicists and engineers, that of the latter being of particular importance in putting equipment into production and operation. It is hoped, however, that sufficient information—none of it secret—has been given to indicate the importance and necessity, if not the variety, of the work done by these men.

During the earlier war, a few Canadian physicists went to Great Britain, some of whom were asked to do scientific work there. One of them was responsible for some advances in sound-ranging technique, and another took a leading part in developing the ultra-sonic method used in the detection of submarines. In the present war, scientific work is much better

organized and many more men are engaged in it. Canadians working in any special field know what is being done in the same field in Great Britain and in the United States. They can therefore concentrate their efforts on a particular problem or aspect of a problem, so that wasted effort is reduced to a minimum.

In Canada, this scientific research is being done under the aegis of the National Research Council. Some very fine work, in many branches of science, has been done in the laboratories of the Council and elsewhere with the aid of funds administered by a special committee. We have good cause to be grateful to the men through whose vision the Council was established. The writer wishes to pay a tribute also to the public-spirited men who have subscribed more than a million dollars to the funds mentioned above.

It takes time to organize research and it needs highly trained and capable men to do it successfully. A good research man is a rather rare person, and too few of them are engaged in war research. It is one of the most important functions of a university to turn out more of them. As we have seen, the work of a small group has been of invaluable assistance to us in this war. In war as in peace, we get an impressive return for the comparatively small amount of money spent in aid of scientific research.

In the democracies, men of science dislike war intensely, yet they want desperately to win this one, for they realize, perhaps more than most men, what the consequences of losing it will be. A scientist can do his best work only in a place where the spirit of freedom prevails. That is one reason why I think we shall win the war, and winning it is now our main task. Men of science, however, are greatly concerned about the state of the world after the war. In September of last year, for example, a Conference on Science and World Order was held in London under the auspices of the British Associa-

tion for the Advancement of Science. This meeting lasted three days.

Professor J. K. Robertson, in his eloquent article, *Is Science Guilty?*, published in the preceding number of this magazine, has given some account of the addresses presented at the conference, so that there is no need to do so here. It may be said, however, that great interest was taken in the proceedings, not only by men of science, but also by men like Mr. Churchill, Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. John G. Winant and others prominent in public life. Abstracts from a message by Mr. Churchill and from Mr. Eden's address are given below.

Mr. Churchill, one of whose personal advisers is a scientist, sent the following communication to the conference:

One of our reasons for fighting this war is to maintain the right of free discussion and the interchange of ideas. In contrast to the intellectual darkness which is descending upon Germany, the freedom that our scientists enjoy is a vital factor in the preparation of victory . . . It will take a long time for the civilized powers to repair the material and moral havoc which the Germans leave behind them. It will require all the services of science. . . .

Mr. Eden addressed the delegates to the conference at a special luncheon given by the British Council. He said that there never had been a more appropriate time for such a conference and that the representatives of the free scientific spirit from many lands were in Great Britain and were there of their own free will. His most important remarks were as follows:

We have called upon men of science in the cause for which we are fighting. We shall need them no less in the cause for which we will be working in peace. . . . If, after the war, we are to remove the fear of want as well as of war, science and statecraft must work together. In war-time diplomacy is the servant of strategy. In peace-time I pray that it may be the servant of science.

At the final session of the conference, the following "Declaration of Scientific Principles" was adopted:

1. Liberty to learn, opportunity to teach and power to understand are necessary for the extension of knowledge, and we, as men of science, maintain that they cannot be sacrificed without degradation to human life.

2. Communities depend for their existence, their survival and advancement, on knowledge of themselves and of the properties of things in the world around them.

3. All nations and all classes of society have contributed to the knowledge and utilization of natural resources, and to the understanding of the influence they exercise on human development.

4. The basic principles of science rely on independence combined with co-operation, and are influenced by the progressive needs of humanity.

5. Men of Science are among the trustees of each generation's inheritance of natural knowledge. They are bound, therefore, to foster and increase that heritage by faithful guardianship and service to high ideals.

6. All groups of workers are united in the fellowship of the Commonwealth of Science, which has the world for its province and the discovery of truth as its highest aim.

7. The pursuit of scientific inquiry demands complete intellectual freedom and unrestricted international exchange of knowledge, and it can only flourish through the unfettered development of civilized life.

No comment will be made on the foregoing principles, to which all true scientists will subscribe. They are given in full, so that as many people as possible may read and ponder them.

Committees were formed after the conference to discuss more fully the main problems brought to the attention of the delegates. Later on, these committees will make appropriate recommendations. In this connection, Dr. Brande, a Polish scientist living in England, has made a most interesting sug-

gestion. He has advocated the formation of a British-American Scientific Reconstruction Expedition.

As he has pointed out, the Nazis, with ruthless logic, have slain, in conquered countries, many of the leading scientists as well as university professors and social and administrative workers, and have destroyed their libraries. By this means they deprive such nations of the means of future reconstruction. Dr. Brande has suggested that an expedition be sent after the war to places like Poland. Such an expedition would consist of senior scientific workers to take the lead and direct the work of reconstruction, these men being assisted by a larger number of younger men, with up-to-date knowledge of the different branches of science. The way would then be paved for science during the first post-war years, until the scientific man-power of conquered nations had been built up again. This suggestion deserves respectful attention, even though it may not be practicable in the form presented by Dr. Brande.

It is possible that we are witnessing the first signs of a new renaissance, for there is observable a new spirit among men of science. They have learned that scientific detachment is a luxury which is denied to them under conditions of total war, and many of them are beginning to doubt whether this state of detachment will be possible or even desirable in times of peace, though there must be individual exceptions. More and more of them feel that they have the right and the duty to see that their labours are properly used, but this will be possible only if statesmen everywhere agree with Mr. Eden's contention that science and statecraft must work together. More than mere agreement, however, is required. Statesmen and scientists will have to see to it that science is used for the benefit of mankind and that effective steps are taken to prevent the grave misuse of the knowledge and power resulting from scientific investigations. Future planning will have to be poli-

tical, economic and scientific, and in this planning the man of science must work on equal terms with his colleagues.

A century ago it was possible for a man to have a good knowledge of the classics and a working knowledge of many branches of science, besides. Science, however, has now become so specialized that this seems no longer possible. Even so, many thoughtful people believe that the time has come to attempt a reintegration of science and of knowledge in general. There can be no doubt about the importance of this, for our present troubles, in part at least, are due to the fact that men trained in different techniques find no common meeting-ground where they may discuss problems of mutual interest. To begin such a difficult task it is desirable to pay more attention to what we might term border-line subjects, and to secure more co-operation between the different departments in a university than we have at present.

Nowadays a physicist has to be an engineer and a chemist, the chemist a physicist and mathematician, and many research workers in subjects such as metallurgy, mineralogy and physiology are making increasing use of comparatively recent discoveries in physics. Sometimes we find that men from two or more scientific departments work together on the same problem, a practice that is growing, particularly in that important field which ranges between the physical and biological sciences. The different branches of science, then, are not so remote from one another as many would have us believe. In the social sciences, we study human beings within a physical environment, so that the social scientist cannot afford to remain ignorant of pure science or neglect its results. More and more students of science, with some experience in research, should become attracted to, and ultimately do their main work in the social sciences. So far as the humanities and science are concerned, we should try to find all the common ground that exists between them, particularly in their cultural aspects.

A university should represent a building complete from the foundations up, rather, than as at present, a set of apparently isolated structures with passages leading precariously, or not at all, between them. Universities should not be content to train men in the humanities and social sciences, who have scant sympathy for and little understanding of science. On the other hand, they should not be content to train scientists who may have slight appreciation of great literature and no knowledge of the immense debt we owe to the classics. The universities should produce men of broad vision—men who realize, as they depart, that their education has only just begun.

CURRENT EDUCATIONAL THEORY IN AMERICA

BY FREDERICK EBY

DURING the closing week of February last about sixteen men and women interested in the Philosophy of Education met in Philadelphia, to discuss the formation of a new organization. The participants, though few in number, came from every part of the United States and represented institutions as far apart as Yale and the University of California; the University of Minnesota and the University of Texas. This was not the first time such a group had come together; but it was the first occasion when a permanent organization was effected—The Philosophy of Education Society, which aims to be continental in scope.

For two centuries the American Philosophical Society has been a vigorous organization. It is strange that this venerable body has never taken an active interest in the promotion of educational theory. To speak the plain truth, many philosophers do not admit that education has any vital relation to those profound problems that engage their minds. Fortunately, however, there are exceptions, thinkers who recognize the importance and dignity of education as a subject. Gradually their number is increasing. Nevertheless, the rôle that education has played in the history of philosophical thinking has not been widely understood. No one can study the evolution of Greek philosophy from Socrates, the Sophists and Plato without discovering that the educational issue was the central *motif* of the entire movement. Plato was first an investigator of education, and it was this interest that led him into the realms of ethics, psychology, epistemology, and metaphysics. Hence Platonic idealism was the answer to the breakdown of Athenian society and life. Again, the movement of modern philosophy was closely associated with educational thinking.

Locke, Kant, Fichte, Hegel and Herbart wrote on education as an integral part of their systems. No philosophy is complete until it has explained man and his place in the universe and the significance of his development and education.

If no better reason could be adduced, the founding of the Philosophy of Education Society justifies a review of the present status of the subject in America. There are, however, plenty of other reasons.

During the nineteenth century American educators derived whatever educational philosophy they held directly from European, more particularly from German sources. The principles of Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Herbart were widely employed by their respective disciples in this country in shaping their pedagogical devices. Toward the end of the last century two native thinkers appeared who have since dominated American educational theory and practice—G. Stanley Hall and John Dewey. Both of these men took their cues chiefly from the Darwinian theory of biological evolution.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall was the most knowledgeable American scholar of his day (1844-1924), having specialized under distinguished American and German authorities in physiology, biology, psychology, neurology, philosophy, and theology. Essentially Hall was a scientific explorer who undertook to show how the evolution of life on this planet was paralleled by the evolution of mind, the physical by the mental. His study of the development of psychical life in the animal world and in primitive man led directly to the study of child nature and adolescence. In these fields he opened rich realms of investigation. American and European psychologists and educators have continued the investigation of psychogenesis, and are slowly making it the foundation of the new science of education.

Dr. Hall whole-heartedly espoused the theory that the development of the child recapitulates the evolution of the race

as a whole, a doctrine that was generally held by biologists forty years ago. He gathered his facts both by experimentation and by the liberal use of questionnaires. The use of the questionnaire was ridiculed as a method of science and the recapitulation theory was sharply criticized and was abandoned as an explanation of human development. Hall's work had much of permanent value, but owing to these weaknesses has been largely discredited.

The future historian who investigates the literature of American education and the changes in schools during the last four decades will assign the first place in educational reform to Dr. John Dewey. He studied psychology and education under Hall at Johns Hopkins University, but for various reasons which cannot be touched upon here, his views evolved in an entirely divergent direction. No other man in recent years has so completely dominated educational theory and practice.

Dewey's philosophy is a closely knit system, a mixture of evolutionism, scientific realism and New England practicality fabricated by the Hegelian dialectic method. It was long identified as pragmatism, but through the half century in which he has been writing Dr. Dewey has markedly shifted his positions, so that his later views do not now fully accord with his early pragmatic theory, especially in education.

The virility and comprehensiveness of any philosophy may be partly gauged by the number of offshoots it produces. The Socratic philosophy had as its by-products the idealism of Plato, the opportunism of Xenophon, the cynicism of Antisthenes, the stoicism of Xeno, and the sensualism of Epicurus. From the original pragmatism of Dewey there has sprung the utilitarianism of J. K. Hart and W. W. Charters, the behaviourism of J. B. Watson, and the socialistic doctrines of George Counts. Of Dewey's first line disciples, Boyd H. Bode, of the Ohio State University, and W. H. Kilpatrick, formerly of

Teachers' College, Columbia University, have remained the most completely orthodox representatives of the cult of pragmatism.

Dewey's philosophy of education has a signal advantage over all other reform movements because of its original connection with concrete educational practices. In 1896 he organized "The Elementary Practice School" of the University of Chicago, in which his new educational theories were clearly demonstrated. The results of this epochal experiment were given to the world in *School and Society*, a book widely used in American educational theory.

Turning from these dominant systems of thought, we may briefly note a number of others. For the past two decades the most aggressive of all the new cults has been that put forward by the Progressive Education Association. Born in 1921 of the widespread desire of many parents and educators to prevent all interference with the self-expression of the child, it seeks to eliminate everything that smacks of traditional practices.

Progressive education is nevertheless not based upon any comprehensive system of philosophy, for it does not spring from a metaphysic or a definite theory of mind and knowledge. It did not originate from the pragmatic movement of John Dewey, as many have assumed; but in lieu of any basic principle of its own, it has, in recent years, sought shelter under his wing. Both Dewey and Bode, however, have criticized it severely.

Among other contenders for pedagogical favour Professor Herman H. Horne, of New York University, has been for many years the chief representative of idealism in education. His philosophic idealism has been widely approved because of his emphasis upon religious and moral education, but how much it has influences educational practice can hardly be determined.

During recent years a number of other schools of thought have become increasingly vocal. The religious problem has become unusually active in America, where the separation of church and state has formed one of the bases of western civilization. Both Catholic and Protestant writers have presented the cause of the Christian philosophy of education.

Since the Papal encyclical about ten years ago condemning secular education, the Roman Catholic Church has steadily contended for more control over the growing minds of its children. In some places Church authorities have encouraged their members to become teachers in the public schools, and members of public school boards. They have tried to have textbooks provided free by the state for their parochial and other schools. In some states they have sought to share in the public funds for the support and maintenance of their church schools. Moreover, a bill has been introduced into Congress which would result in providing Federal funds for Catholic schools.

On the strictly theoretical side Catholic educators have been giving a commendable account of their principles. The number of Catholic writers on the philosophy of education has increased notably in recent years. Their views, while not novel, are being expressed with a new force and insight that makes them worthy of the most respectful attention.

The Protestant view of education also has been presented anew in recent years. In general, the separation of Church and State has proved a great blessing to our civilization. Nevertheless, as time has spun its intricate web of human experience, it has become clearer that the interests of the Church and those of the State intermesh and overlap in various ways. Most important of all is the stake which each holds in the education of children.

More and more people are reaching the conviction that religious experience is an indispensable factor in the evolution

of wholesome human personality. The fact that over twenty million young Americans are growing up with no religious instruction whatever is disturbing the consciences of thoughtful citizens. The unpalatable fact is, however, that multitudes of Americans are quite indifferent to religious life. But there is an increasing number who see a causal relation between this virtual atheism in education and the prevalence of criminality among American youth. It is commonly asserted that the annual cost of crime reaches the staggering total of fifteen billion dollars. This way of viewing the forages of crime as a purely economic misfortune is rather crass, but it is nevertheless characteristically American. Dollars stir us; broken homes and ruined lives leave us cold. No generation has grown up so dissevered from all religious training as the present generation of young people in the United States. The situation has begun to shock an increasing circle of educators. Psychologists have studied anew the function of religious experience in human life, and in recent years Protestant Christian philosophy of education has become more positive.

In the American scheme of educational organization religious instruction was purposely delegated to the Church, but the churches of this country have lamentably failed in their task. New means are now being devised by Protestants for religious instruction coordinate with the training along secular lines.

In the realm of theory the New Humanism must be listed among the recent philosophies of education. This is not a compact, mobilized, well-led force like that of the pragmatists; in fact, it consists merely of individual thinkers and writers who differ widely in their views. Two groups may be recognized: first, those literary humanists who are in a sense the descendants of the classical humanists of the Renaissance. They deplore the preference accorded to science as the best means of human culture. They differ from the older

humanists in that they do not demand the classical languages and literatures as the materials of the curriculum. They agree, however, with the classical humanists that literature is the chief instrument for building the personality of the young, and they view with alarm the present preoccupation of human minds with science. Throughout the centuries the schools have used literature to make men; now they use science to make manipulators of things.

The second group of humanists are reactionaries against a sentimental, other-worldly religious orthodoxy. They are interested primarily in the betterment of mankind. As they view the situation, religion has become sterile and is no longer a force making for human advancement. They believe that the application of human intelligence to the problems of mankind is the most promising way out of our ills. These humanists see in science applied to the realization of human good in this world the promised land of the future. The significance of their ideas for education is readily observed.

No discussion of current American educational philosophy would be adequate that fails to mention the universal interest in physical education. A generation ago physical education was a minor concern to most American educators. The World War introduced new ideas concerning the importance of physical health. Departments of physical education, health and hygiene have been added to most institutions training teachers. Elementary and secondary schools and colleges have added school nurses, physical examinations by physicians, and classes in health. Municipal playgrounds have been provided and the employment of supervisors has become general. The theory and practices of health and physical education have made gratifying progress. Those of us who have observed the changes over four decades are aware of the great difference in posture and vigour of American children and youth.

The storm centre of American education at the present moment has to do with education for democracy. The background of the movement is of interest. It was Dr. Dewey's epochal early work that first focused attention upon the isolation of the traditional school from the activities of daily life. His insistence that thought and knowledge are dependent on social life struck a responsive chord in the minds of American scholars. The socializing of the school in methods of discipline, organization and curriculum has been going forward through the years in ever widening circles. The use of public education in the interests of social welfare has generally been accepted by American education as a fundamental principle.

Meanwhile several other influences have been impressing the minds of our educational leaders. The World War and its aftermath of extravagance, followed by years of terrible depression, have awakened the people to a deeper national self-consciousness. The extreme contrasts of wealth and ostentatious display, on the one hand, and abject poverty, on the other, shocked thinking men out of their complacency. The Communism of the Soviet Republics and the efforts of the new Russian education to perpetuate the system attracted attention and suggested utilizing American education for a similar purpose. Dr. George S. Counts, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, some few years ago circulated a pamphlet entitled *Dare the Schools Build a New Social Order?* He boldly urged the public school teachers of the United States to make full use of their opportunities to mould the thought of children in their classes along socialistic lines. Teachers were to drop their traditional subserviency to the *status quo* and to become the masters of public destiny.

Counts' effort to bring about a pedagogical *coup d'état* aroused heated argument. It has resulted in a vigorous discussion of the use of public education for instilling into the young the attitudes and principles of American democracy.

Many books and innumerable magazine articles are now being published on the propriety of indoctrination and on methods of inculcating the American way of life.

There are evidences that the educational traditionalists are not wholly immobilized by the progressive factions. Several years ago a counter-attack against the pragmatic-progressive onslaught was staged and the new party has taken the name of "The Essentialists". So far, however, the movement has not been very fully organized, nor has it made a specific impact on the schools.

In addition to the various philosophies a number of other points of view are being presented. Experimentalism, realism, vocationalism, the Gestalt psychology and æstheticism in various forms are pressing for recognition.

Fundamentally the American mind has always been dominated by a powerful sense of the practical. It was natural, therefore, that the training of teachers, which began a century ago, at first laid emphasis upon the acquisition of certain methods and techniques of instruction. The Normal Schools in which this training was first given were devoted to the inculcation of practical class-room skills.

In due time academic and graduate courses in education were introduced into colleges and universities for the preparation of high school teachers. For some years an effort was made to give this work a theoretic flavour by emphasizing the history of education, educational psychology and basic principles of instruction. Courses were soon multiplied at a furious rate. Ten years ago between six and seven hundred different courses in the professional study of education were offered in our various institutions, and the number is now well beyond the seven hundred mark. Naturally there are large elements of duplication in these courses. This proliferation of professional lines of study is probably unparalleled in academic history and indicates a lack of critical judgement in the

evaluation of the materials that constitute the science and art of pedagogics. Most of these courses are concerned with the practical aspects of the subject.

During the past years a marked reaction has taken place against so much practical training, and educators have been calling loudly for a sharp reduction in the number of such courses. More emphasis upon the theory of education and an understanding of the underlying principles, and much less rule of thumb in school instruction are desired.

During the past decade publication in the field of educational philosophy has been enormous. The vast output of books and magazine articles on the philosophy of education has arisen from a deeply felt need that the education of our children is not proceeding along right lines. The consequence has been the multiplication of new philosophies and the refurbishing of the old to such an extent that someone has wittily remarked that the present American philosophy of education is "Confusionism". The teachers of America are to-day in a quandary and are praying for someone to lead them out of "the encircling gloom". Former aims and ideals have largely ceased to attract and no new ideal has come to command universal adherence. The prevailing philosophies are couched in technical phraseology that most teachers cannot understand. There is a general feeling that the language of educational philosophies should be simplified.

Not only is there complaint at the difficulty of the philosophers' language, but those who explore the various systems find little but conflicts and disagreements. Philosophers themselves profess a tolerant attitude toward every constructive effort, thus acknowledging that there is no single architectonic that satisfies the experience of all individuals. Yet the universe has only one explanation, if we could reach it. All our philosophies cannot be true, but all of them contain some elements of truth. At present, American educators are in need of a

comprehensive philosophy that will bring together the vitalizing principles from experimental psychology, physical education, geneticism, the history of education, religion, and vocational needs, and will show how the human personality may be organized for the most effective living. Such a philosophy should not be a mere syncretism, but a creative, unitary system adequate for the various functions which a twentieth century Philosophy of Education must perform. It is not that existing philosophies are false, but that they are partial and sectional. What vitality each possesses is due to the vital truth it contains. The future system must be able to integrate all such truth in a comprehensive, living synthesis.

MAN'S WORLD TO-DAY

BY TREVOR LLOYD

ALL teachers, whether they work in schools or universities, suffer under a common handicap. They are trying to educate students to live in world the conditions of which they cannot foresee. School-teachers are not "training the leaders of to-morrow". They are trying to shape the minds of adult citizens of 1970. At a time when few dare to hazard a guess about the shape of things to come in the present year, little is to be gained by estimates of the shape it will take thirty years hence.

Yet we may keep certain principles in mind. The world in which our students will grow to manhood will be a small World. The Atlantic Ocean is now seven-and-a-half hours wide, while once it was more than three months wide. The physical limits of the earth have been reached. Only a few nooks and crannies remain to be explored. We may be certain that the society in which those we teach grow to manhood will be a world-wide society, whether it be at peace or at war. Their thinking will have to be done in world-wide terms, whether for reasons of co-operation and advancement or of enmity and destruction. We must recognize the need for a knowledge of the whole world on the part of to-morrow's men and women. What part does such training play in our formal education?

Clearly it should be an important one. If those who govern our country and who form the body of its citizens are ignorant of the world in which they live, they will find their places taken by others who have made it their business to be better informed. Yet it is most unusual to find a school or a university anywhere in the Dominion in which serious attention is paid to the formal study of the world. For example, almost every university turns out students equipped as economists, sociologists, historians or experts in international relations, without troubling to teach them about the physical environ-

ment in which all these activities are carried on. Yet there must be recognition of the fundamental importance of a study of the physical environment of peoples in all parts of the world. Japan's actions in the past fifty years are only understandable when one knows something of the land that is the home of the Japanese. Granted that some study of people and places in the world is of value, how is it to be carried out? The world is a large and very complicated place. There are so very many people living on it. We cannot hope to teach about all of it and all of them in our schools. Our task is made possible only when we recognize that for all its seeming complexity, the earth is essentially an orderly affair, and the lives which men lead on it can be studied by concentrating on typical parts of it. It may be well to give in some detail a description of the physical environments of men in selected places and to illustrate how their lives are influenced by the conditions under which they live.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." The familiar metaphor, while good, is not quite good enough. In Shakespeare's day the conditions of the stage did not determine the success of the play. The play itself was the thing that mattered. Yet on the world stage there is no such careless freedom for the players. Their activities are limited at every turn. Moreover, there is not one world stage, but hundreds of different ones. A better analogy than a world-stage would be a many-ringed circus. There are many plays going on in the world at the same time. They differ from one another in a measure because of the differences between the stages on which they are played. We may get a clearer picture of the real situation if we examine the conditions of a few of the stages on which mankind plays his different parts.

The first stage is bleak and cheerless. It is painted in different shades of white. For three-quarters of the year tem-

peratures are so low that water remains frozen. There is no earth in which to grow food and no sun to aid its growing. There are no plants. A few human beings manage to cling to the fringes of existence. In these polar regions the flame of humanity flickers low. No one questions the innate ability of the Eskimo, or his charm, honesty or courage. He was unlucky enough to appear on a world stage so poorly equipped that he can never rise above a primitive state. If life is to become more luxurious in such a harsh environment it must be because people from other world-stages, other regions, have brought with them what may be called "stage properties" foreign to the Polar regions. Such are steel knives, guns, fish-hooks and even radios and washing-machines.

Another noteworthy example of a victim of a harsh and unfriendly environment is the Australian Blackfellow. We are taught to look upon him as a backward and ignorant savage who has made no advances in civilization since very early times. Yet when we examine more closely the extremely limited facilities that were available to him we may be a little more charitable. The highly civilized life of modern Australia is possible only because plants and animals have been imported from elsewhere. White men carried a new world with them from more hospitable regions. They brought sheep, cattle, wheat, sugar-cane, and so on. The Blackfellows could not do this. They did what they could with the available material. There were no animals to milk, no plants to produce grain, and much of the vast Australian stage was desert or semi-desert. Even when equipped with an impressive load of properties from other world stages, settlers in Australia have not yet made a great impression on their new home. A glance at a population map will soon convince us that the physical environment there is still a very important factor in the lives of men.

There are many examples of equally unfortunate peoples. Some may live in the dense, steaming jungles of the Congo, or on the cold and stormy islands near Cape Horn. In every case it is the limitations of the physical environment which have stunted the growth of human society. One of the greatest skills of the white man has been to modify his physical surroundings by carrying with him ideas, techniques, foods and raw materials developed in other regions of the world.

When we examine as a contrast the home of members of an industrial society such as our own, do the same principles apply? The social life is so complicated that at first sight it appears to be carried on without any regard for the physical environment which we recognize to be so important to more primitive men. Let us consider the area about Winnipeg as a Canadian example. Most of those who live there are almost unaware that nature imposes physical limitations on their lives. Their winters are spent in an artificial climate resembling that of Jamaica, except that the humidity is as low as that of the Sahara desert. It requires some particularly violent manifestation of nature, such as a blizzard, to remind them of the stage upon which all are living their lives. Yet it hedges them in on every side, and limits them at every turn.

It may be instructive to examine in some detail the physical environment of those who live in the Red River Valley. A good deal has been done to soften its rigours. Modern man is skilful in shifting things about with a good deal of ease. What he fails to find in one place he may import from elsewhere, yet although he has done much to modify the unassisted efforts of Nature, it would be a serious error to conclude that these changes have freed him from the shackles of his environment.

The stage upon which the dweller in or near Winnipeg plays his part is something like this. Hills and valleys, mountain peaks and precipices, may be a trial to others, but they are no concern of his. His home region is so level that children

in school, when asked to name the nearest hill, can think of nothing more impressive than the corporation garbage dump. Contours mean little in their young lives! They are living on the bottom of a lake from which the water has drained away. It makes fitful attempts to re-establish itself, and once in a while does so to a depth of a few feet in the spring. Rock plays practically no part in the lives of these people. There are no crags and very few quarries. Most children have never seen a rock-cutting and the only stone they have seen is in buildings. For all that they can discover, the source of all rocks is the concrete mixer. The extreme levelness of the region and the absence of rocks are in many ways advantages. Farmers are not inconvenienced by steep ground or by boulders, and most of their land can be cultivated. Excavation for buildings and for laying pipes and sewers is easy. There are times when the inhabitants fail to appreciate the level richness of their soil, as when, at the end of winter, except where it has been concealed by concrete or asphalt, the ground becomes one vast quagmire.

When we consider the Red River Valley climate there are more serious grounds for complaint. There is, in effect, a "climatological blackout" for more than half of each year. More fortunate parts of the world have been given a twelve months' growing season during which plants may flourish. It has been given an effective year of little more than four months, with a good deal of uncertainty even about those. Rainfall is meagre. We may pass over other aspects of the home-stage rapidly. The soil is rich, but it is not an everlasting asset. The natural vegetation which at one time clothed it was easily removed.

What of the actors on this stage? For a long time before the arrival of white men the Indians had been carrying on a drama fairly well adapted to the available resources. They made little use of the soil and the sunshine, but in view of their

almost complete dependence on resources within the region, and the very small amount they were able to bring in from elsewhere, they made a creditable showing. Later arrivals pushed them into the wings without much ceremony and essayed to run their own show. The stage was in those days an isolated one. The favourite white man's trick of shipping into the region the things which nature refused to produce there was not easy. When left to their local resources, no one will say that the newcomers made much of a showing. It is true that they kept the play running, in spite of several close calls. They lived quiet, decent and honourable lives. But if it had not been for the periodic consignments of surplus commodities from other regions, with newcomers and modern means of travel, it is within the bounds of possibility that the stage might have reverted to its original Indian actors. There are those who, in moments of bitterness when the environment presses too heavily on them, wish that the Indians had never been dispossessed. Later actors brought with them properties and skills acquired in less harsh environments. With this aid they were able to overcome some of the local handicaps and build a modern city. Yet we would be foolish to underestimate the handicaps that remain.

It is well to recall that such an essential commodity as water has to be carried to Winnipeg from a lake almost a hundred miles away. This has been done at a price which must always be paid. There are no industrial fuels there at all. Wood served for a while, but it has become scarcer and more remote. There is no coal. There is no natural gas. The Red River Valley has been cursed with an unfortunate climate and, except for one happy accident of nature, with no ready means of moderating it. It so happens that a neighbouring region, the Canadian Shield, has a plentiful supply of falling water. Without the relatively cheap electrical energy produced about ninety miles away on the Winnipeg River it would

be exceedingly difficult to maintain a large modern city there. The stage supplies few of the raw materials of industry. The only outstanding asset is the soil, which is unusually good. If it had been otherwise, much of it would have disappeared many years ago. The actors who swarmed on to this Red River Valley stage sixty or seventy years ago, may have known little of the importance of their environment, but they had a good deal of uninhibited agricultural fun. What they didn't know didn't worry them. Fortunately, it has begun to worry us. Only in the past twenty years has any serious attempt been made to study this all important matter of environment and how we can best adapt ourselves to it. The Eskimo who ignores the physical limitations of his surroundings dies. Judgement is harsh and speedy. We in pleasanter climes are given rather more rope with which to hang ourselves. Yet there is a limit, whether for one generation or many. No people can neglect to live within the bounds of their surroundings and thrive.

We have discussed a few of the many regions in which man carries on his human drama. We have seen enough to realize the world's diversity. We know it to be made up of many hundreds of these regions, each with its differing relief, climate, soils, vegetation and other natural characteristics. On more methodical examination we should find that while no two regions are exactly alike, a number of them may be grouped together for easier study. An example will make this point clearer. There is one group of regions whose chief characteristic is an unusual arrangement of climate, more important than their other physical characteristics. There is brilliant sunshine in summer-time and the winters are cool. Rain falls only in winter, but does not bring many cloudy or gloomy days. In some of these regions important historical human dramas have taken place, as in Greece and Rome. Similar regions, though without such great historic pasts, are found

in California, South Africa, central Chile and parts of Australia. The same crops can be grown in them, and people follow a pattern of existence which in spite of variations has strong similarities. They are the 'Mediterranean' regions of the world. The Red River Valley of Manitoba has its counterpart in a general way in western Siberia. Hence it is possible to divide the surface of the world in a regional way. The divisions will be fundamental and completely independent of the changing forms of human society. So long as the earth remains they will persist in large measure unchanged.

Upon this natural pattern man has from time to time imposed his own plan of boundaries and divisions. The political pattern of the world overlies the regional pattern. Sometimes there has been a fairly close agreement between them. The first Manitoba—the so-called postage stamp province—coincided fairly closely with the natural regions of the Red River Valley. The New England Colonies, when taken together, occupied a part of another natural region. Man, however, has usually drawn his political boundaries without regard for, or more usually in ignorance of, the natural pattern of the world's surface. That is one very good reason why political boundaries have been so transitory.

Man may artificially erect regionalisms, but their test of endurance is environmental. The earth has time on its side, and conquers in the long run. Man is merely an interlude.¹

We must get into our minds a clear picture of the world as a pattern of natural regions. Each moulds the lives of men in a different way. The student must be given a thorough understanding of this, for only then can he play a full and intelligent part in society. To be educated as a citizen he should have in mind a working sketch-map of the world he lives in, and a general notion of where he stands in relation to historical, economic and sociological processes.

¹ Roderick Peattie, *Geography in Human History*.

It is vital to the well-being of all of us that those who govern nations, mark out boundaries, draw up treaties, draft alliances and leagues and conduct the foreign relations of their countries, should be well versed in the physical and human advantages and limitations of the different regions of the world. Too much of the national and international planning of the past has been carried out by men untrained in a knowledge of the world's regions, and far too much influenced by the prejudices and hates which nations develop in their passage through history.

Much of this may seem to be a long way from the classrooms referred to in the opening paragraph, yet it is all an important part of the business of the men and women of to-morrow, and they are the concern of all educators. We must contrive to give children a world point of view. They must carry in their minds enough detailed knowledge of its chief regions to understand the manner in which other people live. They must always be aware of the strong physical limitations which press upon humanity in some parts of the world, including their own. We must drive home the truth that, whether we wish it or not, no region can live unto itself. We can impress upon the young the fluid nature of political boundaries and the stability of the everlasting hills, river basins, plains and seas. They will then grow up to realize that they are not merely spectators of world affairs, but actors on the world-stage, people upon whose skill and judgement the future of world civilization depends.

ROSE-SEQUENCE

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Wake, the warm sun calls you; grace yourself and glow;
Shake the dewdrops from your leaves and your young beauty
show;

Make gay the garden alleys where soft airs float and flow!

Sweet within the June night, moonlight-shrouded, still,
Meet you seem for Mary high on heaven's hill,
Meet to lie on Mary's breast murmuring God's will.

Rose of dying summer, pale your bright attire;
Close your crimson petals, deny the bee's desire!
Snows of bitter winter must quench your heart of fire.

THE PLIGHT OF SCANDINAVIA

BY HENRY ALEXANDER

WITH the unprovoked assault on Norway and Denmark in April, 1940, two of the three Scandinavian countries were drawn into the orbit of war. Sweden manages to maintain a precarious neutrality; officially Denmark has made a compromise with the aggressor; Norway is still aiding the Allied cause with all the means at her disposal and is enduring severe reprisals in consequence. The contrast between Norway's gallant struggle, the apparent passivity of Denmark, and the successful diplomatic tight-rope act of Sweden has led to some disparagement of the two latter countries. About Norway we are all agreed. An attempt to clarify the situation in the two other Scandinavian countries may help us to judge their actions more tolerantly.

All three countries have a long tradition of peace. Norway and Sweden have had no experience of war since 1814; their separation in 1905 was brought about by mutual agreement and any temporary feeling of hostility caused by this event has long since disappeared. In an unfortunate war with Germany in 1864 Denmark lost some of her southern territory, which she regained after 1918 through an eminently fair plebiscite, but for three-quarters of a century she, too, has had no conflict. All three kingdoms loyally supported the League of Nations, which seemed a new-found hope for small, defenceless countries, and the League had one of its few successes in settling the problem of the Aland Islands between Sweden and Finland in 1921. Although Sweden was not entirely satisfied with the award of this territory to Finland, she accepted that decision. Carried along by the wave of somewhat unrealistic idealism that swept over Europe in the nineteen-twenties and knowing that the defence of such exposed lands as theirs, with a combined population of only about thirteen million, was hopeless against a great power, all these countries

went to great lengths in disarmament. The money thus saved was spent largely in pioneer social experimentation, which has made Scandinavia in many respects a model for the rest of the world. In 1930 the three countries entered into a vague pact with Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg to form the so-called Oslo group, which Finland joined in 1933. But this was purely an economic and not a defensive union. Indeed, it is difficult to see how lands so scattered could build up any adequate joint defence. Consequently, when the disaster of April, 1940, overwhelmed them they were totally unprepared. Devotion to the arts of peace and the building up of a more abundant life for their peoples had unfitted them for the brutal realities of modern warfare.

In spite of this Norway fought and, looking back, we realize how heroic was her stand. The period of her resistance—sixty-two days—seemed brief at the time, but a comparison with the subsequent rapid fall of Holland, Belgium, and even France, makes it appear almost phenomenal. Backed by more effective British help, Norway might possibly have been saved, or at least Narvik might have been retained as a continental Tobruk. The epic flight of King Haakon and his government from one shelter to another in the face of continuous German bombing attacks, and their eventual safe arrival in England are fresh in memory. Although these events happened nearly two years ago they remain among the thrilling episodes of a war that up to that moment had been largely static. With the fall of Norway after a desperate struggle the *Sitzkrieg* or 'phony' war was at an end.

This grim combat between an unprepared nation of fewer than three million people and a mighty well-armed power more than twenty times its size using the weapons of surprise and treachery, was less one-sided than might be supposed. It has been calculated that 60,000 to 70,000 Germans were killed during the Norwegian campaign (some put the figure as high

as 100,000); about one-third of the German navy was destroyed; and the German time-table was certainly delayed, though the speedy collapse of Belgium and France may have offset this advantage. But the brightest feature in an otherwise gloomy picture was the successful diversion to British ports of four-fifths of the Norwegian mercantile marine. About four million tons of precious shipping—approximately one thousand vessels—were thus placed by the Norwegian government in England at the disposal of the Allies. Without this valuable addition to our resources the battle of the Atlantic might possibly have been lost. It has been stated that more than half the gasoline and oil shipped to Great Britain has been transported in Norwegian tankers, modern speedy ships equipped with motor power; one-third of the food and war-material has crossed the oceans in Norwegian bottoms. These ships are manned by 30,000 Norse sailors, of whom two thousand have already been killed by enemy action; about two hundred vessels have been lost. In January, 1941, the British magazine *Motor-Ship* wrote: "It is probably an understatement to say that at present this Norwegian fleet is worth more to us than a million soldiers."

At the outset of the Norwegian campaign there was much loose talk about treachery; Quisling added a new and infamous word to our vocabulary. That there was treachery is certain enough; it was, however, the work not of Norwegians but of Germans who had entered the country as peaceful tourists or had lived there for long periods and had enjoyed Norwegian kindness and hospitality. The loyalty of the Norwegians is proved by their stubborn resistance against great and increasing odds. Even now the puppet government under Quisling as 'premier' has scarcely any support among the Norwegian people. It has a following of perhaps one per cent. of the population, many of them suspicious characters who have been bought by the offer of administrative positions or other induce-

ments. The great majority of the people are working against the enemy either actively or passively, and the traitors' prospects of gaining any real control over the country are hopeless. They hold meetings which are boycotted or stampeded; they have to be protected wherever they go; and their name has become a symbol of contumely not only in Norway but throughout the world.

Norwegian opposition to German rule takes various forms. There is a great deal of sabotage and espionage; there is a continuous escape of young men to Britain and Canada to join the Allied forces. Almost all the Norwegian airmen have fled the country, and most of them are in Canada. Other Norwegian forces are in Scotland, Iceland, the West Indies, or on the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea, and a naval station is under establishment in Australia to help in the battle of the Pacific. Norwegian volunteers are fighting both in the Libyan desert and against the Germans on the Russian front. The help of experienced Norse soldiers and sailors with a detailed knowledge of the Norwegian coast has been particularly valuable in the successful 'commando' raids on that country. To escape from Norway is a hazardous enterprise, as the stories that can be heard at the Norwegian Air Force camp at Little Norway, Toronto, will testify. Some of the fugitives brave the waters of the North Sea, even the Atlantic, in small fishing boats; others steal by night across the boundary into Sweden and thence by devious routes to England or Canada. Unfortunately not all these attempts are successful; many a gallant young Norwegian has met a tragic death before the firing squad of the Gestapo or the machine-guns of a German air-patrol, or in the chill waters of the Atlantic.

Within the country the invader has carried out his usual tactics of plunder and enforced labour. At first the Germans announced their intention of treating Norway gently because of the 'Nordic' quality of her people. This the Norwegians

scoffed at. Later the mask of kindness was dropped and the Reichskommissar Terboven announced brutally at a public gathering in Oslo last October: "It is a matter of indifference to Germany if some thousands, or tens of thousands, of Norwegian men, women and children starve or freeze to death during the coming winter." The persecution of labour unions and their leaders has been particularly violent, culminating, in September last, in the execution of two outstanding labour leaders, Viggo Hansteen and Rolf Vickstrom, an act that aroused a storm of indignation, not only in Norway but in Sweden, Denmark, and many other countries. For a time a popular uprising seemed to be imminent, but fortunately wiser counsels prevailed, as nothing but a massacre could have resulted from the revolt of an unarmed people. The standard of living has been reduced to a level dangerously low in a country with so severe a climate as Norway; the national economy has been badly injured by looting and the enforced presence of a huge army of occupation, at one time as large as 500,000, a tribute to Norway's power of resistance even after defeat. The total cost of the German occupation of Norway has been estimated at approximately \$500,000,000, a vast sum for a relatively poor country with only three million inhabitants. Despite these tragic events, however, Norway's spirit is uncrushed; her eyes are turned towards her king and his government in London, whence they are certain ultimate rescue will come. They pray and work for an allied victory; they rejoice over British air-raids even though they bring death and destruction; they secretly exult at the stories of the commando raids, though the reprisals on the innocent local population are brutal and sadistic. Enshrined in their legendary Valhalla, the ancient heroes of the Viking sagas might well survey with pride the exploits of their descendants.

Denmark has taken a different path. Her prospects of defence were hopeless. She had previously entered into a non-

aggression pact with Germany and the day before the invasion her king had received assurance from the German authorities as to the safety of his country. At the same time German troops were massing in North Schleswig ready to cross the border. With a boundary of only forty-two miles entirely lacking in natural defences, with German bombers already flying over Copenhagen and German soldiers, smuggled in by merchant ships, at key points in the streets of that city, Denmark was powerless to resist. Her only course was to submit under protest. Her king and government would continue to function and make the best terms they could with the conqueror. This has naturally exposed them to considerable criticism, but they could hardly do otherwise. If they had refused, two courses were open to the Germans, either of which would have been even more disastrous to the country and have lessened her hope of ultimate freedom. They might have called upon the obscure Danish Quisling, Fritz Clausen, to assume office, a step that would have led to a cleavage similar to that existing in Norway, with the great mass of the people warring against the constituted authority and with a breakdown of national discipline and orderly government. Or the Germans might have taken over the administration themselves, thereby reducing Denmark to a slave-state. The Danes tried to control internal affairs through their own government and at least prevent the upheaval caused by civil war or complete foreign domination. We who have never been faced with so critical a choice should be slow to condemn their decision. It is, however, difficult to reconcile some of the utterances of their premier, Mr. Stauning, with his previous sound democratic record, unless we assume that these are made under intense German pressure. Mr. Scavenius, the foreign minister, had already shown Nazi sympathies and, of all the members of the government, he is the most ready to collaborate with the aggressor. It was he, backed by German threats of re-

scinding the peace, who brought about Denmark's signature to the anti-Comintern pact, a treaty which neither Sweden nor Norway has signed. This action aroused intense popular indignation; crowds marched through the streets of Copenhagen protesting against the pact and the traitor Scavenius; numerous arrests were made; the great mass of the people felt outraged at being enrolled, even under duress, in the German so-called new order. This step also had important repercussions abroad. The Danish minister to Washington, Mr. De Kauffman, already repudiated by his government at home because he had agreed that the United States should take over the Danish colony of Greenland, was now confirmed in his leadership of the free Danish movement. After the signing of the pact the Danish minister in London followed his example in dissociating himself from his country's actions and in proclaiming that he will maintain "a free Denmark's relations with the British government". Several Danish representatives in South American countries have adopted a similar course. Thus, in spite of what might be called a pusillanimous attitude of the Danish government, the spirit of Danish independence flourishes outside the country, as it still does among the Danish people themselves.

Inside Denmark the king has shown more courage than some of his ministers and, like King Haakon of Norway, has become a symbol for Danish resistance. Some time ago, just before two Danish journalists began serving a prison sentence for publishing an appeal to the people, he received them at his palace. He frequently visits British prisoners of war in the country and by his unflinching spirit and his continual presence among his people inspires them with hope. In Denmark, as in Norway, the Church also has taken a strong stand against the aggressor and refuses to obey Nazi orders to preach the new barbarism.

Economically Denmark has been seriously affected. She was subjected to the looting process that is the sequel of German occupation everywhere; she cannot maintain her vital supply of cattle because of the difficulties of importing feed and meeting the demands of the invader; by the spring of 1941 she had killed or exported over half her live stock. She has to bear the heavy cost of German occupation, estimated by now at about \$400,000,000, and her workmen are sent to Germany to forced labour in dangerous places. Nevertheless she has not given up hope—occasionally even the never-failing Danish sense of humour breaks out—and although she has so far adopted the 'mild' way of resistance in contrast to Norway's 'hard' way, she is co-operating, by many underground methods and through the Free Danish movement, with the Allied effort. Some of her young men have escaped and have enlisted in British regiments; some are with the Norwegians in Canada. The torch of freedom still burns in the once happy kingdom of the Danes.

Sweden, by some sort of miracle, has managed to keep out of the struggle. Hers is an extraordinary position, beset by conflicting interests and emotions. The fate of Norway has deeply disturbed her and her comments on German brutality in that country have been outspoken. She has also been profoundly affected by the Finnish situation and during the first Russo-Finnish war she supported her Eastern neighbour with supplies and volunteers against Russia, the hereditary foe of both Finland and herself. There has been less enthusiasm in Sweden for the second Finnish war, when Finland was definitely allied with Germany, and once the Finns had recaptured their lost territory, the Swedes showed little desire for a continuation of this conflict. On the other hand, the prospect of a too powerful Russia has always seemed dangerous to Sweden. She looks to the East with no great satisfaction and the outlook to the West is equally grim. The fate of Norway

has aroused sympathy and indignation. A solemn meeting of protest was held after the execution of the two labour leaders in Norway and the object-lesson provided by such incidents, together with the sound core of democracy that underlies Swedish life and institutions, make it impossible for Nazi ideas to penetrate into this country. Unless she is attacked, however, Sweden does not intend to depart from her position. To the rest of the world this may seem a selfish attitude, but a country must be her own judge in so grave a matter. Meanwhile she is not idle in building up a strong defence against possible attack, which could come only from one quarter. Her army has been expanded to ten times its peace strength; she has now 600,000 well-trained men to draw from, one-tenth of her total population. Her air defences are strengthened and ships are being turned out regularly from her dockyards. If the British were to start an assault on the continent by an invasion of Norway, which seems not impossible in the future, Germany might well attempt to seize Sweden in order to provide herself with air-bases. In that case Sweden would resist and would certainly give a good account of herself. Indeed, if she had thrown her well-equipped army behind Norway in the critical days of April, 1940, she might easily have turned the scale in Norway's favour.

Sweden's relations with the Allies and the Axis have been subject to considerable strain from time to time. At least two protests have been made by Britain, the first because Sweden allowed German troops to travel through her country on their way to and from Norway. To this she replied that no such movements had been permitted until the fighting in Norway had ceased and that the troops in transit were unarmed and on leave. The second protest came during the second Russo-Finnish war, when Sweden allowed one division of German soldiers to cross her northern territory *en route* from Norway to the Finnish front. She explained that this was an isolated

incident and the matter was closed. The present relations between Sweden and the Allies seem fairly satisfactory, but those between Sweden and the Axis are showing signs of strain. There is ample evidence of this in the Allied and Axis press. Largely because of her refusal to sign the anti-Comintern pact, Sweden has of late been the object of vituperation in both German and Italian quarters. In Goebbels' paper *Das Reich* both Sweden and Switzerland were accused recently of "lacking the most primitive feeling for the security of their nations and their future existence. . . . Otherwise they would, if not directly joining with us in fighting for German victory, at least pray for it. Instead they indulge in the luxury of brazen anti-German conduct". A still more bitter attack was made in the Nazi *Danziger Vorposten* under the heading *The Vultures' Neutrality*; in this article Sweden is said to be inhabited by "mercenary souls, London-hireling writers, and tired *gourmands*". Similarly Gayda in the *Giornale D'Italia* in an article entitled *Sweden and Selfishness*, writes: "Sweden's foreign policy is selfish, speculative, commercial and anti-European. . . . If Europe is to save herself and continue in existence, it must be invested with high ideals, but a people which lacks these qualities and is not prepared to take part in the reconstruction places itself in the Englishman's orbit and reveals itself to be a retired pensioner." There is a characteristic *naïveté* about these statements, and the Swedish press has protested against both their tone and their contents. On the other hand, *The Times* and other English newspapers adopt a friendly and sympathetic attitude towards Sweden and her problems. Thus, on January 6th, an article in *The Times* entitled *Isolated Sweden* said, in part:

Cut off from the world and precariously surrounded on all sides by German-dominated countries, Sweden stubbornly continues to pick her way along the path of neutrality, bent upon preserving her independence and the welfare of her people. . . . The object-lessons from Norway

have certainly been the strongest single factor in immunizing the Swedish people against "new order" talk. There is hardly a day when the Swedish press does not publish uncensored news from Norway. . . . Recent British visitors find that the Swedish press is much more outspoken than is generally believed in London. . . . Whenever conditions in Scandinavia or the future of small nations come up for international comment, there is no hesitation on the part of the Swedish press in stating the Swedish case.

These are significant indications of the direction in which Swedish sentiment is moving; there can be little doubt that ultimately her own democratic way of life and sympathy for her Scandinavian brethren rather than the fear of Russia will decide her allegiance. Meanwhile the cultural relations between Britain and Sweden are being strengthened to counteract the continuous German propaganda to which she is subjected, a propaganda made more difficult by the grim picture of the New Order in Norway ever present in the Swedish mind and the Swedish press. It is unfortunate that, because of geographic and strategic reasons, Sweden is economically almost entirely within the German sphere of influence and that her iron ore is an important part of the German war machine. But the situation might rapidly change if we were to invade the continent and regain possession of Narvik, from which most of this material is shipped. Sweden thus stands at the cross-roads, spiritually and psychologically in sympathy with the Allies, yet forced by circumstances to place some key resources at the disposal of the Axis. It is an uncomfortable position and can scarcely be pleasant to a country with her traditions and outlook. In spite of all official attempts to justify her actions, a large number of her people must be experiencing the same feeling of humiliation that many of us had during the pre-war period of appeasement. The moment may come when Sweden will realize that she cannot stand aloof from the struggle that has engulfed her three neighbours and

that a Nazi-dominated Norway and Denmark constitute a perpetual threat to her own freedom. Her present position as a neutral island surrounded by the surging tides of war is obviously insecure.

Any post-war settlement of Europe after an Allied victory must certainly include the immediate restoration of independence to the Scandinavian countries, which have shown so great a degree of responsibility in using and guarding their freedom. They have no subject races, no minority problems. They have developed a social and political system in which the rights of the humblest individual are safeguarded. Human beings are not regarded as mere cogs in the intricate machinery of state control, but the state has existed in order to further the welfare and happiness of its individual members. That countries with such high standards of living and political morality should have been shattered by war is one of the most disturbing features of the present world situation. There are other lands that have been continual sources of friction, but this charge cannot be brought against Scandinavia. Both in the past and in the present all three countries have made great contributions to the culture and resources of the world; they have earned the right to live in the future without the tragic interruption of war.

THE SAIL LOFT

BY D. D. CALVIN

NO other spot on Garden Island can quite match the sail loft's power to recall its part in the busy island days of long ago, and boyhood's interest in them. Gone are the saw-mill, the withe-machine, the blacksmith shop, the old store, the boiler shop, "the shanty" (home of the raftsmen in the summer), the "capstan house", the dim barns with their stalls for thirty or forty horses, the ship-carpenters' work-sheds. No building which remains is without its own associations, but the sail loft is by far the most compelling—nor is a visit to the quiet island of to-day complete without one or two half-hours in the sail loft, alone, to feel its spell and to recall the clever vanished hands of the Dix men, father and sons.

From the westerly corner of what was once the shipyard you enter an old red wooden building, and go up a steep stair which ends in a little platform—there is scant head room under the roof. Open the door at the right and you are in the loft. How big is it? What did Orlando say of Rosalind's stature? "Just as high as my heart" . . . It is lighted by gable windows at the ends, north and south, and by dormer windows on the sides. At each end, between the windows, a wide pair of doors opens inwards, disclosing a roller between the jambs and just clear of the floor, which used to help with the dragging of heavy sails, ropes and other gear in and out of the loft.

Standing at the open north door on a summer day you saw, as you can now, Kingston harbour from Snake Island at the west to Fort Henry, northwards. Sometimes the north view might be somewhat blocked by a vessel under repair on "the haulin'-out ways"—beyond and parallel to them was the space where new vessels were built and launched. The wooden cribwork of the breakwater, with its load of limestone blocks, was still complete in those days, like a long wharf jutting out from the shore. Beside it, their ribs standing up stark out of

the water, were "the bones" of two wooden steamers whose discarded hulls had been sunk, end to end, as a more primitive breakwater before the long pier was built. The hull nearer the shore had once been the side-wheeler *William IV*. She had been built at Gananoque in 1832; after many years of carrying passengers and freight between Toronto and Prescott, she was bought by "the Governor" (my grandfather) who used her as a river tug until some time in the 1870's. The island's older men used to tell of the curious appearance of "the old *William*", as they called her—forward of her engines and paddle-wheels she showed no fewer than four tall funnels, forming a square, braced to one another and stayed to the decks.

From this north door one could watch the vessels in the harbour—a very different lot from to-day's. There were almost no pleasure craft, and the occasional steamers were wood, not steel. Constantly seen were the wooden schooners, mostly two-masted, which then carried from Fair Haven, Oswego, and other New York State ports almost all the coal used in Kingston and the district. Sometimes they moved lazily—sometimes, beating up the harbour in a stiff southerly breeze they would sail in on the starboard tack and "come about", with a loud slatting of reef-points, just off the end of the long breakwater. Or, with luck, one might see the three-masted *Stuart H. Dunn* (Captain Jim Dix) arriving at or leaving the island; the *Dunn* was the last sailing vessel which carried oak timber to us from Toledo, on Lake Erie.

On the narrow ledges of rock below this north door, and in the shallow water beyond them, lay many years' sweepings of the sail loft's floor—a slowly increasing medley of ravellings from tarred and manilla rope, clippings of galvanized rigging-wire, scraps of old canvas and many other oddments.

In winter weather, behind closed doors in the warmth of a "self-feeder" coal stove, one watched the rhythmic move-

ments of the sailmaker at his work. In the light of a hanging lamp he sat on his bench sewing an interminable seam; its width was set by a blue line woven into the white canvas near each selvedge. His sewing twine had been waxed in a hand-machine which drew it from the ball, passed it through a shallow bath of melted beeswax and wound it on spools. These tall spools of the yellowed twine stood on metal spindles at the end of his bench; threading the twine through his heavy triangular-pointed needle, he cut off just so much that his first stitches were pulled taut at the full forward extension of his arm. The needle was shoved through the stiff canvas with a sailmaker's "palm"—a small steel plate with dents in it (like those on a thimble) and built into a leather pad from which a strap or loop fitted over the back of the hand. A sharp hook, attached to the bench by a stout cord, held the canvas against the pull of the arm.

When all its "cloths", or widths of canvas, had been sewn up, the sail went through the process of "tabling" (hemming) and had its various "linings", such as corner pieces, reef-bands and foot-bands, added to it. Bolt-ropes were sewn along its four edges—the edges of a schooner's sail were spoken of as mast-leech, head, after-leech and foot. Reef-points were set through the reef-bands; the speed with which the ends of these points had been "served", to prevent ravelling out, was always fascinating.

There was less and less true sailmaking as the years went on; hatch covers for the lake steamers and their tow-barges, plain square sails for the rafts, and repairs, provided the work in the loft. The cabins on the rafts were also made of canvas, in the sail loft, in the last years of the island's activity. The art of dealing with heavy rope, however, continued on long after sails had lost their importance. The splicing of a six inch line, or of a nine inch tow-line, but especially of a fourteen inch wrecking-line, were jobs worth watching.

Making and repairing the heavy harness for the island's draught-horses was one of the loft's secondary activities. Harness had its own words, once familiar—probably few boys of to-day know the meaning of surcingle, throat latch, crupper, breeching (we said "britchin"), hames or terrots, though nose-band and cheek strap might be easily guessed. For harness sewing, "Cap" Dix sat astride one end of a high bench, not at all like the sailmaker's; before him at its other end was a wooden vise, clamped shut by a strap from a foot-lever near the floor. Each hole in the leather was quickly yet carefully punched with an awl, the black waxed threads were put through from each side and jerked snug. A curious bent knife, of fearsome keenness, was used for cutting the various straps from the heavy black leather.

The loft held many interests for boys, apart from the work that was being done, or had been done, in it. For example, the sloping part of its wood-sheathed ceiling, along both its sides, was covered with pictures. Most of them were of vessels—sailing-ships, yachts, men-of-war—and they had been cut from illustrated papers. There was a bird's-eye view of London, published by the *Illustrated London News* some time in the 1880's; there was a big coloured print (an advertisement) of the side-wheel steamer *City of Cleveland*, a famous Lake Erie craft in her day. But above all there were coloured drawings, in chalk and in water colours, done by the Dix men. Some were of lake schooners, from the five (or six?) masted *David Dows* to the two-masted type—*White Oak* and others. One drawing was of our own salt-water vessel, the barque *Garden Island*, under full sail. And there were head-and-shoulders drawings of sailors in traditional dress.

Under one of the east windows, which was not a true dormer but had its glass parallel to the slope of the roof, there was a standing-desk or drawing table where from time to time the Dixes, father and son, designed and drew to scale the rig-

ging and sail-plans of the island's vessels. In a drawer below the sloping top of this desk was a collection of their pencil drawings—where are they now? There were profiles of all our lake vessels, and whole sheets of sails—very curiously shaped, some of the early ones seemed to be. The drawing instruments, in a special compartment of this drawer, were a special delight. The right-hand end of this desk stood against a locked cupboard, secure against prying youngsters. Later, one found that it held various technical books, as well as reserve stores of needles, twine, grommets, wax and other small gear for the sailmaking.

In more recent years "Cap" Dix's ingenuity, and his skill with his hands, brought him many different jobs. The sail loft became the scene of model-yacht building; a sewing-machine appeared, to make their light cotton sails. "The Boss" 's skiffs were often repaired, painted or varnished in the loft. Carpets from "the Big House" were ripped up and re sewn; leather luggage was neatly repaired. Ice-yachts, complete—their wood frames, their ironwork, rigging and sails, even their cushions and carved wooden name-plates were produced in the sail loft.

These things, had one but realized it, were "the handwriting on the wall"—seventy-five, even fifty years ago, there would have been no time to spare for such extraneous jobs in the loft's busy days. Nevertheless, they are not the least interesting, in retrospect, of the many joys of what "Cap" always called—to my ear, at least—the "sail 'oft".

Once, for a few weeks, the loft had a young owl as its guest. Dix caught live mice for the bird's comfort, in an ingenious fashion. On the rim of an empty barrel he set a very light flat stick of wood, so balanced that a slightly weighted string just kept it from falling outwards. Easy approach to the outer end of the stick was provided, then, as the mouse drew near to the cheese at its inner end, the stick sud-

denly "gave" and deposited him in the barrel. At length, on a fine night, the south doors of the loft were ceremonially opened and the owl flew off . . . "straight for the moon over the finishin' shop, he went", "Cap" said.

This sail loft was the second on the island. The earlier was in a building which used to stand on "the front wharf", facing Kingston. In my youth this earlier loft still bore some resemblance to its successor; that is to say, although it had become a mere storage place for heavy rope, a little imagination (for it, too, had pictures of ships on its walls) could fill it with sailmaking and all that went with that interesting trade.

Above this earlier loft, in a square cupola on the roof of the building, was the island's private lighthouse. It was a simple affair of three big coal-oil lamps with their tinned reflectors; the windows were filled with red glass. When the sailmaking was moved away, the duty of lighthouse-keeping remained with the Dix family; one of the boys got up at daylight, came "down the road" and climbed the stairs, and the ladder into the cupola itself, to turn out the lamps. On the first morning when the youngest son (the "Cap" Dix of these recollections) had this duty, he noticed, just before shutting off his alarm-clock, that the alarm-winder was turning strongly. Once was enough: before the next sunrise he had set up that clock near the lighthouse lamps, with taut cords from a wooden drum on its alarm-winder to corresponding drums on the wick-adjusters of the lamps—the first of many ingenious contrivances contributed by John Dix to the workings of "G. I."

THE BEGINNING OF ONTARIO MENTAL HOSPITALS

BY ALFRED E. LAVELL

UNDER many names, which indicate ignorance and strange notions regarding its nature, "lunacy" has troubled mankind from the beginning. Indeed there are those who claim that the number of the mentally defective and the mentally ill has been increasing from the first (which would appear to imply that Darwin's ancestors must have been rather highly intelligent beings) and that the problem has become more acute from century to century. It would seem more correct to say that with an increasing concern about the matter, the growth of humanitarianism, more exact observation and knowledge, and the multiplication of institutions for the scientific care and treatment of the mentally deficient and the insane more mental cases have been discovered and tabulated in statistics.

Before the latter part of the eighteenth century, and indeed after that, the treatment accorded the mentally afflicted was, with few exceptions, fantastic and outrageous. Here and there "asylums" had been opened but these were few and were only for segregation. Their general character may be inferred from the fact that a corruption of the name of the Royal Bethlehem Hospital in London (which had long received "lunatics" or moon-struck people) became a significant English word—"bedlam". Something more adequate was attempted in the establishment of St. Luke's Hospital in London in 1751, and in 1792 a new era began in the founding of the "Retreat for the care of Insane Persons of the Society of Friends" by Tuke (a tea merchant, not a physician) at York, England. In that same year, 1792, Pinel struck off the fetters of lunatics in the prisons of Paris, but a quarter of a century later Esquirol could make his sweeping and accurate indictment of the incredibly stupid and cruel treatment of the insane "everywhere in Europe"; France did not take effective action until 1838.

It is significant that when late in the eighteenth century Dr. Connolly abolished the use of chains at the Hanwell institution in England the step was looked upon as a very rash innovation.

The movement toward the better treatment of the insane spread within a few years to the New England States, and inside two or three decades institutions were opened in New York State, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Ohio, while other states were planning to take similar steps. It is clear that at least a few people in Upper Canada had some knowledge of what was going on in England, but much more of what was being attempted in the adjoining States. It is true that at that time "American" ideas and projects were looked upon generally with suspicion and hostility; but there was much intercourse between the loyalists and their neighbours to the south and they were influenced increasingly in certain important respects by the ideas and acts of the New Englanders. The apparently reasonable and successful attempts of the latter to solve, at least partly, the difficult problem of lunatics began to interest some of the more progressive citizens of the Province; that the hopes of these were realized at such an early date is, however, remarkable. There were plenty of other matters on which Upper Canada had to spend its thought, energies and money; and the great majority of its people were immigrant settlers whose main effort was to make some livelihood in this new land, of the politics, economics and social conditions and questions of which they understood little.

That the efforts and agitation toward the establishment of a Provincial Lunatic Asylum were successful was doubtless due to the fact that its proponents were not merely humanitarian idealists but were realists, and that in every district of the province there were responsible persons whose knowledge of the local situation compelled them to seek and welcome any reasonable project that might alleviate the unpleasant condi-

tions. For, as in the States and England, "lunatics" or "maniacs" or "madmen" (which included both the mentally ill and the mentally defective) were to be found in every region and were a bewildering nuisance. They were sometimes a dangerous menace, and were always a burden in the communities in which they lived or wandered. Occasionally alarmed citizens seized them and haled them before the magistrates; the minutes of the General Courts of Quarter Sessions have the record of many such cases. The puzzled magistrates could, and often did, send the lunatics to the gaols, all of which were small, custodially unsafe, unsanitary, with no facilities for classification except division of the sexes, and were generally crude and unsatisfactory in all other respects. The introduction of these mentally deficient or insane persons into a gaol with its collection of social misfits caused the gaoler and the sheriff great embarrassment and trouble. However, there was no other place to which the lunatics could be committed, though occasionally they were "boarded out" at public or private expense, and the records of the Toronto gaol show that some were sent to a hospital. The "boarding out" was a practice in the earliest days, when the few gaols were even smaller and had even less to commend them than later on. One illustrative instance of this may be given. Here is a quotation from the minutes of the Court of Quarter Sessions, Home District, July 14, 1802. "William Hunter of the town of York, Blacksmith, produced Account for the Board and Lodging of Mary Day, (a pauper and insane woman) from the 25 May past to the 1 July instant at the rate of 12/6 (Province Currency) per week amounting to £3: 2s: 6d. which account was approved." Hunter was also allowed £10 for other expenses in the case, and it cost the District ten dollars more to send the woman back to Lower Canada "from whence she came".

It is impossible here to give an adequate number of examples of gaol commitments: two or three may suffice. At the

Quarter Sessions of the Home District on November 22, 1806, a case was reconsidered. It appeared that the convicted lunatic was no longer crazy; the court therefore ordered his release. On July 15, 1807, the same court had before it a man "disordered in his senses . . . committing many outrages and menacing families . . . especially women and children". He was sent to gaol pending investigation. The case is not mentioned again. He probably remained in prison the rest of his days. In 1835 the sheriff of the same District reported that a woman was still in the gaol who had "only temporary fits of insanity" and had been deserted by her husband and family. She had been there fourteen years.

Increasingly the magistrates and Grand Juries were worried over the situation. It seemed that lunatics without means were being maintained by the District and that there was no lawful authority for this. But what else could be done? In 1833 a Grand Jury recommended a lunatic asylum, but that was merely a gesture and a sign. In 1836 the magistrates at Toronto referred to their "painful duty" regarding lunatics. They also appointed a committee "to obtain clothing and sustenance" for the insane; the implications of this action are obvious. In 1837 a Grand Jury protested against "the practice of promiscuously confining together the young, the novice in crime, the hardened felon and the unfortunate maniac . . . (who) . . . is left half-naked, exposed to the taunts, the inquisitions and the derision of those whom society shuts without her pale". This applied to women as well as men.

In 1838 the rising tide of protests from many quarters compelled the government seriously to consider some alleviative action. The Assembly of Upper Canada had already done good ground work. In 1835 it appointed a committee to gather information and to report upon a Provincial Lunatic Asylum. It was composed of three physicians, Dr. Charles Duncombe being the outstanding member. He was member

of the Assembly for Oxford, an American who had come to Upper Canada shortly after the war of 1812-14. He was appointed to the Provincial Medical Board in 1832. An intelligent, public-spirited and vigorous man, though of slight build, he took an active and constructive interest in many Assembly matters. He was commissioned to report on plans for improvement in education in the Province, and his voluminous report, complete and constructive, was laid before the Assembly in 1836.

Based upon visits to a number of American institutions by Dr. Duncombe, the committee on a Lunatic Asylum made its report, also in 1836. This report was exhaustive and urged that the proposed Asylum be established, but no action was taken by the Assembly. In 1837 came the MacKenzie revolt and nothing was done until two years later. In the passing of the legislation which in 1839 authorized the Asylum, Dr. Duncombe could play no part as he had participated in the rebellion and had to escape to Michigan, but undoubtedly his report was the basis for the provisions of the Act of 1839. This Act is notable in that it marked a definite change from tradition and former practice in Upper Canada. It covered all the essential needs in clear terms; the hospital and therapeutic idea distinctly appear in the Act, though there was much more to be desired. The provision for management by a Board of Directors was finally deemed to be impracticable, though the historian may doubt the necessity for such a verdict.

On September 30, 1839, three commissioners were appointed to put the provisions of the Act into effect; but it was soon apparent that some years might elapse before a site could be selected and a building erected, and on February 8, 1840, the Assembly petitioned the Governor-General "that a suitable building be provided forthwith as a temporary asylum". The commissioners, however, proceeded with their plans, but

were replaced on November 3, 1840. Then followed an amusing controversy between the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Toronto and the Lieutenant-Governor, who was determined that the asylum should be located at Kingston. The "College" asserted that the interests of the public demanded that it be established in Toronto, as "in the dense and wealthy population of a metropolitan city" a higher class of medical men could be found. (Toronto's population was about 13,000, Kingston's about 5,000.) It also urged that "rapid strides with which the science of mental pathology has of late advanced" made it advisable to have the institution available to the medical students of "our future university" (with the emphasis on "future"); in fact, it should form a part of its school of medicine when this was established (with the emphasis on the "when"). The "College" won.

But now where could be obtained a building for the temporary asylum until funds could be raised for a permanent one? A bright idea dawned upon the commissioners. Behold the red brick gaol on King street between Church and Toronto streets, erected in 1824. It had become impossible as a decent prison for criminals and these had been removed to a new gaol. No, not quite all. Seventeen lunatics had been left in the discarded and disreputable old place. Why not let them remain there and make it the temporary asylum. It was done: a rental of £125 was agreed on, and on January 21, 1841, the first Lunatic Asylum in Upper Canada was opened. The many disadvantages of the old gaol were obvious. It had two good points. All its new inhabitants would feel thoroughly at home. In addition to the first seventeen all the others had come from gaols, and it is not surprising that the asylum had a warden, as well as a medical superintendent. But the novel feature was the appointment of a medical officer, and there was also, for the first time, the hope, intention and potential ability for improvement sometimes in the future.

One is tempted to relate in detail the nine years of the history of the temporary asylum. Dickens would have revelled in the story. Even the official reports are packed with interest. The place, even when "purified" and furnished, was almost totally unfit for the proper care of anyone, and the successive medical superintendents were sorely tried in their attempts to look after their wards. Undoubtedly the commissioners who began the undertaking were enthusiastic in their hopes, so much so that through their rosy glasses they utterly failed to see things as they really existed. The description of the asylum by the chairman after a few months of operation is worthy of quotation did space permit. It glows with optimism, and one can see his chest bursting with satisfaction at what had, allegedly, been accomplished. He did not realize how filled his account was with Gilbertian humour as he told of the good fortune of the lunatics and the excellent effects of the treatment given them. A truer picture is presented by the record of friction between the commission and the medical superintendents. Between 1841 and 1853 (to include three years of the permanent asylum) five physicians one after the other accepted and attempted the office of medical superintendent and resigned after altercations with successive Boards. On September 30, 1845, the temporary asylum was visited by Mr. J. H. Tuke, a grandson of the founder of the Retreat at York, England. Here are some extracts from his diary: "Visited the lunatic asylum. It is one of the most painful and distressing places I have ever visited. The house has a terribly dark aspect. . . There were about 70 patients upon whose faces misery, starvation and suffering were indelibly impressed. The doctor pursues the exploded system of cupping, bleeding, blistering and purging his patients. . . No meat was allowed. Many . . . suffering from sore legs. . . Strongly built men were shrunk to skeletons. . . I left the place sickened with disgust. . . (Page 215, D. H. Tuke's *The Insane in the United States and Canada*.)

The old gaol soon became overcrowded—a trouble common to future asylums—and in 1846 two branches of the asylum were opened. One was in the east wing of the old parliament buildings on Front and Simcoe streets; the other was a residence on the south-west corner of Front and Bathurst streets; both, of course, in Toronto. But the intentions and provisions of the Asylum Act had by no means been lost sight of. On September 24, 1844, a commission was appointed to erect a building on fifty acres granted by the Ordnance Department from Garrison Common. For skilled counsel the commission was fortunate to have Mr. J. G. Howard, an architect of vision, intelligence and humanity, who subsequently presented his beautiful estate, now called High Park, to the city.

In view of the limited knowledge of insanity at that time and the traditional practices in its treatment, it is really amazing that Mr. Howard designed a building of such a type and character that in spite of the immense growth of knowledge, and improvement in methods in the subsequent years it has continued, with some changes and additions, to be operated as an efficient mental hospital ever since, though designed nearly a century ago. The building was begun on June 1, 1845, and was opened on January 26, 1850, on which date the two hundred and eleven patients from the three units of the temporary asylum were removed into it. The new building and its equipment could not, however, be used to proper advantage, so long as the old and discredited methods and management were continued. It became clear that the key to the efficient conduct of the asylum was the appointment of the right medical superintendent, and that he should not be hampered by the vexatious interference of a Board of Directors. A superintendent was therefore sought whose personality and training would show him to be given large freedom in the performance of his responsible task. Such a man who found in the person

of Dr. Joseph Workman. With his appointment on July 1, 1853, a new era opened for the asylum. He remained in charge until he resigned in 1875, and during his incumbency gave such outstanding service as permanently affected for good all the future mental hospitals of the Province.

It did not come within the limits of the subject to attempt to deal with the growth of the extensive mental hospital system of Ontario since the first asylum was established. Nor could the immense development in the knowledge and understanding of what was then included in the term "lunacy" be discussed. One comparison may suffice, to the layman, to indicate that development. In the middle of the eighteenth century Tuke's Retreat divided its inmates into three classes. In the Temporary Asylum about a century later these divisions had grown to six. To-day half a dozen pages are required to list them. A hundred years ago the knowledge of the normal brain and nervous system was extremely elementary and scanty. Since then there has been a vast change. Not long ago a neurologist spoke of the utter futility of trying to cover even the elements of the subject in the twelve lectures he was giving to nurses; in these pathology was hardly mentioned. In spite of the progress of knowledge, and its sequence, treatment, scientists are the first to acknowledge that the road ahead is a long one; but the comparison of the experience and limitations of those in charge of our first asylum with the knowledge and practice of to-day gives good hope of what may happen in the years to come.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE ILLUSION OF UNIFIED COMMAND

BY T. H. THOMAS

“The Supreme War Council as at present constituted is almost a farce.” *Report of Colonel House to the President; written on board U.S.S. Mount Vernon, December 14, 1917.*

In this crisp sentence Colonel House submitted his conclusion as to the character of the Interallied apparatus Mr. Lloyd George had brought on the scene at the end of 1917. The President's conclusions must be inferred from the fact that he remained outside the fold. No American representative was appointed.

Even without the United States, the Supreme War Council did not really come into being. It was exhibited as a demonstration of Interallied unity—but it never developed into a Council. More than that, it did not remedy in the slightest degree the complete divergence of views as to the conduct of the war between the heads of the French and British governments. All in all, the Supreme War Council proved a supreme example of how not to do it.

Whether or not this experience was in mind, the decisions taken during Mr. Churchill's visit in Washington followed exactly the lessons of 1918. The agenda reserved for the Supreme War Council dealt largely with questions such as could be decided only by the full authority of sovereign states. As a result, the questions were raised only when the heads of governments could be present; in the intervals the Supreme War Council was an illusory abstraction—a thing which pretended to be, but which actually had no existence. Lord Milner became Secretary of State for War with the definite promise that he would be the Cabinet representative in the Council. (This would, in fact, have been a far better working arrange-

ment.) But the promise was consistently broken. When it came to the point, Mr. Lloyd George flinched from sending out a delegate with full powers—with authority to join in deciding a vital question of policy in a binding fashion. On such a basis, the Cabinet (which bore the responsibility for the action taken) would have had to ratify in advance the decision of its delegate.

Nor were the three heads of governments willing to appoint standing representatives to an advisory Council steadily at work upon the tasks that presented themselves continuously. Even without the power of final decision, such a body could have gathered the essential facts bearing upon the situation—and (in the German phrase) could have ‘prepared the elements of a decision’ for the responsible authorities. But at the end of 1917, Lloyd George had already taken his decision. He had made up his mind not to reinforce the British army in France, and had decided instead to send off all the divisions available to the winter expedition in Palestine. Clémenceau (like all the American officials concerned) was determined to concentrate all possible strength against the expected German effort on the Western Front. From the start also, Clémenceau realized clearly that the setting up of the Supreme War Council was a skilfully oblique procedure for allowing Lloyd George to launch in the name of Interallied Unity a course of policy to which his Allies and his own military authorities were categorically opposed. General Pershing, for instance, when pressed for a speedier dispatch of American reinforcements to France, pointed out that the ships which might have accomplished this had been diverted to the far end of the Mediterranean. It was little wonder that President Wilson washed his hands of the Supreme War Council.

The strategical committee associated with the name of Foch (‘the Executive War Board’), was likewise framed in such a way as to carry along this absolute divergence of policy

under the guise of Interallied Unity. By limiting its authority to the European fronts, Mr. Lloyd George prevented the Board from even discussing the essential question in the whole conduct of the war at that time. The creation of this military board also allowed the Prime Minister to proceed with his private strategical programme against the views of his responsible military authorities and without the clear assent of his own Cabinet.

The German offensive of March 21st brought down with a crash this whole façade of sham Interallied unity. The divisions sent to Palestine were hurried back to France, and all the tonnage available was sent off in haste for American troops. Several hundred thousand troops in Britain were hurried across the Channel; the Executive War Board soon evaporated; and under the immanent threat of a military disaster Lloyd George made a right-about-face and joined his Allies in a common military policy, i.e. to gather all possible forces for the fight for life upon the Western Front. There was no time to bother seriously with the fiction of the Supreme War Council. The fiction remained, but the fact whittled down to occasional meetings of the three premiers in person. There was no element of continuity or order in this procedure; the agenda were often confused and haphazard; and even the most important matters were taken up without the necessary data or preparation. The continuous tension on the Western Front threw responsibility for action upon the shoulders of Haig and Foch; and the one critically important question of military policy in the summer of 1918 was not even submitted to the pseudo War Council.

On the other hand, the permanent working agencies set up under the nominal authority of the Council proved highly effective. With no false façade of 'supreme' powers, these Boards kept continuously at work upon essential problems. They were made up of competent men who had authority to

deal promptly and finally with the whole range of tasks in the particular fields assigned them—shipping, munitions, food supplies, the blockade, etc. Without them it would have been wholly impossible to bring forward the concentration of physical resources that made possible in 1918 a quite unexpected military victory.

The sharp contrast in these two records was in no way fortuitous. It offers to-day a clear warning against the appealing illusion of a War Council of an Interallied Command exercising supreme powers. The permanent working Boards which proved so effective were administrative or executive organs, carrying out policies agreed on by the governments concerned. But the military questions brought before the Supreme War Council at times involved the very foundations of their political authority; and in each of these countries clear-cut constitutional principles made the government responsible for whatever decisions might be taken. The British Prime Minister, the French and Italian Premiers, all found that they could not shift this responsibility to the War Council or the Supreme Command. (Neither one, for instance, had any control over the disposition of Allied man-power; Foch could not order to France a single British or American division, or prevent its being sent elsewhere).

These points apply with equal force to-day; and the appealing fallacies of a Supreme Council and a Supreme Command make their appeal largely because of a consistent historical misrepresentation of the actual experience of 1918. There would be every advantage in setting up a Military Secretariat to which every belligerent power could submit information and recommendations and appeals: a body in which even the smallest power would have the right to speak and be listened to—to present its own case in its own way. The Roosevelt-Churchill conferences signally failed to provide for this. But it is a delusion to imagine that a representa-

tive Interallied body can exercise command; and it was an immense reassurance that Mr. Churchill quashed at the outset the favourite illusion of a War Council decked out with 'Supreme' powers.

For one reason or another, a strong demand for this 'mechanized unity' arose just at the time he reached Washington. There could be no reproach on the score of lack of unity hitherto: never have two governments kept more closely in step. But the disasters at Manila and Pearl Harbor had shattered the confidence of the United States in its own leaders—suddenly faced by the actual test of war. By a common impulse, the vision of a Unified Command seemed to offer a guarantee of something different and better. Quite as in 1918 also, there arose the illusion that by 'unifying' pathetically inadequate forces (e.g. those in the Eastern theatre of war) their strength would be as the strength of ten. The appointment of General Wavell to 'Supreme Command' in the Far East was hailed with delight: it was instantly expected that this alone would perform the miracle of the loaves and the fishes..

It was almost taken for granted that the immediate result of Mr. Churchill's arrival would be the creation of a war council embracing most of the United Nations. In his press conference a few days later the question was put to him directly. There came a surprisingly blunt answer: in the clearest possible terms Mr. Churchill indicated that there would be no Supreme War Council and no Interallied Commander-in-Chief.

From no one else, at that time, would American opinion have accepted that answer without protest or keen disappointment. The mere surprise at having a straight and definite answer counted for much—but above all it showed that Mr. Churchill had reached a clear-cut decision in the matter. The immense satisfaction at having a definite decision, and a leader

willing to take clearly and boldly an 'unpopular' position, made the American public at large eager to follow his lead without the slightest question.

Mr. Churchill thus performed the great service of eliminating at the very outset projects that could only have led to long-drawn-out and fruitless controversy. The Conferences then set to work at once upon practical tasks that were only too urgent: the shaping of permanent working Boards to cope with such matters as production, raw materials, munitions, shipping, etc. These tasks concerned primarily the two powers which were the main source of supply and production, so that the Boards could be set up on a British-American basis. They were also administrative rather than political undertakings, so that it was easy enough to delegate the authority necessary for the Boards to carry forward their current work and take the necessary decisions as to policy.

The course taken in 1941 has thus reversed the procedure of 1918. Instead of attempting to 'unify' by an artificial and unreal mechanism the political authority of three separate governments, the Washington conferences began at the bottom and set up the working agencies which make effective co-operation possible.

In the last resort, a 'unified' course of policy can only come when governments are in agreement. The experience of 1918 made clear that a War Council may conceal, but cannot remedy, a fundamental conflict of policy. In the last resort, the common course now followed by Britain and the United States derives from the fact that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt see eye to eye in regard to major issues. This may not always be the case in future; and the whole set of working relations now established might have to be substantially recast if Mr. Churchill went out of office.

But no War Council could have made the Dutch see eye to eye with these two leaders as to the proper policy to follow

in the East. Although the Dutch had no voice as to the disposition of British or American forces, their views in the matter were radically different from those of the other two governments. The event has proved that the Dutch were right. It offers also the useful reminder that British and American authorities can be in the closest agreement—and yet dead wrong in their decision.

No device for Interallied action or discussion could provide a guarantee against this contingency. It is an illusion, also, to conceive that a sound policy can be assured by a still larger council in which every country would have an equal voice. Even while Mr. Churchill was still in Washington this issue was suddenly raised by the report that Australia would demand the creation of a War Council in which she would take her place as an equal. In her relations with the other United Nations, Australia as a matter of course has the equal status of a sovereign power. In deciding where American troops shall be sent, or how many shall go, she has an equal voice with any other foreign nation—a status of equality which may be defined as an absolute zero. The United States has no greater degree of authority over Australian troops or Australian policy.

In relation to Britain, the Dominions have affirmed this principle vigorously for many years. But the rule works both ways, and one effect of it is to eliminate any Council or other arrangement which would allow the military resources or the policy of one country to be controlled by the votes of others..

The same is true of strategical policy. The American press trumpeted loudly the idea of a war council in which Russia and China would be included. But no verbal device can alter the fact that the Chinese and Russian fronts are for the most part remote and isolated from the others. Even if those two powers were eager for outside strategical advice, it would be fantastic to direct their operations from Washington

or London: and the appointment of Chiang Kai Shek as Generalissimo on his own front was a graceful recognition of the fact that he would have to stand alone. He was Generalissimo in that sector already; and this solemn Interallied recognition did not add a soldier or a plane to the scope of his authority.

Russia is not only physically separated from the other fronts, but is separated politically from other Allied powers by the fact that she is carrying on a different war. Whatever other motives may enter in, stark military necessity compels her to stand loyally by her treaty of friendship and non-aggression with Japan. For the time being, at least, Russia has no other choice in the matter: for some time to come her military existence may depend upon her maintaining peace along her Eastern front. No one pretends that Russia can face a war on both fronts: and it is not to our interest or advantage that she run the risk of succumbing under any such burden.

But that very circumstance has increased a hundredfold the burden now tumbling upon the shoulders of her Allies. In order to maintain the critical battle front west of Moscow, Russia had to strip her eastern front of many combat divisions—the total number was even allowed to be indicated in press dispatches sent out from Moscow some time before Japan attacked. In doing so, she has made it possible for Japan to concentrate her main military and air forces in southeastern Asia. What is essential to Russia's safety may prove fatal to the war effort carried on by the United States and Britain. The question of motives and underlying sympathies does not enter in: as long as it is essential for Soviet Russia to keep the peace with Japan, she cannot enter formally into a War Council or other body set up for the explicit purpose of destroying the Japanese government.

Even in respect to the 'front against Hitler', the Soviet government stands strikingly aloof from its Allies. Its mili-

tary resources, and even the changing course of the Russian military situation, remain a jealously guarded secret: an Inter-allied discussion of strategy on that front would not even be suggested to Moscow. 'Co-operation' with Soviet Russia means purely and simply the supplying of British and American war material: it is an adventure in which all tracks lead in one direction. One set of reasons exclude the possibility of an Interallied Command comprising the conduct of operations on the Russian front; other reasons make it out of the question for Russia to enter into any such agency set up for directing the war against Japan.

This peculiar paradox seems to have been handled at Washington in a sensible fashion. Practical arrangements for joint action with Moscow were worked out separately by Britain, which so far has supplied most of the 'co-operation' actually shipped and delivered. Russia remained outside the Committee of Chiefs of Staff, the Pacific War Council, and other bodies subject to the taint or suspicion of unfriendliness to Japan.

The idea of a Supreme Command is also in many respects an illusion. Victory came in 1918 not through Foch's strategy, but by hurrying to France the necessary British and American reinforcements. It was not separate commands, but the lack of troops and planes, that has now brought disaster in Malaya. Foch's appointment to supreme command, moreover, brought out squarely the fact that Foch held no actual authority—no 'power of command'—over the British and American armies. No such power could legally have been conferred upon him: the 'co-ordination' of operations he brought about was a working arrangement with Haig and Pershing. When it was put to a test, Pershing established the fact that he was not, in actual fact, under Foch's orders. The case is no different to-day: Mr. Roosevelt cannot give an Allied Commander-in-Chief authority over an American army.

Nor has the President legally designated 'military advisers'. The popularity of this illegitimate term ever since 1917 has led to endless confusion of thought. The case is somewhat different in Britain, but in America neither Constitution nor laws know any such animal as a military adviser. The President is Commander-in-Chief: the Secretary of War, Chief of Staff, and all other officers are his subordinates. None of them share his authority; and none of them, legally, are his advisers. The General Staff is in no sense an 'advisory' body, and it has no authority to decide on plans or policy. Its function is to carry out the plans or orders authorized by the Commander-in-Chief. When the time came, after Dunkirk, to hurry off a thousand field-guns and a million rifles to Britain the President did not take a Gallup poll of 'military opinion'. It is not the duty of the Chiefs of Staff of the Army and Navy to hold identical opinions; but if every General and all the Admirals were to unite in a joint professional opinion, the President would be free to toss it aside. It would be his duty to do so if he held it unsound; if he accepted it, the responsibility for that decision would still be his. He may ask an Admiral where the Army should be sent, or consult a draftee on points of naval policy. The matter of advice is wholly up to him: he alone is responsible for the decision taken. At the moment of writing, strong reinforcements of American planes may be on the way to Java, or instead, our air force may still be held in a 'static concentration' along the coasts of the United States. In either event it will have been the President's doing: neither the one course nor the other could be taken except under his authority.

The new Committee of Chiefs of Staff will be able to help him to make sound decisions. They can set forth the essential facts of the problems in hand: they may recommend to the President a certain course, or point out possible alternatives. The corresponding Committee in London will likewise prepare

'the elements of a decision' for the British Prime Minister. These two high authorities must then take the necessary decisions: no subordinates can be given that authority, nor can the responsibility be shifted to a mongrel Interallied Council.

The essential result of the conferences at Washington was to reaffirm this basic principle. Urgently important administrative tasks were delegated to subordinate allied agencies, but the determination of policy remained with the heads of the two governments. The essence of this latter point was given almost at the outset by a headline of the New York *Times*, on December 28th:

Roosevelt and Churchill Fix War Strategy.

For better or worse, under our two systems of government no other solution is possible.

THE SEASON'S BOOKS

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

THE WORKS OF GEORGE HERBERT. Ed. by F. E. Hutchinson.
Clarendon Press. 30s.

ST. LEO THE GREAT. By Trevor Jalland, S.P.C.K. 21s.

MAN ON HIS NATURE. By Sir Charles Sherrington. Cambridge
University Press. 21s.

THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN. By M. Kiddle (the Moffatt
New Testament Commentary). Hodder and Stoughton.
10s. 6d.

It is happily difficult to draw a sharp distinction between poetry and religion. Though there is no malady of the soul to which the poetasters are not liable, an irreligious poet is almost a contradiction in terms; even the glorious classical poet of atomic materialism breaks out in an apostrophe to Venus. Conversely, the theologians who are not poets at heart can only offer us a *hortus siccus* for a flower-garden. Let us, therefore, rank among the weightier religious books of recent months this splendid edition of George Herbert, a labour alike of scholarship and love. Here is George Herbert, complete and annotated; here are his well-known poems and many less well known in English, Greek and Latin; here is "the Country Parson"; here his extant letters and his will; here, too, his collections of "outlandish" proverbs and his speeches as Public Orator in the University of Cambridge together with some seventy-five pages of biographical and bibliographical introduction. The printing and 'format' of the book are noble, and, in fact, this is the edition of the poet-saint to be desired by every reverent admirer of his work. George Herbert is not among the theologians but is their teacher; for what is a theologian but a beater of the air if he do not know that which the poet saw and declared with such charm and passion?

Theological students who have been caused to study the famous 'Tome' of St. Leo the Great will admit that Leo may have been a theologian and, perhaps, a saint, but he was nothing of a poet. Great he certainly was in his influence upon the Church and, as it would seem, in the force of his personality. He is the first great sponsor of the exclusive authoritarian claims of the see of Rome, a true precursor of the post-Tridentine Roman Church. We may be thankful that we now have a full-dress and critical biography of him. The erudition and laborious research of the author is to be much commended, and his style is easy. This is a book rather for the historian and student than for the general public. A word of praise might seem due to the publishing house also which, in spite of grievous embarrassment 'due to enemy action', has courageously produced such a work at such a time.

Sir Charles Sherrington is not only a very distinguished scientist but also a man of letters and of broad human sympathies. His Gifford Lectures entitled "Man on His Nature" start from the outlook and medical lore of the famous French physician of the sixteenth century, Jean Fernel. The author sketches, often in glowing, and almost always in intelligible, terms the amazing advances in our knowledge of man's physical constitution and of the world of which man is so eminent a part. Fernel was a true scientist in his day and withal a philosopher. His science is out of date, and his philosophy has been discarded with his science. But his philosophy has not been replaced by a better. The scientist as represented by our author describes everything and explains nothing; he asks Nature "how"; he has abandoned the question "why". This is strictly proper, for the scientist as such is concerned with "how", not "why"; yet in fact as a human being he cannot avoid the deeper questions, and therefore we are constantly presented with the scientist's answers to questions which as a scientist he cannot treat. The result is a new mythology. Thus "Nature", "natural selection" and "Evolution" are often personified and treated as active and intelligent agents. The absence of a true philosophical background leads to such a sentence as "Time may be an invention of the mind, but none the less the mind is integrated by it"; the category of "the sacred" is introduced without any explanation, and the magnificent conclusion, "Altruism as passion; that would seem as yet Nature's noblest product; the greatest contribution made by man to Life", is unintelligible in the light of the argument as a whole. The author tells us that electrons, protons and neurons are mental figments, that energy is a space-time figment, and that things are 'electric charges', but the philosophical implication of these assertions seems to elude him. The book illustrates both the astounding advances of empirical science and the intellectual chaos that arises from any attempt to attain a world-view by reference to the physical sciences alone. The author is a humane and religious man; he believes in altruism, in Truth, Goodness and Beauty, in "values"; he sees no contradiction between religion and science; but his personal and laudable reverences are not articulated into the world-view which he seeks to derive from science. This book, therefore, which movingly expounds the wonders of modern science, suggests also the reflection that the Christian doctrine of God as the Creator of all things in heaven and earth, visible and invisible, is not in any way incompatible with modern knowledge and is immeasurably more rational than the current mythology of Nature plus an ungrounded belief in "values". Philosophers and theologians must use as their subject matter the findings of the sciences; for them, therefore, this book, so readable and untechnical, will be of value, but it is not in itself a valuable guide either in philosophy or theology.

Of all the books in the Bible the last is to the modern reader the most obscure. Mr. Kiddle has produced a commentary which not only makes this writing intelligible but also can be read (unlike most commentaries) as a book in its own right. There are occasional infelicities of style (I am prepared to believe that "the rabbi Pirke Aboth" is a misprint), but there is literary charm also, and we cannot well be too thankful when the fruits of remote and meticulous scholarship are set forth in terms of general interest and intelligibility. *The Revelation* is interpreted as a pastoral work written to encourage the faithful as persecution and martyrdom approach. The book claims for itself the full authority of God, yet only after some hesitation was it accepted into the canon of Holy Scripture. As we rediscover it in Mr. Kiddle's pages, we are moved to reverence by its sublimity and zeal, but we can understand why its position in the canon may have been disputed. It is the word of a prophet speaking to the prophets. The writer possessed no missionary zeal, no hope of the salvation of the many, no overwhelming pity for the lost: "Let the wicked still be wicked, let the filthy still be filthy. Let the righteous still do right, let the holy still be holy." The fiery trial is imminent, and thereafter the Lord will come to reward the faithful and punish the wicked; let the faithful stand firm and beware lest they forfeit their eternal crown. It is a message both grim and sublime. It is the work, perhaps the typical work, of an early Christian prophet; it offers 'iron rations' to the Christian warrior, but one misses the tenderer notes of the Gospel. The author seems to claim almost plenary authority for the prophets, and surely they spoke a needed word of God; yet one could hope that the bishops and elders may have supplemented the prophetic vision with a heavenly prudence and a sympathetic understanding. So far as exegesis can do it, Mr. Kiddle has made plain the meaning of the book, but perhaps it can only be truly appreciated and understood by the Church that faces martyrdom.

N. M.

FROM THE STONE AGE TO CHRISTIANITY Monotheism and the Historical Process. By William Foxwell Albright. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press, 1940. Pp. 363. \$2.50.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE JORDAN. By Nelson Glueck. American Schools of Oriental Research. New Haven, Connecticut, 1940. Pp. xviii+208. \$2.50.

Biblical Archæology is a field in which American scholarship has long been pre-eminent. The American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem, supported as it has been by most generous gifts of money from the United States, has made possible in recent years a more thorough exploration of Palestine and adjacent territories than was ever undertaken before. Professors Glueck and Albright have both served as Directors of the school in Jeru-

salem and both speak not only as scholars but also as field-archæologists.

The country east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea is now as it was in the days of Moses, the home of the Beduin Arab who restlessly watches his opportunity to break into the "land flowing with milk and honey". Professor Glueck has lived and worked among these people "who can live on next to nothing and have the patience of the ages". His book is an account, admirably illustrated, of explorations which carried him down along the ancient road east of Jordan which has as its terminus Solomon's Red Sea port of Ezion-Geber. The Hebrews have never been a sea-going folk, their country of Palestine did not make that possible. The sea has always been to the Hebrew the symbol of that which is unknown and terrible. Only once did an Israelite king successfully engage in sea-borne trade and that was from this port on the Gulf of Akaba. Chapter IV of Professor Glueck's book describes its identification and excavation in a most illuminating way. The whole book is a most valuable account of East Jordan and its people, both ancient and modern.

Professor Albright of Johns Hopkins is an archæologist of the first rank and has become a recognized authority in matters pertaining to Egypt and the Near East in ancient days. Like all investigators in this field he has felt the lure of the Old Testament and the early Hebrew people. But in the field of Old Testament research his foot is not quite so sure as in his own. It is often difficult for an Assyriologist or Egyptologist to be fair to the Old Testament scholar. One thinks of Sayce, Hommel, Winckler, Jensen, Friedrich Delitzsch. The archæologist's estimate of the character of Old Testament narratives and their value for history has often to be taken with reserve. That Moses taught "the existence of only one God, the creator of everything" will not find universal acceptance among authorities on the Old Testament and many will demur at the author's estimate of the historical content of the patriarchal narratives. And why does he regard Arphaxad as a non-Semitic name seeing that it contains the word which over and over in the Old Testament refers to Chaldea? These, however, are small matters, of little importance to the book as a whole. Professor Albright has set himself a big task, viz. to show how man's idea of God developed from prehistoric antiquity to the time of Christ. From anthropology and prehistoric archæology he swings into the story of historic Israel, its political, cultural and religious background. He follows the changes and growth through prophetic times and the sufferings of exilic and post-exilic days, down to the "fulness of time" when the religion of Jesus appears. Professor Albright finds the civilization of that day in many ways comparable to what it is to-day. "In short, we are in a world which is strangely like the Graeco-Roman world of the first cen-

tury B.C. We need awakening of faith in the God of the majestic theophany on Mount Sinai, in the God of Elijah's vision at Horeb, in the God of the Jewish exiles in Babylonia, in the God of the Agony of Gethsemane."

The book is admirably annotated and indexed and its learning is immense. Of all that has been written in this vast field there appears to be almost nothing left unread by the author.

H. A. K.

PROTESTANTISM'S HOUR OF DECISION. By Justice Wroe Nixon. Philadelphia: The Judson Press, 1940. Pp. 154.

Dr. Nixon is one of the most widely known American preachers. His book, written while the United States was still a neutral nation, frankly acknowledges the nation's great debt to others and its responsibility for doing something and doing it at once. He sees what profound changes are bound to come upon organized society and that American Protestantism has a double root, one running back into the religious tradition of Christianity and the other into the political tradition of democracy. He thinks that Protestantism is dependent upon the system of rights implicit in democracy and that therefore its very existence is now at stake. Hence the "hour of decision". Dr. Nixon is confident of the supreme power of spiritual values and is patient even with much which seems to be too slow or too complacent. "The Church in America seems like a heavy freighter in a harbour filled with yachts built for maximum sail in a moderate wind. It is old. It is drab in appearance. It is difficult to get under way. It moves slowly. The members of the crew seem discouraged as other craft dart around it, so modern in their appointments, so appealing to the crowds upon the shore. Few realize that the older vessel has been built for hurricanes rather than for calm seas, that it has weathered the storms of the ages, and that it comes into port laden with a faith that is the most precious spiritual inheritance of the Western man."

H. A. K.

EDUCATION

THE ENTERPRISE IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Donald Dickie. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co. Ltd. Pp. vi+440. \$2.00.

This book is a very important contribution to education. It presents a fundamental position—that education comes through purposeful co-operative activity. The book does more. It presents an achievement, the success of which has been demonstrated not only in the province in which Dr. Dickie lives and works, but in other provinces as well. The idea is not new. It has been with us in the various activity projects which have attracted the attention of educationists for the last twenty-five years or more. What

is important in this book is the educational philosophy on which the work is based, and the detail with which the enterprise method has been worked out by experienced teachers with a reputation for solid achievement.

Much of the material that is presented in the formal way in classrooms is evanescent. It is connected with no purpose in the student's mind. It finds no peg on which to hang, and, apparently, it falls to the ground. One need only go over old examination papers in which, at one time, good marks had been achieved, to realize how alarmingly great has been the deposit of the years. The enterprise is based on a different conception. The logical treatment of a subject as such, so dear to the heart of the formal teacher, is of secondary importance. What is important is that the knowledge and skill that are needed are sought for because the purpose which the pupil is pursuing cannot be achieved without such knowledge and skill. The pre-school enthusiasm is carried forward into the school without change of method, but with the wise direction which ensures a well rounded education. Moreover, the enterprise is an experience in co-operative living, for every member of the group must play his part if the purpose in mind is to be successfully attained.

This book is written for the primary school. It has implications for the high school and for the university, and, indeed, for education in all its phases. For it expresses the conviction that education must come through inner need and desires, and cannot be imposed from without. If this is true, a major revolution in educational method is at hand.

The wise observations of Dr. Dickie, whose name is well known in educational circles for the books that she has written, are reinforced by an introduction by Dr. Wees, in which a philosophy of education is presented with which this reviewer is heartily in accord.

R. C. W.

THE UNIVERSITIES ARE DANGEROUS. By W. E. C. Harrison.
Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1941. Pp. iv+55. 25c.

This booklet should be in the hands of all university people, and, I would say further, of all people who love liberty and are concerned about the mainsprings of freedom. It gives challenge and encouragement; challenge, in that universities must realize that on them the responsibility lies to proclaim the principles of liberty, and to act in accordance therewith; encouragement, in that in the English-speaking world they have not as yet failed in their task. Mr. Harrison gives the historical background, and describes the treatment of the European universities under Nazi domination in words that burn with anger and contempt. Only if universities are dangerous to those who may attempt to impose fetters, can they continue to live in the way that universities must

live. Mr. Harrison's service in writing this proclamation of faith has been 'to stab our spirits wide awake'.

R. C. W.

POETS AND THEIR ART

TEN OLD ENGLISH POEMS PUT INTO MODERN ENGLISH ALLITERATIVE VERSE. Translated by Kemp Malone. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1941. Pp. 49. \$1.25.

RARE PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES, 1642-1700. Edited by Autrey Nell Wiley. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 1940. Pp. 358. \$5.00.

THE COMPLETE POETRY AND SELECTED PROSE OF JOHN DONNE AND THE COMPLETE POETRY OF WILLIAM BLAKE. Introduction by Robert Silliman Hillyer. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1941. Pp. 1045. \$4.50.

THE TIMELESS LAND. By Geoffrey Johnson. London: The Poetry Lovers' Fellowship (with Williams & Norgate, Ltd.). 1941. Pp. 63. Paper 2s., Cloth 3s.

PERIPHERY OF TIME: A BOOK OF SONNETS. By Christine Hamilton Wilson. New York: The Fine Editions Press. 1941. Pp. 62. \$2.00.

NEW POEMS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN VERSE. Edited by Oscar Williams. New York: The Yardstick Press. 1941. Pp. 276. \$2.50.

WORDS FOR MUSIC. By V. C. Clinton-Baddeley. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1941. Pp. 168. \$2.50.

Mr. Malone's translations of Old English poetry are unusually successful because his imaginative sympathy collaborates with his scholarship. His renderings are largely literal, but not mere 'mechanic exercises', for he knows how to recapture the essential flavour of the poems through his feeling for characteristic moods and phrasing. Six of the pieces are taken from the *Exeter Book* and the remaining four from various sources. The dates range from the seventh century to the tenth. The translations of the *Dream of the Rood*, *Deor*, *Wife's Lament* and *Wanderer* are especially sensitive to motive and to metrical harmony. In the last-named instance 'stir' or 'ripple', perhaps, might have been used for 'arouse' in the fourth line, while in the forty-seventh 'broadening their feathers' is more exact than evocative. Mr. Seàn O'Faolàin's conjecture that a scribal transposition may have occurred as between lines 45-50 and 51-55 deserves consideration.

Professor Wiley's work is the first to treat prologues and epilogues as a literary *genre*. In her study of relevant material occurring in some 1,600 plays she has found examples variously classified as supplicatory, defiant, satirical, occasional, journalistic,

musical, spectacular, more specifically literary (such as dialogues, essays and 'characters'), and types peculiarly adapted to the speakers concerned. They have usually been written in verse and much ingenuity was exercised in choosing or devising a suitable form, but after 1660 their normal pattern was the iambic decasyllabic couplet, relieved by the odd triplet. After 1558 they proved increasingly popular, but attained their chief vogue between 1660 and 1700. During the Elizabethan period poets like Dekker, Chettle and Middleton sometimes furnished them to fellow-dramatists and in 1646 Shirley published a volume of poems including eighteen prologues and epilogues, some of which had been related to other plays than his own. But this friendly (and profitable) custom did not become general until fourteen years later. The king of such fashioners was Dryden, but among other favourite suppliers were Motteux, Haynes and Tom D'Urfey. The speakers were jealously selected, for certain players (both men and women) specialized in this kind of recitation, which was regarded as an art in itself. Publication in broadsides or folio half-sheets, at or near the time of delivery, proved advantageous. The persistence of prologues and epilogues during the seventeenth century was largely due to their use of keen, topical wit and satire, and also to the ability of their speakers to draw the audience into the ideal world within the picture-stage by means of a prologue or to return them from the unreal to the real by means of an epilogue. So it went until audiences at length preferred that there should be no trespassing upon the realm of the ideal, and it was mere tradition that carried the *genre* over into a later time. Professor Wiley presents forty-two specimens, with bibliographical, biographical and historical notes, eight illustrations and five appendices. The work is of real factual and critical value to students of the Restoration period.

Perhaps the most striking quality of Donne's verse is its taut, vibrating harmony. A singing intellect utters it and it echoes back not only its creator's varied thoughts and feelings, but often also the very voice of the attendant genius that inspires *his* voice and makes its tones and overtones unique in English poetry. In his introduction to the volume containing specimens of Donne and Blake Professor Hillyer writes wisely and winningly of these two poets, summing up the moods of Donne's lyrics, as they mature toward unity, thus:

A prevalent, somewhat artificial cynicism, with interludes of sheer tenderness; a contemplation of time and death, beginning, roughly, with *The Anniversarie*, then a gradual unifying of theme, characterized by a deepening of the sense of mortality and relieved by interludes in the earlier style; and lastly, *The Extasie*, which stands alone, not as a conclusion, but as a climax.

Professor Hillyer is clearly right in thinking that since both Donne and Blake "were dedicated to the science of God, their visions of Man's redemption in God determine the full meaning of their art". He proceeds, less happily:

Theology, based on tradition, logic and faith spoke eloquently through Donne. Mysticism, that charts only the results of its own exploration, sent Blake voyaging over the unpredictable.

Such a comparison seems somewhat too facile and categorical. The critic himself, indeed, modifies it a little later by suggesting that Faith, animating alike two beings so unlike, might at last bring them together again at the same Source; that the Imagination which played over Donne's theology might speak out clearly to the Reason which ordered Blake's visions; that, by some exquisite paradox of the spirit, they might find themselves face to face, fellow artisans at work on the same City of God.

How, then, can we be quite content with the restricting remark made still later, that *The Extasie* is, perhaps, Donne's "one contribution to the hymnology of pure mysticism"? But in the larger part of his short sketch the writer shows an understanding of Donne's spirit not unworthy of Gosse, of Grierson, of Hayward, or of Eliot, and his illustrative references to song, elegy, and verse-letter are loving and discerning. The treatment of Blake is hardly of equal merit, but the subject is much more complex. We are given, however, a thoughtful metaphor of mystical experience; capable analyses of several poems from *Poetical Sketches* and *Songs of Innocence and Experience*; and a few paragraphs on the Prophetic Books. (The last-named were ably edited by Professor Wallis and Principal Sloss in 1926.) These strange books are "more difficult to understand", says Mr. Masfield, than any poetry known to me." The concluding section contains suitable summaries and still another comparison of the two poets. There are several appropriate references to Professor Damon's *William Blake, His Philosophy and Symbols* (1924). The text employed is in each instance based on that of the admirable Nonesuch editions.

Mr. Johnson's slim sixth volume contains some forty poems. He observes sensitively and usually has his own ideas, his own diction, his own cadences. In the sonnet form he is not very successful, save for *Firelight Fantasy*; and he is influenced in several lyrics by Hardy and De la Mare. The most attractive of the poems are *Meadow-Pools*, *Lovers Who Wake*, *The Disciple*, *Welcome Signs*, *The Moth*, *Foreshore* (save for one line that mars the music), *The Timeless Land*, and especially the finely evocative *Harvest Moon*. This poet's mind and art are firming and the years will hear of him.

There is nothing compelling in Mrs. Wilson's collection of her sonnets. The versification is stiff, the diction strident and anxious, the tidings slight.

New Poems contains a few representative specimens of contemporary poetry, such as W. H. Auden's *September 1, 1939* and *In Memory of W. B. Yeats*, John Berryman's *The Moon and the Night and the Men*, William Empson's *Missing Dates*, Archibald MacLeish's *Discovery of this Time*, Frederic Proksch's *Elegy* and *The Festival*, Stephen Spender's *To Poets and Airmen* and *Air Raid*, and Robert Penn Warren's *Picnic Remembered*. The contributions for the most part, however, are monotonously mediocre, superficial in thought and exhibitionist in style—performances, not poems. Much of the poetry of the present, because its authors are gravely troubled and baffled, has too self-consciously uttered itself in nervous obscurities, strident satire or soap-box gospels. Some of these utterances read like case-histories in abnormal psychology. Simplicity, sincerity, the sense of eternity recede and disappear. As Laurence Binyon writes in his essay, *Tradition and Reaction in Modern Poetry*:

That we are over-busy with the surface of life is no reason for poetry and art to reflect that fever and bustle; rather should they embody, passionately embody, the interior, the imaginative. The spirit of art is against the spirit of the age. Perhaps it has always been so. . . We express our age by resisting it, by creating something which will outlast its fevers and its disillusiones.

Words for Music offers six chapters on the reciprocities between poetry and music. The book is full of good matter. Mr. Clinton-Baddeley shows that a pure song unset and unsung is but half a song, as incomplete, indeed, as a folk-song without its music. Thomas Moore, whose theory and practice are sympathetically examined in the third chapter, would have agreed. Song and lyric, we are reminded, are not interchangeable terms.

Any beautiful lyric written in the last hundred years . . . can be read aloud, and is likely to suffer serious damage if set to music. Here is a fundamental difference . . . the difference between words for music and words not for music. . . . The author who honestly wishes to write words for music must first wish himself back into something of the frame of mind of the poets of three hundred years ago.

The work poses its problems carefully, employs many illustrations and makes some really useful deductions. Its claims are reasonable and the writer mingles persuasion with authority. It seems rather an oversight that he says nothing of Sidney Lanier, the poet and musician who has made critical contributions to the subject in two of his books, *Music and Poetry* and *The Science of English Verse*.

G. H. C.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF GERMAN POETRY, 1880-1940. By Jethro Bithell. London: Methuen & Co., 1941. Pp. lix+259. 7s. 6d.

SELECTED POEMS. By R. M. Rilke. Translated by J. B. Leishman. London: The Hogarth Press, 1941. Pp. 80. 85 cents.

Mr. Bithell's anthology is a worthy companion to his history, *Modern German Literature* (1939). The introduction again bears witness to the author's stupendous reading in recent German literature as well as to his familiarity with German criticism and the German scene. His survey of the lyric since 1880 does full justice to the variety of poetic moods and to the enterprise with which the poets of the period conquered new fields of experience and developed new modes of expression. It may be too early as yet to ask for more. For while Mr. Bithell presents modern German literature as intensely interesting and intensely alive, his impressionistic criticism and catholicity of taste leave one confused rather than enlightened as to what the really significant and basic traits of the age may be. What is the meaning of the emergence, in the age under discussion, of poetry about machines and the masses, slums and sinners, railways and revolution? He would be a bold man who dared, at such close range and with our restricted field of vision, to attempt a definitive answer. Two questions may be asked, though: Has this poetry been merely a mirror of contemporary events and conditions, or has it helped to shape them? The answer, obviously, is that either has been the case. But which has been the more significant attitude, that of the reporter-poet or that of the prophet-poet, the *poeta* claiming leadership of his people by virtue of his intense compassion or divine mission? And, secondly, what does it bode for the future of poetry that it has entered the arena of contemporary struggles and abdicated, in large measure, its claim to being a thing apart from and above the concerns of the day? Wackenroder, the romanticist, wrote: "Works of art, by their peculiar nature, fit as little into the common course of life as does the thought of God; they far transcend the ordinary and the usual. . . . Art is above men." Those words could not be written of modern poetry. Much of it is no longer intended as a form and channel of devotion, and it does not demand of the reader a devotional attitude for its appreciation. Indeed, Erich Kästner, among the cleverest though not among the profound of the younger poets, designates his verse as *Gebrauchspoeseie*, poetry for daily use, conceding to his readers the right to use it as they use their handkerchiefs. Again, what does it promise for the future of poetry: renaissance or twilight?

Mr. Bithell's selection strikes a happy balance between pieces already become classics because of frequent inclusion in earlier anthologies and poems here quoted for the first time, as far as I know, from their original editions. In this manner his collection

manages to be both representative and personal. Certain aspects or themes are clearly stressed, such as poems about the poet and his calling, about Germany and her future, the Great War, city life, and man at the machine.

Three volumes of Rilke's poetry in Mr. Leishman's translations were announced and discussed in the *Queen's Quarterly* at the times of their publication. The present anthology, brief as it is, is remarkable for two reasons: It is a Rilkean anthology of Rilke verse, and the translations are not only revised, as the author modestly states in the preface, but improved strikingly in many places. Professor Fairley, in a stimulating article published recently in *The University of Toronto Quarterly*, gave the following recipe for a Rilke anthology: "Ease this selection from the elegies (he chose seven of the ten) with the pick of the Rodin poems, stiffen it with some of the sonnets and posthumous poems, and the Rilke anthology is soon made." While such an anthology would rank Rilke "easily among the first half-dozen or so of those who have sung in German and easily again among the masters . . . of the modern European lyrics, Professor Fairley is not satisfied that it would represent the true significance and idiosyncrasy of Rilke's work. It is interesting, therefore, to find that Mr. Leishman's selection neglects the elegies, prefers the sonnets, lays greatest stress on the Later Poems, and, far from choosing the more pictorial poems of the Rodin period, picks those among the earlier ones which show the poet on his way to his ultimate style and philosophy. The anthology, then, is not a judiciously graded text-book introduction to Rilke. Throughout it sounds the note that is most elusive, most severe, but also most insistent and permanent in him. As for the statement that the translations are often improved, it is necessary, unfortunately, to dogmatize. The peculiar difficulty facing the translator of Rilke is to find word or phrase as naively simple *and* subtly complex as the original. Mr. Leishman, in revising his text, has been able time and again to replace an earlier paraphrase or elaboration by a rendering of just such dual quality.

H. H.

ARISTOTLE'S ART OF POETRY. A Greek view of Poetry and Drama. By W. Hamilton Fyfe. Oxford Clarendon Press. \$1.75.

The Principal of Aberdeen University has had the happy idea of bringing out a new and ancient edition of the most important work ever written on literature and more particularly on the Drama, the *Poetics*, as they are generally called, of Aristotle. The work, as Dr. Fyfe points out, "has a long and famous life", being something like two thousand, two hundred and seventy years old; yet in many respects it is very much alive to-day, largely owing to its firm logic and essential sanity: it is both strong and weak

because it bases criticism almost entirely on reason and neglects impressions. "A Greekless reader of the twentieth century, when offered a translation of Aristotle's Poetics, may well ask, 'What is there here of interest to me?' and Dr. Fyfe's answer is, 'Much, if you are interested in plays and poetry and novels'."

The translation is that by Ingram Bywater, with a number of modifications, and the editor has enriched it first with an Introduction, which is especially interesting for his discussion of the chief merits and defects of the work, then with a number of short analyses and of footnotes to the translation. Everything he has written is characterized by that pungent wit which one associates with the former Principal of Queen's, and one is tempted to quote from him repeatedly. But one extract must suffice. The work, as it has come down to us, seems clearly to consist of Aristotle's notes that he prepared for delivery and discussion at the Lyceum in Athens, and Dr. Fyfe's comment runs, "Lecturers' notes are never good reading, and some of the notes included in Aristotle's 'works' may even be those still more tangled puzzles, the notes taken down by a pupil. It is rumoured that the discovery of such a book of notes, left behind by an undergraduate in the lecture-room, caused Dean Inge to relinquish in horror his professorial chair at Cambridge. So we must not blame Aristotle if we sometimes find his note-books difficult."

May this reviewer however express a humble doubt whether, in spite of the acknowledged fact that Aristotle was an accurate observer, "he must have noticed the usual result of sitting on a safety valve". The power of steam, save for cleansing purposes, was probably unknown to the Greeks.

One hopes that the general public, as well as those who study literature at even the most modern of universities, will seize the opportunity of becoming familiar, without undue labour, with a work which Dr. Fyfe has now placed within the intellectual and financial reach of all, and which is the *fons et origo* of all criticism and appreciation of literature.

P. G. C. C.

ECONOMICS

MY LIFE IN INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS. By Clarence T. Hicks.
New York: Harper and Brothers. 1941. Pp. ix+180. \$2.50.

The life story of a pioneer carries with it the romance of new things. Mr. Hicks looks back over a lifetime in which he has been the guiding spirit in a field which has now assumed so great importance in the industrial world that it is accepted as a necessary part of the industrial machinery of democratic life. The personnel officer has the responsibility of effecting sound relationships between the worker and the management staff by understanding the needs and aspirations of labour and of seeing to it that they

are translated into administrative policies before trouble arises. No business or industrial concern that has adopted the system would now dispense with it. It has proved its worth.

Mr. Hicks came to the work by a gradual evolution. As Y.M.C.A. officer in the railway system of the United States, and through his experience with the Standard Oil Company, he grew into this field of social service. He was fortunate in eliciting the active sympathy of the Rockefeller family, through whose generosity Industrial Relations Counselors Inc. was established. Later the universities saw their opportunity, in large measure because of the advice of Mr. Hicks. To-day, Princeton University, the University of Michigan, Stanford University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, California Institute of Technology, and Queen's University have established Industrial Relations Sections which have proved their worth by gaining the confidence of industry and of labour in the areas which they serve. The Section in Queen's University, to take an illustration close to hand, will be almost continuously engaged in training personnel officers for Canadian industry to meet the pressing needs of the war, which has thrown into industry large numbers of men and women who have not grown up to the conditions which the urgency of the war needs have imposed. It is fortunate that the machinery was available, and ready to shoulder the responsibility.

Students of labour conditions will find much to think about in the interpretations which Mr. Hicks gives of the relationship of the unions to the works council, and of the position of the advocates of the closed shop to the inalienable right of workers to freedom of work. Mr. Hicks is no propagandist, except for the need of confidence and understanding. With this position all fair-minded people will be in accord.

R. C. W.

LAND AND LABOUR: A SOCIAL SURVEY OF AGRICULTURE AND THE FARM LABOUR MARKET IN CENTRAL CANADA. By Geo. V. Haythorne and Leonard C. Marsh. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1941. Pp. xxviii, 575. \$4.00.

This volume is number eleven in the McGill Social Science Research Series, and shares the virtues and defects of its fellows. Whoever is interested in a detailed and factual survey of agricultural production, employment and markets in Ontario and Quebec will find most of the available statistical material marshalled here in one form or another. Much of it appears to have been assembled in haste and occasionally the phrasing is so loose that there is grave difficulty in interpreting the results (e.g. table 7, p. 7). In others there is an appeal to the more readily accessible reports of American experience rather than to the 1936 census of the Prairie Provinces (pp. 52-3).

The distinguishing mark of the whole book is the faith of its writer in the virtues of organization as a means toward improvement of the position of farm owners and of hired labour on farms and a corresponding lack of faith in the capacity of a free and active market to achieve the same ends. It leads him to stress the advantages of marketing controls for the farmer and of unionization and collective bargaining for farm labour. Indeed, in the face of present disparities between urban and rural rates of remuneration it leads him to urge higher urban wage rates as one of the steps toward a solution of the problem of agriculture (p. 419).

Of a piece with that is a total failure to understand the financial problems of agriculture. Long-term financing through private channels became difficult when farm income fell drastically below the national average. The writer recognizes the fact, though he seems quite incapable of appreciating its consequences. In short, there are here many facts, and little light.

J. L. McD.

THE INTERNATIONAL LABOUR CODE, 1939. Montreal, International Labour Office, 1941. Pp. lvi+920. \$5.00.

The International Labour Organization came into existence at close of the first World War as a sort of Cinderella sister to the League of Nations. The approach to world reconstruction at that time was primarily political. To-day the emphasis is shifting to an economic and social conception. By the Atlantic Charter Great Britain and the United States have committed themselves to a peace which will assure the right of access to the trade and raw materials of the world to all nations, collaboration in the economic field "with the object of securing for all improved labour standards, economic advancement and social security", and "assurance that all the men in all lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want". The rising economic and industrial strength of our other great Allies, the U.S.S.R., China and India, reinforces the need and demand for future international organization in which economic and social security will be the keynote of policy.

Not only has the International Labour Organization survived the crises which destroyed the more politically-minded League of Nations, but it is taking an active part in the democratic mobilization of Allied resources and in preparations for post-war international organization to establish and maintain social justice and peace. This analysis of its achievements from 1919 to 1939 will, therefore, be warmly welcomed by all serious students of social policy. It is an indispensable source of reference for those responsible for formulating and administering social and labour legislation.

The scope of the volume is indicated by the sub-title: "A systematic arrangement of the Conventions and Recommendations

adopted by the International Labour Conference 1919-1939 with appendices embodying other standards of social policy framed by the International Labour Organization 1919-1939". For the first time the separate conventions and recommendations have been brought together in such a way as to show the standards of social and labour policy which have been evolved and accepted over a period of twenty years by the most representative international body in existence. "The standards of policy embodied in the International Labour Code", says the Preface, "enjoy the unique prestige of having been approved by a two-thirds majority in a World industrial parliament in which governments, employers and workers are all represented."

In striking contrast to the International Labour Code of 1914, which is presented in seven pages in Appendix X, the international standards evolved by 1939 make up a code of 924 articles and cover a wide range of subjects, including employment offices and public works, minimum wage-fixing machinery, reduction of hours of work, vocational training and apprenticeship, employment of women, industrial health and safety, housing utilization of spare time, employment of seamen, social insurance, freedom of labour organization, standards of colonial policy, migration and standardization of statistics. Each subject is treated in two sections, separating the standards which are legally obligatory on the nations which have accepted them (those derived from I. L. O. Conventions) from those which are simply public statements of policy (those derived from I. L. O. Recommendations).

The reference value of the volume is greatly enhanced by very adequate footnotes. For each section of the Code these include: (1) a list of the nations for which it is in force, (2) a brief history of its origin, (3) a digest of any interpretations which have been made, and (4) a bibliography of all I. L. O. articles and studies on the subject. The survey of international labour and social standards is completed by very extensive Appendices, which bring together the agreements reached by less formal procedures, such as resolutions adopted by majority vote at the annual meetings of the International Labour Conference, and standards approved at special conferences or committees under the auspices of the I. L. O. but not submitted to the regular annual sessions. Conferences on such special subjects as, the world textile industry, the world coal industry, social problems in agriculture, or for special regions, such as the Labour Conferences of American States, seem to be becoming more frequent and more significant and on the whole indicate an even broader social approach than the regular annual sessions of the International Labour Conference. Other appendices set out the subjects pending at the outbreak of war, the relevant labour clauses under the League of Nations machinery, the special modifications in Conventions which

have been permitted for Asiatic countries, and the dates of I. L. O. conventions and recommendations, together with a list of other international agreements regarding labour questions made directly between nations. A very complete index is provided for each type of material covered in the volume.

I. L. W.

AMERICA IN A WORLD AT WAR. (Pamphlet Series.) Toronto: Oxford University Press. (Farrar and Rinehart.) 10 cents each.

Germany's manifold deterioration during the last generation is tellingly described by Alonzo E. Taylor in *Germany Then and Now*, a recent addition to this series of pamphlets which was started by Farrar and Rinehart and has lately been taken over by the Oxford University Press. In another number, *German Youth and the Nazi Dream of Victory*, E. Y. Hartshorne presents a distressing analysis, with evidence from case histories, of the demoralization of Germany's younger generation in the face of the German dream held up to them by Nazi leaders on the one hand and on the other the pressure of a degrading terrorism that has made of the German people "a nation of strangers". Helen Hill, discussing *America's Maginot Lines*, condemns the assumption of "war or no war" as the touchstone of national policy in the United States because that assumes "that there is nothing worse than war". Her country's job, as she sees it, is "to fulfil the promise of plenty, and to do it with freedom". The current search of the United States "can have only one outcome: to take continuing responsibility as an active world power". James P. Warburg, in *The Isolationist Illusion and World Peace*, analyses and attacks the isolationist illusion with candid and caustic pen. He argues that "the only way to justify power and privilege is to use them for the common good" and that "hope of peace is inextricably interwoven with the establishment of an order which will make recurring major conflicts unnecessary". In *Food or Freedom: The Vital Blockade*, William Agar exposes the false humanitarianism of those of his fellow-Americans such as Herbert Hoover, who believe that the peoples of German-occupied Europe can be fed without dangerously assisting the Germans and thus endangering civilization itself. Aid such as they advocate can be "helpful only to Hitler, and contrary to the welfare of everyone else". The recent exposure of the Vichy-Berlin barter he hopes will avert the danger of continuing "appeasement" of that sort.

R. G. T.

ESSAYS IN TRANSPORTATION IN HONOUR OF W. T. JACKMAN, H. A. Innis (Ed.). Toronto: The University of Toronto Press. 1941. Pp. ix+165. \$2.50.

The University of Toronto is to be complimented upon the production of this volume of essays in honour of Professor

Jackman, who retired recently upon the completion of twenty-five years' service in the Department of Political Economy. It is a fitting climax to the career of a man who has made his weight felt in the fields of pure historical research in transportation, in the present study of it, and who, as the last entry in the bibliography of his works shows, is still contributing to the discussion of public policies in this field.

The essays themselves are upon various topics. The opening one is a discussion of the national and international aspects of Canadian waterways. Two are upon aspects of financial organization, two upon special aspects of rates and regulation, two upon the special problems of urban transportation and of the carriage of agricultural products respectively and one final one on the recent improvement in the balance of international payments statistics as a result of administrative reforms and of the new controls introduced by the Foreign Exchange Control Board. While all of the studies are not of an equal value they are all of them interesting, and as a body they represent a very valuable contribution to the subject.

J. L. McD.

AN INTRODUCTION TO POLITICAL ECONOMY. By V. W. Bladen. Toronto: The University of Toronto Press. 1941. Pp. x, 299. \$2.25.

Professor Bladen points out in the preface to this book that it is not intended as a complete text for an introductory course in Political Economy. It is prepared rather for use in a lecture-course where it can be supplemented by other books. Properly supported in this way, it has certain advantages as a text. In the first place, its brief treatment of economic theory emphasizes fundamental concepts and methods—a necessary service to the student confronted with the maze of illustration and explanation characteristic of many texts. Then its use of Canadian problems is designed not only to develop the theoretical propositions advanced, but also to bring to the attention of the student some of the basic elements in the Canadian economy. Finally, its carefully selected foot-note references should serve the student as a very useful guide to the economic literature that falls within his field.

The book is not without its merits as a reference book for use in introductory courses. It should prove a useful and a convenient source of information on the problems of wheat and newsprint production in Canada, on Canadian experience in the regulation of combines and on the labour movement in Canada. This part of the book—and it is by far the larger part—might well be used to supplement introductory texts which make no reference to Canadian problems.

C. H. C.

HISTORY

CHARTIST PORTRAITS. By G. D. H. Cole. London: MacMillan and Co., 1941. Pp. 378. \$5.00.

In this volume, whose preface was written at the "Oxford Institute of Social History" in June 1941, Professor Cole continues his studies in the most neglected phase of British history in the last two centuries, the story of the struggle of the common man for recognition as a person and for a dignified place in the commonwealth. It is almost a footnote to that section of *The British Common People, 1746-1938*, by Cole and Postgate, which deals with "England under the Reform Act".

Leaving aside the agitations over Trade Unions and the Corn Laws, the author this time examines in greater detail than in the earlier book the great protest movement of the men of the mines and factory towns of the North and of Wales against the intolerable conditions of life and labour in which they found themselves during the decade of deep depression in the late 1830's and early 1840's in which the downward trend of business after the Napoleonic war had culminated. Professor Cole believes that the Chartist agitation was a "mass movement of hunger and hatred" of which the Charter became symbol rather than programme. The movement did not have a definite objective in the sense of the agitation for the Ten Hours Bill or the repeal of the Corn Laws. That the points of the Charter were also specific and detailed was largely the accidental result of the fact that a programme of Parliamentary Reform drawn up by the London Working Men's Association—a group of skilled artisans intent on a long-run plan for the education and improvement of the workers so that they might in time be fit to assume their proper rôle in government—appeared at the very moment that the mood of anger and resentment was rising in the North to fever heat. The Charter was seized on by the workers of the textile towns and became the rallying cry of their organization.

That it had little real hold on the majority of the Chartists is proved both by the great diversity in the character and ideas of their leaders and by the rapidity with which Chartism disappeared as a force in British politics when, in the 1850's and 1860's, the new industrial system at last began to yield the workers some of the fruits which its apologists had so long promised. By using in his book the device of a series of short sketches, running from twenty to thirty pages each, of twelve Chartist leaders, Professor Cole firmly establishes both these unconventional contentions. The subjects chosen range from William Lovett, the London working class radical who wrote the Charter, to the Marxist scion of the aristocracy, Ernest Jones, who strove so valiantly to resurrect the movement long after prosperity had destroyed it. They in-

clude such men as John Fielden, the great Radical cotton manufacturer, Thomas Attwood, the Birmingham banker, whose ideas about the proper management of the currency outraged William Cobbett and many of his fellow-Chartists but read now like some New Deal pronouncement, to the half-mad Irish agitator Feargus O'Connor and John Frost, the Welsh miners' leader, who allowed himself to be jockeyed into the leadership of the "Newport Rising" and transportation to Tasmania.

The book may not attract those whose primary interest is in the development of personality, though Professor Cole attends to the disintegrating effects which ineffectual action and the failure of the movement had upon all but the most solid of the characters he portrays. His aim is the analysis of a movement rather than the study of the life history of particular individuals. As a device for writing history the series of portraits perhaps tends to discontinuity and repetition; but there is no doubt of the cumulative impression which the resulting detail creates. The book sharpens one's sense of the sacrifices that went into the building of the modern industrial system; sacrifices not only of common men but of a number of very uncommon men who, to the best of their abilities, worked for a better world but to whose contributions historians have hitherto paid slight attention. F. A. K.

WE DISCUSS CANADA: STUDY OUTLINES ON CANADIAN PROBLEMS. Introduction by Sidney Smith. Issued by the Young Men's Committee, National Council. Y.M.C.A.'s. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1942. Pp. ix+69. 75 cents.

Freedom of discussion is basic to a free society. It is equally essential that discussion should be informed if there is to be developed a public opinion sufficiently intelligent to deserve consideration when policy is being determined. *We Discuss Canada* is to help study groups discuss profitably present and post-war Canadian problems. It is aptly contrived for the purpose.

Social services are dealt with first, and then civil liberties, followed in order by political, economic, agricultural, labour and post-war problems. For each topic salient points are briefly stated and questions raised, care being taken to indicate diversity of possible views, and a few well selected and readily available sources of information are cited. Study groups using this little book as their guide should be helped to livelier discussion and to a clearer view of public questions.

The Young Men's Committee of the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s in Canada has prepared these study outlines as a result of recommendations made by the First Canadian Y.M.C.A. Young Men's Conference which met in Montreal last year. The hope that it will "engage the interest and participation of young men's departments all over Canada" ought to be realized. R. G. T.

SCIENCE AND ART

SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS OF THE RACE PROBLEM. By H. S. Jennings et al. Toronto: Longmans Green. Pp. ix+302. \$4.00.

"Surely there is need in these times of hatred and disorder to reconsider, coldly and objectively, this question of race. . . . In doing so, the Catholic University of America has sought . . . and found the co-operation of the most renowned scientists in all the fields in which the problem of race may be examined." So speaks Bishop Corrigan in the preface.

It is indeed a distinguished group of contributors. Jennings is a pre-eminent geneticist and his article is a masterly presentation of the laws of heredity. The others are nearly as well known in their fields—psychological inheritance, human and animal intelligence, the races of man, achievements of human races, mental testing of human groups.

This is a book for the intelligent, industrious seeker after truth. He will be well rewarded. But if he is not already trained in this field he will have to read carefully and thoughtfully. To be sure he may look only for the conclusions and find that man is a complex made from the nature of his protoplasm and the conditions under which he has lived, that methods of measurement are not perfect and so one should be cautious in judgement, that popular concepts of race are not sound, and that ideas of superiority and inferiority as regards races and national groups are not established on demonstrable evidence. The scientist, however, is concerned with the evidence and it is a pleasure to report so much of it. This book is recommended.

R. O. E.

THE MIRACULOUS BIRTH OF LANGUAGE. By Richard Albert Wilson. Preface by Bernard Shaw. London: J. M. Dent and Sons (for the British Publishers Guild). 1941. Pp. 192. One shilling.

In 1937 Professor Wilson, an Alumnus of Queen's, for many years Professor of English at the University of Saskatchewan, and now head of the department, published *The Birth of Language*. The book attracted the attention of Bernard Shaw, who urged this cheap re-issue and wrote a preface.

Professor Wilson treats language as a step in the evolution of the world and endeavours to explore the nature of language in relation to space and time. He begins by retracing the former philosophical theories of language and begins his own investigation where Darwin left off, with a comparison of the "unified faculty of mind" in the animal and in man. He adopts the organic as opposed to the mechanistic hypothesis of world evolution and accepts Kant's views of the purposive activity of a mind-force

working in and through sensuous matter. The world-system is teleological throughout and its end is man. Plato's testimony that Mind is the first origin is confirmed by the intuitive evidence of Wordsworth's *Prelude*.

The progress of organic life reaches its peak in mind, which creates a wholly new non-material world transcending the material; there mind becomes conscious of its space-time environment; to mind are finally added self-motion and "purposive sound". The difference between man and animal is that man can rise above space and time and enclose them *via* mind in his own self. Here Professor Wilson arrives at a complete dualism—the actual space-time world of material nature and the ideal space-time world of mind. Man's problem is now to transfer types from the outward world to build up a system in the inner world. Out of this necessity language came to birth, the new symbols which elaborate the world of mind. "Language introduced the element of permanence into a vanishing world". The dualism is Platonic but it is language which is the medium between the two worlds.

For this task of medium, form (space) and sound (time) are available. Man chose sound. Natural sound can express time only but can be made to translate a world of spatial objects as well by the conventionalization of natural sounds, by transmitting sounds into "sound-symbols". Language is then the only medium which can translate a space-time world into a mental space-time structure. It surpasses the other arts in that they are confined by space and time while language transfers the image to the realm of the imagination, liberated from space and time. The limitation of time is not finally removed until oral language is made independent of its sound element; permanence is attained by the conversion of the time-symbols of oral language into the space-symbols of writing. Language is then the supreme art and the book ends with the poets on language—a sonnet of Michelangelo and the sixty-fifth Shakespearean sonnet.

Drawing into his argument so many varied fields there must be much that is controversial and numerous difficult questions which could only be answered by an expert in each field. It is a marvel that such a flight into the speculative has been expressed so lucidly; Professor Wilson is a master artist with the language whose birth he portrays.

Bernard Shaw in a characteristically vigorous thirty-page preface is pleased that "provincial Canada had drawn easily ahead of Pasteurized Pavloffed Freudized Europe" and admittedly grinds his own axe—a demand for a new, simplified and logical English language.

E. G. B.

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WORDSWORTH AND HIS CRITICS

BY AUGUSTUS RALLI

IT is difficult to believe that Wordsworth was decried and held up to ridicule for a large part of his life, although Coleridge from the first recognized his work as that of a great and original genius, and hailed him as the finest poet of the age. Since the turning of the tide, a splendid body of appreciative criticism has gathered round him. The great critics of the last half of the nineteenth century — Arnold, Morley, Myers, Pater, Stephen — were devoted Wordsworthians, and the tradition has been well preserved in the present century by Bradley, Garrod, Legouis, and others, culminating in the great work of Professor de Selincourt. The late-coming critic, abashed by the presence of so many masters, might shirk the issue, and make of an essay on Wordsworth a summary of previous criticism and reconciliation of different viewpoints, but the truth always remains that the greatest subjects are inexhaustible, and even the newest critic, who opens his mind without prejudice to the light, and takes note of those parts of it which kindle in response, may contribute something. With this purpose in mind, and the parallel purpose of experiencing in Wordsworth that which is beyond time and space, it will be necessary neither to forget the verdicts of the great commenta-

tors nor to consider that any one of them has spoken the final word.

Wordsworth himself likened the *Prelude* and *Excursion* to the ante-chapel and body of a gothic church, and his minor poems to its little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses; and Myers, taking up the comparison, said that posterity has chosen to worship in the separate shrines rather than the main edifice. This opinion obtained for years, until, as if by the silent pressure of a great natural force, the long poems conquered the minds of readers: much as the huge peak, ever growing in stature, towered up between the boy Wordsworth and the stars, on that memorable summer evening when he stealthily embarked in a strange boat and rowed towards a distant point. And as the peak seemed to stride after him with purpose of its own, so do these poems follow us and haunt us like the huge and mighty forms that moved slowly through his mind for many days after the experience. Wordsworth's lack, compared with the great poets—with effect not entirely in his disfavour—was the persuasive, ornamental beauty of verse. It has been said that he disobeyed his own laws of poetic diction with the best result for himself, that had he observed them to the letter he would have failed; but the entire effect of his work remains absolutely simple. The eye that surveys the Wordsworthian field is not distracted from its examination of the whole by any exceptionally bright blossom. Across the heaven of his verse there fall no fascinating but inconstant shooting stars. The old test that poetry is only poetry if its content cannot be equally well expressed in prose, still holds, and it must be admitted that Wordsworth often uses words like a prose writer; but once more, there is gain as well as loss. We say that a true poem means itself—that its matter cannot be separated from its form and sound. Few of Wordsworth's shorter poems equal *Tintern Abbey*, yet it is possible to separate from its structure a deeply interesting meaning even if conveyed in prose.

It has lately been remarked that the *Excursion* contains the raw material of several good novels, and this implies that it might have been as well, or even better, written in prose. The total effect of the two great poems, however, is poetic in the highest sense, and this is the greatest praise that can be awarded to any work of art. Thoughts of mountains always rise to the mind when dealing with Wordsworth, and so one may say that a mountain appears tumbled and broken when seen close at hand, but the same mountain, from a distance, wears a robe of purple—like the Skiddaw of his own country. Wordsworth's poetry is the expression of a great experience that has preceded its birth. It is anti-lyric in the sense that a lyric is incomplete in its maker's mind until it is written—until the words that flash upon him in the crisis of composition have revealed a further meaning. One way of realizing Wordsworth's originality is to search for likenesses to other poets. It was a fertile comparison by Matthew Arnold of Keats with Shakespeare, throwing much light on both. The critic must set his mind to a long task of discovery to find a parallel with Wordsworth. Hesiod deals with the common things of life, and so does Crabbe, but they lack Wordsworth's idealism and his power to transfigure. William Langland has his moral fervour, but not his beauty. I can think of but one passage of verse that has the Wordsworthian ring: it is spoken by the Duke, who is among Shakespeare's most attractive characters, at the conclusion of *Measure for Measure*, and though it consists of simple statements and directions, every word strikes home, because the Duke has become the keeper of the whole experience of every actor in the drama, and he utters it forth:

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
 Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:
 I have confessed her and I know her virtue.
 Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
 There's more behind that is more gratefully.
 Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
 We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
 Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
 The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
 The offence pardons itself.

Not only is it difficult to compare Wordsworth with other poets, but it is equally difficult to realize that he was a great reader. We rather resent any intervening experience between nature and his mind. Many poets—notably Virgil and Milton—charm by their allusiveness, but we cannot say this of Wordsworth. From the time of Macrobius, in the fourth century A.D., with his parallel passages of Homer and Virgil, critics have delighted in these recognitions, but there is a feeling of strain—almost of affection, if one dare use the word—when Wordsworth, in the *Prelude*,¹ recalls one of Horace's finest odes:²

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in old time,
Long springs and tepid winters, on the banks
Of delicate Galesus . . .

How different is the effect of Milton's Horatian allusions in the *Allegro* and *Perseroso*!

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity . . .

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.³

Here there is the pleasure of recognition, and the heightened admiration for the original and its transplanted and remoulded new version. Those lines of Wordsworth's on Newton and Spenser, since they are among his most famous, seem to contradict the theory that he most excels when he has forgotten the presence of man and is alone with nature:⁴

I could behold
The ante-chapel where the statue stood
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone

Sweet Spenser moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace.

In the first we find beauty and strangeness, in the second beauty predominates, and yet the subjects of both are absorbed

in nature. We do not think of the discoverer of the law of gravitation, or the poet of the *Faerie Queene*, but of that

. . . all pervading spirit upon whom
Our dark foundations rest . . . ⁵

We think of vast distances and lonely regions where man is not, of the stars in their inevitable courses, unconscious of human affairs. Again how different is it with Milton when he calls upon

Blind Thamyras and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.⁶

Acquaintance with the story of Wordsworth's life would seem to confirm the theory that he is most himself when alone with nature. Professor Harper writes that up to a certain point he was guided by hope, and later driven by fear; and the two halves of his life are incongruous. He became a nervous Tory, opposing the Reform Bill and every other project for improvement; he lived in fear of a world-catastrophe, and attributed his own premature decline to anxiety about the fate of his country. We are accustomed to think of him as a hardy mountaineer and liver in the open air, and—on the intellectual side—as sublimely self-confident; yet Coleridge remarks that he suffered from hypochondria and that at times he doubted his own poetic power. The strain of composition, and the physical act of writing exhausted him, and he needed the constant stimulus of his sister Dorothy's encouragement. He did not yield without a struggle, but disputed every inch of the ground against the advancing shadow of despondency, bravely determining to be happy, regarding happiness as the equivalent to the soul of health to the body, without which man does not live in harmony with the universe. If he was finally worsted in the struggle, the reason is a lesser incongruity between the two halves of his life than Professor Harper thinks.

Let us consider some of the greatest lines in his two long poems, and attempt to deduce the whole Wordsworth from them, not one or other portion of his being:

The ghostly language of the ancient earth.⁷

The froward chaos of futurity.⁸

That he broke faith with them whom he laid
In earth's dark chambers with a Christian's hope.⁹

Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its death-like void. . . .¹⁰

The trepidation of mortality.¹¹

Far nearer in the habit of her soul
To that still region whither all are bound.¹²

The gleams of his slow-varying countenance.¹³

There is one emotion common to all these lines, and it is awe. He himself tells us how, as a child, he was conscious of the mysterious and unseen: when he visited the snares by night and heard low breathings and ghostly steps; when, hanging upon the crag above the raven's nest, he heard a strange note in the loud dry wind; above all, when he unloosed the boat and was surprised by the shadow of the huge peak; and also when, separated from his comrade, he reached the spot in a deep valley where a murderer had been hanged, and was appalled by the visionary dreariness of the moorland waste, the naked pool, the beacon,—intensified by the wind against which he battled. Many more instances might be selected, but these are enough to show that fear and awe were prominent in the child's mind. When we read his reflections on the French Revolution we are surprised that one with a poet's sensitiveness was not more shocked by the September massacres and the Terror, till we know from his dreams that the horror had lodged in his subconscious mind. By day he shared the hope and intoxication that was in the air, but at night

. . . the hour of sleep
To me came rarely charged with natural gifts,
Such ghastly visions had I of despair
And tyranny, and implements of death;
And innocent victims sinking under fear.¹⁴

Awe is the deepest religious emotion, fear is spiritual failure: yet they are related. If we study the lines quoted, and these adventures of his childhood, we may infer that though awe possessed his soul, fear was not far in the background. It

was the passage of awe into fear that defeated Wordsworth in later life. We may regret the decline, but he himself never diverged from the path of a poet's ideal, as he conceived it; and we must give thanks that we can extract from the record of his childhood a message of hope, a universal truth. It is ill to jest, as some have done, at the orthodox views of his old age, and compare them with his revolutionary fervour: the cause was the insistent pressure of life upon the material habitation of the soul. His sister broke down in later years from the effects of excessive mountain walking, and with him we must count besides "the tension of solitary thought".¹⁵ There are still persons who class nervous sufferers with Molière's imaginary sick man, despite the warning of a great doctor that nerves are the cause of more suffering than cancer. Carlyle was not over-tolerant, yet he admitted as reality "the gloom of broken nerves" in the subject of one of his historical portraits. The fate of the best loved of the gods is known, and perhaps it is unjust to quote against Wordsworth his own renderings:

. . . The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.¹⁶

If Wordsworth was most himself when alone with nature, and many of his poems refer to solitude, his was no unsocial nature. We need to remind ourselves that the early, not the late, Wordsworth was the real man. To his school days at Hawkshead, the summit of his spiritual life, we shall recur, but meanwhile let us note that at Cambridge his heart "was social and loved idleness and joy". Travelling through France he mixed with the villagers and shared their rapture at the thought of the better times promised by the Revolution. There may be some truth in Professor Harper's unfavourable comparison of his correspondence with that of Charles Lamb; that whereas Lamb always found something to like in the letter he was answering, there always seemed something to displease

Wordsworth; but here again he refers to later years, and it does not appear in his poetry. That he can be didactic, yet not offend, is proof of his wide humanity. Among the greatest of his characters are Beaupuy in the *Prelude*, and the Wanderer in the *Excursion*. They have shunned the gold and gems of the world, as Landor would say, to point an index needle at the pole of truth. The Wanderer was set in the right way from the beginning; but Beaupuy, handsome, passionate, high-born, had lived the same worldly life as his brother officers until roused by the Revolution to the service of man. With him Wordsworth only touches upon faults for the sake of their sublimation, telling how his former passion and gallantry for women had turned to courtesy for the mean, obscure, and homely,—his vanity to fondness and radiant joy. The Solitary of the *Excursion* is never quite admitted as an equal, and it is nature that does the larger half in subduing to friendship the former Jacobite and Hanoverian protagonists—gracious as is the picture of their “courtly figures” seated upon the stump of yew.¹⁷ There can even be heard a mild touch of rebuke in the beautiful description of the clergyman who, disappointed of patronage, had chosen to pass his life in the secluded chapelry among the mountains, and who, though reconciled to his lot, still loved the sound of titled names and memory of banquets with high-born friends.¹⁸

Beaupuy is the sole instance of a cultivated man of the world winning Wordsworth's entire sympathy, and Beaupuy was the friend of his youth. Otherwise his love is poured forth on the humbly placed, extending to the blind, the deaf, even the mentally deficient, because the stilling of the conscious mind opens a way of communication with the heart of the universe. A darker shade of mystery settles upon the landscape in the mind's eye when he writes of the deaf man:

And this deep mountain-valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams.¹⁹

It is hard to think that he once became a disciple of Godwin, whose philosophy is the antipodes of his own. According to Godwin, every man is a new product without tradition, without innate ideas, entering the world with a mind like a blank sheet of paper on which education may write as it pleases, and thus evolve perfect man and a perfect society. We can best describe Wordsworth's acceptance of these principles as a brief illness, for all his work is based upon the thought of man's soul as the product of centuries of interaction with nature. The larger part played by nature in the evolution of the soul is the core of his teaching.

His pictures of humble persons move us in proportion to the distance which they keep within the boundary that separates natural from artificial man. With Beaupuy there was the barrier of race and language, which does play a part in eliminating the prosaic details of life. In his own experience there was surely no period more fruitful than the school-days at Hawkshead. The hours of study were not excessive, and he was free of the good dame's cottage where he lodged, to take long early walks alone or with a friend, as he pleased, or re-enter by the latch after dusk. He was then separated from his family, but it does not appear that he suffered from homesickness or even regretted their absence. Professor Legouis remarks that Hawkshead was probably not free from the brutality which, unfortunately, is present in most English schools, and yet Wordsworth does not mention it. The stories of human lives can hardly show us one more in harmony with the universe than he was then. Mind and body, inner and outer life, health, exercise, books, companionship, solitude—all contributed to make him a sharer of the great secret. It is our business to gather up what we can of his experience.

Leslie Stephen remarks that Wordsworth ignored the dark side of nature revealed by the struggle for existence of animals and plants. Morley contrasts his Cumbrian dalesmen

with the peasants of the French painter Millet, broken by a life of toil, straightening their loins with difficulty and drawing gasping breath. These are truths, but since nature has evolved mind as her final aim, the higher truth is Wordsworth's, who shows the peace the mind can achieve by following nature. Arnold's impression, that in his greatest moments nature took the pen from Wordsworth, is that of the universe becoming self-conscious and passing into mind. Like the true Wordsworthian, Arnold derived pleasure from the poet's least interesting verse; and, as nothing comes amiss to the scientific worker, so any thoughts that filter through a mind so near nature as Wordsworth's are of value. When he excels, we feel contact with spirit free from intellect more than with poets like Spenser, Milton, Shelley, Keats, despite the clouds of glory that attend them,—more than with any English poet except Shakespeare. A modern theologian explains the Fall as man's repudiation of that fellowship with God for which he was created.²⁰ Wordsworth attained fellowship through nature, and he points out how we can all attain it, and draws a picture of the two states of man that result from acceptance or denial—the peaceful dwellers with nature, and the sophisticated crowds that fill the towns. His shock at the wrong course taken by the world after the French Revolution is an important biographical fact. We must never forget the beginning of the divine communication—the mighty forms that moved through his mind by day and troubled his dreams by night. What hushed the controversy between Jacobite and Hanoverian and made them friends was the still beauty of the scene that was the background of their arguments insensibly operating upon them. To the blind and deaf is vouchsafed a Presence denied to those who throng Courts and drawing-rooms, where the man of meanest soul thrives the most. The last fear of those who look beyond humanity for happiness—loneliness of soul—is lifted in the presence of Wordsworth.

Few minds that have been self-revealed are more attractive than his in early manhood.

Wordsworth was the poet of a local habitation, of a special corner of England, yet he is among the most transcendental. Reality is here attained, the heavenly Salem exists on English soil. Some persons do not wait for bodily death to put on immortality, and this high knowledge stimulates rather than diminishes their joy in earthly life. A hint of this experience is borne to us as we attempt to follow in Wordsworth's steps, and the words of Isaiah become doubly true: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!"

¹ VIII, 173-5.

² II, 6.

³ Cf. Horace, *Odes* 1, 2.

⁴ *Prelude* III, 59-63; 280-1.

⁵ *Excursion*, IV, 969-70.

⁶ *Paradise Lost*, iii, 35-6.

⁷ *Prelude* I, 309.

⁸ *Ibid.*, V, 349.

⁹ *Excursion*, II, 247-8.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, IV, 87-8.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, IV., 423.

¹² *Ibid.*, VII, 228-9.

¹³ *Ibid.*, VII, 461.

¹⁴ *Prelude*, X, 400-4.

¹⁵ Legouis, p. 469.

¹⁶ *Excursion* I, 500-2.

¹⁷ *Excursion* VI, 492-3.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, VII, 216-18.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, VII, 404-5.

²⁰ J. S. Whale, *Christian Doctrine* (1941), p. 52.

SHELLS BY A STREAM

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

Leisurely over lea and grove and stream
The New-Year afternoon moved, my example:
Leisurely I sought out old friends. An oak
Whose crown had been our summer roof when still
Brothers and sisters now thrown far apart
Sat to one loaf, still domed that harmless place.
The same brook hurried under that had swirled
Uncountable berries, petals, sprigs and leaves
Down to the deep even since I watched it then.
And that same brook had spread its usual sands
In smooth wave-sculptures footing its cliff walls,
Thereon again leaving, as children leave
Some of their toys, a twinned shell here and there,
Gleaming without the sun's help, that veiled hour,
In orient glories. Loving to see these shells,
I caught a whispering in the awakened wind:
"Brief is the life of these brook-jewels, bright
Their transience, and of this birth only; here
On puny reefs they sometimes glisten, here
For a day or so may last to show what comes
Without display, and without jealous guard,
When singing streams are sent through marl and clay.
These now are miniatures of heaven's blue cup
With live light damascened; and these existed
That slowest humblest water-serfs might work
Like harvesters in singlets; never knowing
What wonder they half made and half received,
Yet conscious of the rightness of their world."

BROADCASTING IN PROPHECY

By W. SHERWOOD FOX

NOT many weeks ago, I began nibbling in the field of seventeenth century English literature. Crashaw's *Delights of the Muses* was one of the bits of verdure that caught my attention. It opens with the famous composition entitled *Musicks Duell*. Reading this led to reading about its particular *genre* in English letters. John Ford, it seems had employed the theme in 1629 in his play, *Melancholy*. A similar version was found by a researcher among the Lansdowne Manuscripts. In the eighteenth century Ambrose Phillips had tried his skill upon the subject. It was also known among authors in other European languages. In the nineteenth century François Coppée introduced the theme into his charming comedy, *Le Luthier de Crémone*. But the most arresting fact about the theme was not the range of its employment, but its source. It derives from a Jesuit rhetorician, Famianus Strada, a contemporary of Shakespeare and a coëval of Crashaw. How such a clear full stream of poetry came to flow from the scanty spring of rhetoric is one of the marvels of literary history. Nearly fifty years ago Edmund Gosse in his *Seventeenth Century Studies* expresses his wonder: "That a single fragment in a schoolbook should suddenly take root and blossom in European literature, when all else that its voluminous author wrote and said was promptly forgotten, is very curious, but not unprecedented." Apparently Gosse did not know his Strada, for "all else" that Strada wrote and said was *not* forgotten. It is to a contemplation of some parts of this "else" that our browsing leads us.

Famianus Strada was born in 1572 and died in 1649, the year of Crashaw's death. He became a member of the Society of Jesus. Because of his pedagogical ability and his command of a Latin style, which for purity and force fell but little

short of the Latinity of the Golden Age, he was made a lecturer in rhetoric. He served successively in a number of Jesuit colleges and in his time was famous as both teacher and stylist. In 1617 he published in Rome a volume of lectures and essays in rhetoric which he entitled *Prolusiones Academicæ*. It consists of three books or sections. In the sixth lecture or *prolusio* of the second book Strada tries to familiarize his auditors with the style of the great Latin poets by reading to them compositions of his own in which he imitates, with consummate skill, Vergil, Ovid, Lucan, Statius, Lucretius and Claudian. It was his imitation of Claudian which Crashaw paraphrased under the title of *Musicks Duell*. "Thus the schoolmaster's task set as a guide to the manner of Claudian has achieved, by an odd irony of fortune, a far more general and lasting success than any of the actual verses of that elegant writer." It was of such as Strada that his own contemporary, Shakespeare, wrote: "Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered".

Now in the light of Gosse's statement that all of Strada's writings except the imitation of Claudian were dismissed from human memory, I cannot but think that he had never read this imitation in the original Latin. If he had, he could hardly have missed seeing Strada's imitation of Lucretius, which attained not a little notoriety early in the eighteenth century. In the 1745 edition of the *Prolusiones* this imitation appears only two pages before the imitation of Claudian. A mere glance at it would have revealed at once to so omnivorous a reader as Gosse the source of a famous letter by Joseph Addison in the *Spectator*. Since Gosse wrote in 1897, however, long before the days of radio broadcasting, he would have less occasion than he would now to be drawn to the Lucretian composition by its subject and content.

Strada had an unusually keen sense of the fitness of things. Turning from Lucan, the poet of the martial epic, to

Lucretius, the exponent of philosophy and science, he chooses a scientific theme as the one most appropriate to the Lucretian style. Apparently, the wonders of magnetism were among the chief topics of the time in intellectual circles. True, not much was known about the basic principles of magnetism, but some of its phenomena were well enough understood and controlled to stimulate the fancy of the ingenious. Of this number was Famianus Strada. That his purpose in expounding the powers of the lodestone was not the serious one of foretelling a new invention is manifest. What he sought primarily was to make an otherwise dull lesson in rhetoric attractive. To do so he employed the mood and manner of play. Nevertheless one cannot but marvel at his fortuitous success as a prophet. It is just as amazing that through a school exercise he happens to forecast a great scientific achievement of three centuries after his day, as that in another of his compositions he initiates a prolonged literary vogue and at the same time produces an imitative poem which becomes more famous than the elegant poetry imitated.

In the translation of the prophetic poem which follows much of the redundancy and simplicity of the original Latin is preserved, since they were obviously affected by Strada as suggestive of the mind and manner of Lucretius, as well as of the incomplete scientific knowledge of Strada's own times.

"To avoid dealing with an idle theme", writes Strada, turning from Lucan to Lucretius, "I shall instruct my fellows in the most expeditious manner of communicating with absent friends, and that without the use of letters or messengers." Then begins the poem.

There is a wonderful kind of stone that comes from Magnesia. A piece of iron, or, say, a needle, if brought near it, derives from it a certain energy and motion which make it invariably turn toward the Great Bear, the constellation that is neighbour to the Pole. Moreover, all needles that have once been brought into contact with this

stone simultaneously and with marvellous uniformity possess the same motion and assume the same position. Thus it happens that if any one of them is moved at Rome, another, no matter how distant, follows the same path in virtue of the mysterious natural bond between them.

Suppose, then, that you wish to convey a message to a distant friend to whom you cannot send a letter. Take a broad, circular disk and around its circumference write the letters of the alphabet in the order in which school-children learn them. In the centre lay a needle, which has been touched by a Magnesian stone, in such a way that as it turns it can point to any letter you may wish. In like manner, make another disk similar to this, also provided with letters and an iron needle that has been endowed with motion by a magnet. When your friend departs, let him take this latter disk with him, but not till you have come to a mutual understanding as to the hours and the days when he is to try to ascertain whether the needle is shifting about and what it signified.

Now if, after these preparations, you desire to speak secretly with the friend in a far land, put your hand to the disk and turn the iron needle. Before you around the margin lie the letters that are required for the formation of words. To these point the needle, touching now this letter and now that, until you spell out one by one all the thoughts that are in your mind. Then—believe it who can!—your friend, though far away, sees his needle moving of itself, turning this way and that. Intently he fixes his gaze upon it, following its movement from letter to letter and, combining these into words, reads the message. Nay, more, when he sees the iron cease to move, he in his turn, if he has an answer to send back, touches the various letters in like manner and thus replies to his friend.

Would that this method of communication might become general! A letter would then be more confidential and go more quickly on its way, unthreatened by the attacks of highwaymen and undelayed by rivers. With his own hands a master could carry on his correspondence and we scribes would emerge from our sea of ink and dedicate our pens to the kingdom of the magnet.

Strada's *Prolusiones* first appeared, as mentioned above, in 1617. Just a century short of six years afterwards Joseph Addison pays conspicuous attention to the playful imitation of Lucretius. In the *Spectator* of Thursday, December 6, 1711 (Number 241) he matches mood with his own. In his unique dual capacity as both Correspondent and Editor he introduces a timely subject in his own inimitable way. It was a time of foreign wars for Britain. Separation of loved ones was then, as it is now, a constant cause of grief and distress to many families. Craving consolation a certain Asteria writes to the Editor:

Mr. Spectator,

Though you have considered virtuous Love in most of its Distresses, I do not remember that you have given us any Dissertation upon the Absence of Lovers, or laid down any methods how they should support themselves under those long Separations which they are sometimes forced to undergo. I am at present in this unhappy Circumstance, having parted with the best of Husbands, who is abroad in the Service of his Country, and may not possibly return for some years. His warm and generous Affection while we were together, with the Tenderness he expressed to me at parting, make his Absence almost insupportable. I think of him every Moment of the Day, and meet him every Night in my Dreams. Everything I see puts me in mind of him. . . . I write to him by every Conveyance, and contrary to other People, am always in good Humour when an East-Wind blows, because it seldom fails of bringing me a Letter from him. Let me entreat you, Sir, to give me your Advice upon this Occasion, and to let me know how I may relieve myself in this my Widowhood.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant,

ASTERIA.

Addison replies in the tone of sympathy which we have learned to expect of him. He produces several recipes for consolation culled from the pages of romance rather than of

history. But realizing that, after all, these are only a cold comfort, he counsels the sorrowing Asteria to resort to the "chimerical" device described by Strada. Thereupon he recites a full paraphrase of the poem.

But Addison does not stop with mere citation: like Strada, he, too, invents. He advances a suggestion of his own.

In the mean while, if ever this Invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose, that upon the Lover's Dial-plate there should be written not only the four and twenty Letters, but several entire Words which have always a Place in passionate Epistles, as *Flames, Darts, Die, Language, Absence, Cupid, Heart, Eyes, Hang, Drown, and the like*. This would very much abridge the Lover's Pains in this way of writing a Letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant Words with a single Touch of the Needle.

Strada was so skilled and eminent a Latinist that Sir J. E. Sandys in his *History of Classical Scholarship* could not omit an ample reference to him and his works. He terms his Lucretian imitation "an ingenious display of fancy which almost anticipates the electric telegraph". Writing as he did in 1908 Sandys could not possibly have known that it also "almost anticipates" many other scientific discoveries and inventions: the telautograph in its various forms, all of which involve the use of two needles performing the same movements simultaneously; communication by wireless; television and other methods of long-distance transmission of pictures whether with or without wires. One cannot forbear making the naïve comment that Strada's dial bears a humorously close resemblance to the Ouija Board.

If Strada anticipated modern long-distance electrical communication of all kinds, it is only fair to give Joseph Addison the credit of anticipating, even though in pleasantry, the telegraphic code.

But this is not Addison's last word about Strada and his ingenious contrivance. After leaving the *Spectator* in 1712 Addison transferred his effort to the *Guardian* in 1713. In letter No. 115 for Thursday, July 23, of that year, he acknowledges again his admiration of Strada's imitations of the great Latin poets and mentions them *en bloc*. In No. 122 he discusses one by one the imitations of Ovid, Statius and Vergil, and in No. 119 those of Lucan, Claudian and Lucretius. In regard to this last he once more gives free rein to his admiration for Strada's ingenious fancy and describes the proposed device almost as fully as he did two years before in the *Spectator*. So far as present browsing reveals, this is the last mention of Strada's device in English letters.

But have there been since that time any other prophets of broadcasting? Curiosity lures the browser on to find the answer. Almost two centuries elapse before one appears. He is Albert Robida, a notable French journalist and caricaturist. In his book *Le Vingtième Siècle, Roman d'une Parisienne d'Après-demain*, published in Paris in 1883, he included many remarkably accurate forecasts of large-scale broadcasting as we know it to-day. The book is now rare.¹

Le Vingtième Siècle, is a romance in name only; its romantic element is simply a vehicle in which to parade before the public Robida's fertile fancies regarding the bright promise of science, and his humorous satire on the foibles of society. He places his astounding inventions in the year 1952. When we compare these with the actual achievements of 1942, the latter are, according to Robida's measure, long ahead of their time. Nevertheless, the relative accuracy of his anticipa-

¹ So far as one can ascertain three editions were published, in 1883, 1893 and 1895. Besides these, there seems to have been a large generously illustrated edition. The author of this article has been unable to find a single copy of Robida's work in any Canadian library. We are indebted to the British Broadcasting Corporation's weekly publication, *The Listener*, for reviving interest in it; in its issue of January 22, 1942, a number of Robida's prophetic drawings are reproduced. Apparently, only a few librarians have deigned to accord shelf space to the product of a playful dreamer.

tion of the mechanical equipment now used in broadcasting is really remarkable. The brilliant success of the telephone had stirred Robida's sensitive imagination into creative activity. The system of communication constructed by his fancy was, like the telephone, based upon transmission over wires. In this respect he was far behind Strada, who had foreseen, even though dimly, the possibility of sending messages across space without wires. According to his drawings, Robida's conception of a transmitter was the candlestick telephone mouthpiece, common in the 'eighties in Britain and Europe. Externally, it is remarkably similar to the microphone of 1942. His complete apparatus, including both transmitting and receiving elements, was called a "telephonoscope". It was operated by an announcer equipped with a cabinet resembling a combination of telephone exchange and modern radio control board.

The nature and service of the "telephonoscope" are clearly set forth by Robida himself. "That astounding marvel which permits one to see and to hear at the same time a speaker situated a thousand leagues away." In modern language, it combined television and the transmission of sound simultaneously. The screen on which the animated scene was thrown was much larger than its present-day counterpart. It consisted of a simple plate of quartz fitted into the wall of a room or placed like a mirror above a mantelpiece. The invention lent itself with especial ease to the broadcasting of drama and opera. "The dialogue and the music are transmitted by means of the ordinary telephone", explains Robida, "but at the same time the stage with its lighting, its scenery and its actors, appears on the great crystal screen with the clearness of direct vision." We cannot but admire Robida's prescience in regard to the numerous possibilities of offence from broadcast music. "But", he points out with humorous reassurance, "he who listens in his own home can snap his fingers when a piece offends." He can turn the machine off.

Robida even foresaw the natural alliance between the newspaper and a system of broadcasting. In his fancy he created a great journal, *L'Époque*, which assembled the latest news of the world and broadcast sound and scene to its numerous subscribers in France and other countries. Its magnificent head office on the Champs Élysées is in respect of dimensions, arrangement and equipment a veritable Radio City—minus, of course, the wireless transmission.

Six years after the appearance of *Le Vingtième Siècle*, broadcasting was once more foreseen by a writer of unusual imagination, Edward Bellamy, in *Looking Backward*. Apparently, Robida's fantasy had attracted but little attention save in France, yet Bellamy seems to have been greatly influenced by it. *Looking Backward* became famous upon its appearance in Boston in 1888. It was a "best seller" of the day and was translated into many languages and went into many editions. Not since *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had an American novel been read by so many readers. Though Bellamy himself, amazed at his own success, stated that, at the outset, he had "no idea of attempting a serious contribution to the movement of social reform", that he intended the story to be "a mere literary fantasy, a fairy tale of social felicity", yet his book was enthusiastically received by the serious reading public as a new Utopian romance. It inspired the formation of numerous societies designed to promote the reformation of modern capitalistic society. The dynamic idea of the story was coöperation as the basic principle of social organization and action. Bellamy, much less optimistic than Robida, laid the scene of his forecast as far away as 2000 A.D.

In telling of his tale Bellamy alludes to broadcasting, on the principle of the telephone, as normal practice at the close of the twentieth century. He refers to it not to impress his reader with the astounding future achievements of science, but rather to show how through such an achievement "the idea of labour-saving coöperation" could be carried "into our musical

service as into everything else". The sharing of lectures, sermons and other discourses on serious topics is provided for in the same way. How far Bellamy, though not mechanically and scientifically minded, anticipated the broadcasting equipment of 1942 one can best learn from his own words. Let him, like Strada, speak for himself.

"Come, then, into the music room", Edith said, and I followed her into an apartment finished, without hangings, in wood, with a floor of polished wood. I was prepared for new devices in musical instruments, but I saw nothing in the room which by any stretch of the imagination could be conceived as such. It was evident that my puzzled appearance was affording intense amusement to Edith.

"Please look at to-day's music", she said, handing me a card, "and tell me what you would prefer. It is now five o'clock, you will remember."

The card bore the date 'September 12, 2000', and contained the longest programme of music I had ever seen. It was as various as it was long, including a most extraordinary range of vocal and instrumental solos, duets, quartettes, and various orchestral combinations. I remained bewildered by the prodigious list until Edith's pink finger-tip indicated a particular section of it, where several selections were bracketed, with the words '5 P.M.' against them; then I observed that this prodigious programme was an all-day one, divided into twenty-four sections answering to the hours. . . . I indicated an organ piece as my preference. . . .

She made me sit down comfortably, and, crossing the room, so far as I could see, merely touched one or two screws, and at once the room was filled with the music of a grand organ anthem. . . . Such music, so perfectly rendered, I had never expected to hear.

We who know the realities of broadcasting to-day need read no more. Violin succeeded the organ, voice the violin, orchestra the voice, and so on through the generously long and varied programme. At length, the listeners

turned to a sermon broadcast, like the music, from a central station. Its theme, most appropriately, was the great amelioration in the conditions of human life obtaining in the year 2000. The eloquent preacher stressed the successful application of the principle of coöperation to all phases of social life, to the amenities as well as to the necessities of living. Surely, the millenium was at hand! "We believe", concludes the Reverend Mr. Barton, "the race for the first time to have entered on the realization of God's ideal of it, and each generation must now be a step upward. . . . The long and weary winter of the race is ended. Its summer has begun. Humanity has burst the chrysalis. The heavens are before it." Bellamy's vision was keen enough to foresee that the inevitable result of broadcasting sermons would be just what it is to-day, the majority of listeners getting their sermons at home rather than in the pew.

To what extent did Bellamy believe that the unrestricted availability of music would contribute to the making of the millenium of mankind? Perhaps the words that he puts into the mouth of his leading character form Bellamy's own answer:

It appears to me . . . that if we could have devised an arrangement for providing everybody with music in their homes, perfect in quality, unlimited in quantity, suited to every mood, and beginning and ceasing at will, we should have considered the limit of human felicity already attained, and ceased to strive for further improvements.

So said one who professed to look backward as from 2000 to 1887. What can we say who look backward in fact from 1942 with its real plethora of music? The present browser speaks for himself. When, driven by the mood for good pure music, he can find it only by groping for it on the dial among the mixed dins of jazz, swing, crooning and other cacophonies miscalled music, perhaps all he can say is, "I wonder."

FOUR WAR SONNETS

BY E. W. H. MEYERSTEIN

i

One told me poetry was a dead art
(A mind much learn'd in fates of Rome and Greece);
He prophesied I never should know peace,
The gadfly of creation in my heart:
'For you have lived,' he said, 'too much apart.
And your self-tortured loneliness would cease,
Taking a reputable ripe increase,
If you would put the horse before the cart.

'Your Pegasus is but an ambling nag,
Like that of most. Even I have known your state.
Condemn that zeal to unremembered toil;
Rearm a hoplite, analyse one crag
Of the Parnassus you desiderate,
And shine in thesis by nocturnal oil.'

ii

Another said: 'Go down into the cave;
You are unfit to walk in the noonday;
To re-win Paradise exists one way:
Plato but glimpsed it; Christ is here to save.
Il faut s'abêtir plant in reason's grave;
Evangelize a non-compunctious clay.
Others will work beside you, while I pray
Our Lord vouchsafe you what to me He gave.'

And as he spoke in a ripe college voice,
I seemed to see St. Peter at high-table
On the right hand of the Vice-Chancellor,
And the Apostles eating soles for choice
And caviare beneath the fretted gable,
And carrying their napkins through the door.

iii

I thank Thee, God, that I am in Thy hand,
That foolish, broken, helpless, proved unfit
To guide, by subtle test of human wit,
I yet possess the grace to understand
That every fact concerning me is planned,
And nothing that I do can alter it,
Whether I run or walk, or rise or sit,
Or praise or curse this inly-suffering land.

Death, the sweet bourne of all my faith, is God;
I must not rush to God, but let Him come.
Meanwhile anticipation is delight!
Thus, a shy child, I clasped the turfy clod,
Pressing each ear to greenness for the hum
Of smallest insect buried in soft night.

iv

A raid! A raid! I catch the breath of God!
The distant drone is He, the still small voice,
Driving lives underground, makes mine rejoice;
The metal cone that swoops is His ephod.
Ah! let me kiss the earth where He has trod.
Within that crater would I lie—blest choice!—
Shrivelled to a few grams avoirdupois,
The gladdest passive victim of His rod!

There is no enemy; the enemy fights
The Saviour's fight unwitting. Therefore be
Exalted, O my soul, for Christ is near.
Through sleepless days and dedicated nights
I listen for the call designed for me,
Resurgent, although trembling, from my fear.

NINEVEH TO NEW HAVEN AND BACK

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

"The Peshwah's mind is religious, and given to the observance of superstitious customs, which occupy much of his time."

COMING out of the library at Yale, I turned to the right in a mood of some satisfaction. I had not, indeed, been "browsing", as the bovine reader supposes, having merely selected a week's reading from the stacks; but I did feel the solid pleasures of a real library after the misery of collections of 50,000 wrongly-chosen books with a perfect system of finding what you don't want. If anyone had been with me I could easily have started talking about the intellectual beacons and their consequences. . . . Passing the fraternity house (a warning?) and the low arch, I crossed the street and stood looking into the window of a book-shop.

"Your Horoscope". "Nostradamus". "How to Read the Future in the Stars". "Scientific Astrology".

Nineveh in New Haven. Strange that the New World should circulate these venerable follies, but when you throw a superstition out of the window it merely picks up a new visiting card and is handsomely greeted at the front door. The Sovereign People (*Sa Majesté est tranquille quand Elle digère*) does not wish to see life as it is, and superstition is both the sanction and the tradition of wish-fulfilment. Those who erect intellectual beacons should recognize that Truth is the last thing the people want; their views are directed to comfort, sensation and the hope of something for nothing.

Lévy-Bruhl's psychological theory of gambling comes in useful here. Gambling, he argues, is a survival of consulting the oracles; and the money involved is merely a symbol of value, indeed the only symbol of value which has been left us. The gambler is primarily anxious

to reassure himself that 'luck' (*i.e.*, the 'hidden powers', the 'gods') are still on his side, still favourable to the one important ego in existence. The savage does this openly by throwing a handful of pebbles on the sand and then anxiously interpreting the pattern. Civilized man throws chips on the roulette table. The racing punter tastes the joys (and griefs) of divination as fully as the learned Etruscan interpreting the victim's liver or the flight of birds. When the horse wins or the roulette ball drops in the right niche, what triumph, what bliss! The 'powers' are favourable or (better still) outwitted—the future has been correctly read.

Needless to say, our enlightened and disinterested press has not overlooked this aspect of human aspiration. 'News' (which must be carefully distinguished from information) is always made more savoury by a touch of divination or prophecy. Where will Hitler strike next? U.S. Production will stagger universe. Gallup poll reveals . . . Like the gambler's race-track and the astrologer, the newspaper provides strong sensations by whipping up anticipations for future events which (as the Irishman said) are forgotten before they happen. It is impossible to do the right thing now, but we shall certainly do it to-morrow or the day after at latest—meanwhile may we sell you . . . ?

But here a word of warning and self-examination—we must not start joking until we are perfectly sure of being free from these weaknesses. Let him that is without superstition among you throw the first liver. Come now, have you never consulted the Biblical or Virgilian lots in the manner of Panurge, never thought something was a good omen, never turned your money at the new moon, crossed your fingers going under a ladder, said 'bless you' to a sneezer to save him from possession by an evil spirit, or placated the devil with a pinch when he makes you spill the valuable salt? Emancipated, are you? A Positivist, eh?

It is a long time since I looked into the works of Auguste Comte, so I may be doing him an injustice when I call attention to his perfect scientist who at any given moment was to know all that had happened, all that is happening and all that will happen. Except that this is far from ambitious in scope, it is strangely like the aim of astrologers and diviners. And the methods are as surprisingly similar as the aim—observation of the heavenly bodies; experiments with the insides of creatures; and, over all, Determinism or Fate. The main difference is that the astrologers and diviners take a short step which is obviously erroneous, while the Comtists take a long, long road that has no ending. The interesting point is that both parties believe in the value of knowing the future.

Yet the true value of the future lies in the fact that it is still, to a certain extent, virginal, inviolate and mysterious. We foresee only too depressingly the bills which will come in at the beginning of next month, the rent and income tax demands that will arrive with mathematical certainty. When we set out of a holiday we know only too well the date of its ending. Here we have the exact omniscience of the Comtian ideal, but there are other less certain previews where we may balance the probabilities that Tom will or will not catch measles when he goes to school and Martha marry a fool when she leaves it. While there is a chance they may escape, it is surely better not to know certainly; for knowledge of future disasters must be either useless or a torment. If events are ruled by determinism then nothing we can do will alter the future disaster, and all we achieve is present worry in addition; and if avoidance were possible, we should not have foreseen the future as it is when it arrives, but merely what it might have been—which we can do anyway.

What I am trying to point out is that superstition and divination are still practically omnipresent, and under different names as prosperous as ever. And science, which is

supposed to emancipate us from these old follies, is in fact just as keen on them as its supposed enemies. I will emend that sentence without expunging it, and say that a lot of people who ought to know better misuse science for the hoary purpose of making morons gape at sensational predictions. I once thought of writing a book exposing some of these practices under the title of: *The Procession of the Bogi* (Med. Lat., *Bogus*, a fraud), but the material poured in faster than I could read it, and I became bored with it, and thought I'd leave humanity to get out of this particular mess by itself.

Unfortunately or perhaps fortunately I have lost all the notes I made on the *Bogi* except for one page which contains three quite extraordinary predictions from three separate authors. Here is the first one:

Crime will be considered a disease after 1985 and will cease to exist by 2000.

The oracles of the ancients, like the predictions of Nostradamus, were seldom so clear as that, seldom so precise. One feels the influence of scientific thought in improving an old form. The oracles meanly took advantage of the infinite resources of verbal ambiguity, but then they never gave themselves such latitude in time.. It is disappointing to think that I shan't be there to celebrate the disappearance of crime on New Year's Eve 1999, when sentimental ticket-of-leave men sing *Auld lang syne* on the ruins of Wormwood Scrubs.

I find I noted of this prophet that his oracle about crime rested on others, such as the predicted arrival of a world communist state about 1950. This was to be administered by men of startling intelligence and integrity, who would realize that crime is due to capitalist economics. Only a brief application of Pavlov's theory of conditioned reflexes and post-Mendelian genetics would then be needed to change the human race into a crimeless society adjusted to the new and perfect economic scheme.

That was a B.Sc., but here is a D.Sc., who I am confident is an American citizen:

This is certain, that the men of the future will not carry round with them huge stomachs, or beefy legs and arms. [I'll wager he wasn't in the football team.] They will move from place to place mechanically, and therefore their legs will not need to be developed. Everything they require will be procurable by 'touching a button', and therefore the hands will want very little strength. History shows us that when muscles are not used they degenerate and become smaller.

History shows us? There is, of course, that footnote in Gibbon about the ladies of the harem, but I don't believe the D.Sc. had that in mind. He was merely projecting on an innocent future his own nasty, slothful, slavish wish-fulfilment. The horrid little creature *wants* his limbs to atrophy, and *wants* to spend his life in a mechanical Bath chair pushing buttons—Freudians will note. But there is a complete lack of agreement here with the third prophet, also a D.Sc., who is confident that the "new scientific leisure" will be occupied by

Bridge, fishing, gardening, swimming, climbing, sailing, puttering, collecting any of the absurd things that are collected, reading, writing, plumbing, tinkering, singing, social uplifting.

Nobody could satirize that man's mind better than he has done it himself, so I incline to leave the passage as a thumb-nail sketch, without comment; for, though the statement is not authorized by science, very few men can write a book without betraying themselves. . . . Clearly these particular books were the merest pot-boilers, written with the hope of making a little money by flattering what the authors supposed to be the public taste. But who among the prophets ever prophesied his own disgrace, and who makes predictions without revealing his own secret desires? The strangest thing is not that such books should be written (though that is strange enough, considering how silly they are) but that men with degrees in science should

be willing to write and to sign them. They are such a complete betrayal of the scientific spirit.

It would be a relief to believe that these B.Sc. and D.Sc. degrees had been bestowed by such academic bodies as the University of Life or the Washington Merry-go-round; but they are unhappily genuine enough, and so, in a queer perverted way, is their scientific background. These authors have read the science text-books, but have used them in the spirit of a Babylonian scanning the entrails of a slaughtered fowl for omens. But need we be surprised or indignant, since most Progress consists in finding new excuses for doing the same old silly things human beings have always wanted to do?

BUT AS YESTERDAY

BY W. O. MITCHELL

IN a room on the second floor of his daughter-in-law's house, the old man sat in his rocker, beside the window. He was a grandfather; his grandson was six. Often the boy went in to see him. The window was always open, teasing the old man's nostrils with the softness of spring, or the richness of summer, or the wild wine of fall. Now that eighty years had imperceptibly declined, moment by moment piling up their careless weight, the old man knew his life for a firefly's spark in much darkness; he knew that the world of his window was all the world left to him.

He had tried to explain this to his daughter-in-law, who was continually pulling his window down, because of the draught, she said. It wasn't fair. It wasn't fair at all. The rippled pane had no right to distort the clouds, the flake-leaved birch, the dark-fingered pine, and the mountain ash splashed with scarlet. When the world was through with him would be time enough to lose the sounds of the street below—the tack-hammer strokes of women's heels on pavement, hooves dropping quick cups of sound down the street, children calling. His daughter-in-law could wait.

Then there was the top. She was always after him about whittling, forbade him to make the boy a top out of a spool. His hands trembled, she said, he would cut himself. What if he did? They were his hands, weren't they? He'd make the boy a top.

They had a game they played often, the boy and the old man; they called it "Coming Out West". When they played it, the rocker became a democrat, and the rum-coloured carpet was prairie grass with a hot prairie wind bending soft waves through that touched the horse's belly. Sitting in the democrat, with the boy on his knee, the old man would drive west

over a great, tan platter of prairie circled by thin horizon, and only meadow-larks to startle the stillness.

The grandfather would stop the horses while the boy climbed down from his knee. When the boy returned, the grandfather would tell him what flowers he'd found: crocuses; fat, yellow buffalo beans; or flaming, freckle-throated tiger-lilies. Saskatoons, pin-cherries, wild strawberries, red currants—the boy picked them all. Once, he'd brought back grey wolf willow; the faint, honey smell of it had travelled with them until the end of their game.

He'd make the boy a top.

The lace of the window's birch had yellowed, and wavering wedges of geese had already begun to cross the sky by the time he started the top. As he worked on the big, red spool he told the boy again about the bob-cat with the tassels on its ears. On his stomach, on the floor beside the rocker, his chin in his hands, the boy listened and watched.

"For about three weeks he hung around my sod hut", the old man went on. "He kep' pretty well outa sight, and I only used to hear him nights. She was winter, and ever mornin' I'd find his tracks in the snow, all around the clearin'. It was the end of the second week after I first seen his tracks that I seen him. I'd went out to saw up some birch chunks, and I looked up, and there he was, settin' spang on the middle of a branch of a poplar by the wood-pile. I looked at him and he looked at me and you oughta seen his eyes. They was green, and they was slitty like, and they didn't blink while he stared at me. Well, he kep' right on settin' there starin' at me like I oughtn't to be there, and I think to myself there isn't no bob-cat gonna stare me down. No siree bob; I kep' lookin' right back up at him. That was the only time I ever stared a bob-cat down; the only time I ever will. It was enough to give a dog the heart-burn.

"Well, he finally give up, turned his head around and looked off in another direction like he hadn't been tryin' to stare me down at all. I went and got the buck-saw. He was gone when I got back."

The old man talked and whittled on. He told how the bob-cat had sneaked into his homesteader's hut, and had stolen his tin of chewing tobacco. He'd trailed it, he said, by following the tobacco juice it had spit. He'd killed it.

"She sure was a nice hide, as nice a bob-cat hide as I ever seen. I made myself a dandy cushion outa it. Just left the tassels on the corners fer decoration."

And then she came in.

"You've got that window up again", she said. "There's a chill on the air, and you know—"

"I'm warm."

"You can't be when—. Are you cutting with that knife again?"

He said nothing. He just went on working at the core of the spool with the point of the knife. His hand did tremble now with her standing over him to put him on edge.

"One of these days you're going to lop a finger off. I'm not going to be responsible."

"You don't have to be. Just don't come in here."

"If I didn't, you'd catch your death of pneumonia." She went to the window.

"Leave my window alone!"

The window came down with a bang. She turned away from it, and picked up the spool that he had let fall on his lap. "You're not working on this any more." She went out.

He sat in his rocker, waiting for the blood to stop hammering in his ears, and calm to come back to him. Long after the boy had left, the old man got up laboriously, and with difficulty opened the window. He sat down again, his great-

knuckled hands half-closed over the arms of the rocking-chair. Motionless he sat, watching the sun-chinked pattern that birch and maple leaves made along the sides of the window.

When his daughter-in-law brought in his supper, he was still sitting before the open window. She shut it, then went out without a word. The old man continued to sit, leaving the tray untouched. For a long while, as the leaf-pattern in the window dimmed, and the autumn sunlight thinned to the pale violet of dusk, he stared. When there was nothing in the window for him other than a clear moon high over the dark pine across the street, and a discreet wind now and again stirring up a froth of sound among the dead leaves, he began to wonder.

He wondered, as old men do, why he'd been. A boy, a man, and now an old man. He didn't find it frightening; just senseless. He sneezed twice. He got up from his rocker. He went to bed.

He'd make the boy a top.

He was in his rocker when the boy came in to see him the next afternoon. The boy said nothing about the top, nor did the old man. He told the boy about the tame coyote named Tom. Grey its eyes had been, and it belonged to a Cree, Little Johnnie Whiskeyjack, who had a squaw named Nellie Eagle-ribs. Little Johnnie, he told the boy, trained Tom to howl tenor. It was real pretty to hear Tom carry the harmony when coyotes out on the prairie howled at night.

The old man looked at the boy. It was no use. The boy wanted a spool-top.

Through the open window came the sound of a carpet being beaten. "Whap!" It bounced off the sides of the house outside, and slapped at the still afternoon. They could hear the penny thunder of coal for winter chuting into the cellar next door.

"Think you could find that spool?"

The boy looked up at his grandfather eagerly. "It's on the mantel", he said. "There's an arm-chair right beside."

"Make sure your feet are clean."

When the boy had come back, the grandfather told him to get the white shoe-box out of the cupboard. Then he went to work again on the spool, letting the shreds fall into the box on his lap. He talked as he worked.

Telesphore Toutant was a man who shot a brown bear; he raised her cub on a bottle. He played with the cub one day when it didn't want to play. All the rest of his life Telesphore used a purple Saskatoon berry for a glass eye. There was a slight tickling in the back of the grandfather's throat near the end of the story.

He had just stopped coughing when they heard her coming upstairs. He dropped the spool and the jack-knife into the box; the boy slid them under the bed, just in time.

"You're coughing!"

"Was I now?" the old man said.

"And no wonder!" Down went the window. His window.

He didn't get a chance to work on the top the rest of the afternoon. She made him go to bed just because he'd been coughing a little. She put a mustard-plaster on his chest.

In the morning his chest ached, and the flat, hard cough came oftener and with greater intensity. In the afternoon the doctor came with his stethoscope, thermometer, tapping fingers, and the bitter smell that doctors always have. After the examination, the old man could hear his daughter-in-law and the doctor talking out in the hall. Their voices lapped against his closed door, then subsided. He heard the doctor's footsteps going downstairs. Then she came in.

He was to stay in bed. With the window down.

So he lay, looking at the flat faces of four walls and a ceiling, at a candy-striped bedspread that covered him over, at the kitchen chair by the head of his bed, at the spoon there

and the beaded water-glass and the bottle of medicine. She'd put a clock on his dresser, an electric clock with a thin, gold thread of a hand to push time around its face. Crazy, quivering, enamel box trying to tell all the time of all the world. It had measured nothing of his old life, and now it thought it was going to dole out what he had left. Well, it wouldn't.

The boy killed it; he pulled its plug and turned it around on the dresser. Then he got the box from under the bed. The grandfather began to carve the top. He told no story; it required all his concentration to finish the top. And finally it was a smooth, white and red cone, with notched rim, and ready for a stem. The boy would bring him a piece of apple-box for it in the morning.

But in the morning unpleasant things were happening to the pane of the old man's window; the centre of it had crinkled. Harsh waves spreading out like ripples from a pebble tossed into a pond filled the window; he could taste them. Over the wall-paper they snarled, and, rolling jagged down the stripes of the bedspread, broke over his face. All day they did. And the next, while the old man's breath sounded impatiently short and ropy through the still room.

And then for a brief while the glass was smooth; the wall-paper and the bedspread were calm; and he lay in his bed, filled with inexplicable sadness.

The boy came in to see him. He seemed ill at ease as he stood by his grandfather's bed.

"Did you bring the wood?" His voice was dim and breathy.

The boy hadn't brought the wood.

"Do you expect it to grow in your pocket?"

A few minutes later the boy returned with the wood. He got grandfather's jack-knife from the dresser drawer that stuck. With difficulty the old man whittled the stick round.

He got the boy to push it through the top. He pointed the protruding end. He handed it to the boy.

The window was wrinkling.

The boy held the top in his hand—looked at it.

Over by the window, part of the wall-paper's pattern had begun to sag.

"Open — " The grandfather's voice thinned. The boy looked up from his top. "Open—my—window."

The boy went to the window. He lifted; it refused to move at first, then, as he struggled, it gave, only to stick again a few inches above the sill. He bent his knees. He placed the heels of his hands on the bottom of the window. It slid up the full length of his arms, and the warm room was suddenly filled with the freshness of the outside. Stray flakes of snow floated out of the late afternoon and into the room, to melt in mid-air.

Across the street the black branches of the pine pointing out the grey sky were edged with white, the staring white that belongs to the child's paint-box. Feathering lazily, crazily down, loosed from the hazed softness of the sky, the snow came to rest in startling white bulbs on the dead leaves of birch and maple, webbing in between twigs and branches. Now and again, as the snow soundlessly falling flake by flake piled up its careless weight, a twig would break off suddenly, showering its white burden as it dropped to earth.

The boy sat on the floor with his top. He tried to spin it; for a moment it spun drunkenly, the stem nodding more and more slowly in wide circles, till it fell on its side. The boy tried again. Then again. Finally, legs apart, flat on his bottom, resting back on his hands, he stared entranced at the whirling white and red cone wavering over the floor between his knees. Now and again the top hopped as it met a crack in the floor.

TO JAPAN VIA THE ALEUTIANS

BY DONALD COWIE

FEW people, even at this juncture, can identify the Aleutian Islands. There is no other chain of equal strategic importance in the world, in history, that has had less attention, either from ordinary people or from experts. The reasons for this will be explained shortly, but it must be insisted at once that proper attention be paid now to a potential gift of vital value in the war with Japan. If, then, the reader cannot identify the Aleutian Islands at first thought, and after the long and expensive lessons in geography he has had from an early age, let him turn to a map of the Pacific area *as a whole*. Possibly such a chart will be hard to find, another example of our egotistical neglect of half the world's surface in our time, but, when it is found, observe how Canada and North America are neatly connected, via Alaska and a remarkable arc of islands right across the North Pacific, with Asia and Japan.

Those islands are the Aleutians, and a glance further northwards still on the map will give the prime explanation of why they are so little known. Above them is the Bering Sea, and, through the awful Bering Strait above that, the Arctic Ocean is permitted by the land configuration to spread icy destruction downwards. Were it not for the warm Kuro Siwo current from Japan which influences the temperature of the sea just below the Aleutians, the islands would be frozen wastes, despite the fact that their approximate position in latitude is that of the British Isles. The Kuro Siwo enables Europeans to live comfortably on the islands, and keeps the neighbouring waters reasonably free of ice for most seasons of the year. But it does not enable more than one small clump of trees to be grown in all the chain, and the effect of its mingling with the cold air and water from the north is to produce fogs of Newfoundland danger and intensity.

Thus shipping has always steered clear of the region, especially as the danger of the fogs is increased by the peculiar and often uncharted character of the local ocean. Tides are erratic and fierce. At one place the sea-floor falls abruptly to a depth of five miles; at another, it rises in an Everest peak of the ocean underworld to a few fathoms below the surface. This is one of the areas where a new island appeared overnight, to sink a short time after, then to rise again. A submarine volcano froths the sea continually at another place. If the Aleutians had acquired a large population, or valuable trade had developed in the vicinity, these waters would have acquired a reputation akin to those of the Norwegian coast in Scandinavian sagas and the Aegean Sea in Homer.

But the islands have proved incapable so far of supporting or attracting virile, prolific settlers, and no considerable economic motive has been discovered in the vicinity to attract shipping thither. The fifteen to twenty islands and many smaller islets which comprise the chain—more than fifty miles long and twenty wide—were first discovered by modern man in 1741, when Bering's Russian navigators just discerned the high peaks of Attu, most westerly of all. But primitive man had been there before them, possibly American Indians and Esquimaux, for the first Europeans to land upon the Aleutians, some Russian fur-trappers in 1745, discovered a little local population of dark-skinned, comfortless people whom they named Aleuts and proceeded promptly to debase still further. To-day Attu has a single village of only thirty-seven inhabitants; the total number of all the Aleuts left in the islands is only one thousand, an unlovely people of diverse origin with a mixture of names both Russian and native, Popoffs, Aataxans, Romanoffs, Unimaks, Andreanofs.

Russia maintained a tenuous sovereignty over the islands till 1867, during which time the Kremlin made no effort to justify the connection by promoting development or prepar-

ing for a possible warlike use of the chain. The only benefit to the Aleuts was received at the gentle hands of one Father John Veniaminov, a Russian Orthodox priest, who left his peasant home on the steppe to teach the islanders a method of enduring their hard geographical lot with equanimity. They still worship the man, known in memory as Bishop Innocentius, and the triple cross continues to surmount proud little mission churches on each main island—an Archimandrite still wears his awe-inspiring vestments in a bishopric that extends from Alaska to Attu.

But that was all that Russia did bestow upon the Aleutians, and since 1867 a complete reorientation has taken place, as the islands were transferred to the United States in that year. They were included in Alaska, which was purchased, thanks to the great foresight of Secretary of State Seward, for the bargain price of seven million dollars.

Since then the islands have been tidied and provided with neat little townships of frame houses and saloons; fish canneries have been developed; small wireless stations erected in places; and, periodically, smart but diminutive cutters of the United States Navy Coastguard Service have made the round trip, charting a little more of the erratic seaways each time. Botanists, such as Isobel Wylie Hutchison, of Aberdeen (who has written the only book on the Aleutians which I know, *Stepping Stones from Alaska to Asia*), have discovered hundreds of unique species of flowers and shrubs in the chain. Japanese visitors in small craft have been observed and have been suspected of seal-poaching; a Japanese service of luxury liners traced a regular "Great Circle" course, before the war, between Yokohama and America, during which they approached the neighbourhood of the Aleutians—the only liners to do so systematically. Meanwhile the Americans had reserved at least Kiska, the only island west of Unalaska possessing a good harbour, for the sole use of the Navy, and it is

believed that both the United States Navy and the Army were working, just before the war, on making a base of Kiska, in addition to Dutch Harbour and Kodiak in Unalaska and Alaska.

Let us return to the map. The Aleutians begin at Unalaska, a pointed island which is really a continuation of the Alaskan land-mass south-westwards. Next comes Unmak Island, without importance the Islands of Four Mountains, likewise unused, and the chain continues with small groups to Atka, where the coastguard cutters formerly called at a primitive haven. Adak is the next big island, completely undeveloped like all the succeeding ones, Kanaga, Tanaga, Semisopochnoi, Amchitka, Rat, and then Kiska, with the presumed naval base, begins a gap which continues to Agattu and Attu—from which it is 580 miles only to Petropavlovsk, the large Soviet base in Kamchatka, the peninsula which has been described as hanging like an immense sword of Damocles above the head of Japan, only 600 miles away.

The possibilities should be evident. Already our chief disadvantage in the war with Japan is lack of near-by bases from which we can mount offensives. A process of advancing towards Japan from India and Australia, through Burma, Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, Thailand, Indo-China and China would be slow and costly. Even if a foothold were retained in the Philippines, those islands are too far away from other Allied bases for strong offensive forces to be massed there easily. But the remarkable land-bridge of the Aleutians could convey a stream of retribution straight from the North American continent, main arsenal of the Allies, to the very backdoor of Japan. If an offensive were launched that way, then Japan would not only be taken in the rear, but enclosed in a gigantic pincers movement, the other arm of which would be represented by pressure from India, China and Australia. The second would be the holding arm, because

the northern offensive, from closer quarters, would be best suited to deal the death-blow.

Two main objections might stultify such a plan if allowed to prevail. The first is the Aleutian climate, but it has already been decisively demonstrated in this war that geographical conditions need not hamper a determined military push. Navies and air forces that have mastered the weather of Newfoundland, Iceland and Northern Scandinavia should find it simple to establish a regular transport and supply service down the Aleutians in winter as well as summer. The harbours might be inconsiderable, but are sufficient, and flats and havens exist which could be transformed into airports. It is not known what has been done there since the outbreak of the Japanese war, but, if nothing has been done, a force of virile and ingenious men should be able to improvise facilities quickly.

The length of the island chain is some twelve hundred miles, less than the distance between Australia and New Zealand thanks to the narrowing of the North Pacific as it approaches the Arctic. The United States already has an airline ending at Nome on the westernmost tip of Alaska, and Trans-Canada Airlines planned recently to extend its services to Alaska. From the most easterly Aleutian island, Attu, to Kamchatka is only that 580 miles—no more than London to Berlin—and just that easy distance intervenes between Kamchatka and the Japanese mainland. Kamchatka could be the final assembly-place of the invasion force, which, protected by bombers, pursuit planes and naval craft, could proceed to Japan by way of the convenient Kurile Islands, which are little more than outposts. If the force were augmented by Russian troops and aircraft it could be formidable, and a simultaneous Russian offensive by aircraft and submarine from Vladivostok, accompanied by heavy bombing of the flimsy Japanese cities, might throw the enemy into vulnerable

confusion. But the mention of Russia introduces the second main objection to the Aleutians plan.

Will Russia enter the war against Japan? She may do so ultimately, but will the step be taken in time? This is not a political question, but one that can be answered only by military events. Possibly it would be most unwise for Russia to enter into conflict with Japan while Germany retains her grip in the west. Possibly Russia has only been waiting for the ice to melt at Vladivostok before striking a first blow at the powerful Oriental nation which has always been her most deadly enemy, and which may strike the first blow herself if not anticipated. The Kremlin cannot fail to remember Port Arthur, though it may equally have been persuaded by Pearl Harbour and other Pacific events that the longer a clash with Japan is postponed the better. But there is also the question of supplies for Russia from America via the eastern Asiatic seaboard, which will assuredly be stopped by Japanese action if a positive, offensive policy is not adopted by the Allies in those parts.

It is a difficult and temporarily unanswerable question. Should, however, Russia refrain from engaging Japan, and vice versa, then Kamchatka could not be used by an Aleutians invasion force. The invasion terminus, or jumping-off place, would have to be Kiska in the islands themselves. But that is only some 600 miles from the Kuriles, good enough in any case for the purpose of mounting raids, both bombing and military. Still, it is unlikely that the Allied High Command would agree to a major operation via the Aleutians if Russia were non-belligerent.

The question of that non-belligerency might, however, be affected very soon by Japanese interference with the East Asian supply route. Soon after Japan entered the war President Roosevelt remarked at a press conference that it was increasingly difficult to keep Lend-Lease records since one

could not tell in advance whether equipment ordered would be used in Russia, China, the Philippines or Kamchatka. Quoting this remark, a correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor* continued: "As an indication that his naming of Kamchatka was more than a casual one, the President termed that huge southward-pointing Siberian peninsula as 'the most valuable piece of land west of the Aleutian Islands'."

Since President Roosevelt knows not only his geography but also his mind, it may be deduced that the Aleutians and Kamchatka have already been used, or prepared for use as a Lease-Lend route to Russia. Is it likely that the Japanese, if not actively dissuaded, will refrain this summer from doing their best to cut that route? One of the first North American scares in the Japanese war was the reported enemy concentration off Alaska. The whole fantastic area of the North Pacific below the Aleutians may well become the scene, before long, of great naval manœuvres and engagements, leading either to joint Russian and American action against the mainland of Japan, such as has been suggested, or else to a Japanese drive to take the Aleutians and Kamchatka herself. Needless to say, the United States and Canada could not rest till any such Japanese aim was frustrated.

The Aleutians are unlikely to remain an obscure chain of islands for much longer. The maps will have to be re-drawn to give them the prominence they will deserve. That will be all very well — provided that the Allied Command has the courage and imagination to make real offensive use of the chain, taking advantage of a remarkable opportunity.

“BOOKS IN THE RUNNING BROOKS”

BY NATHANIEL MICKLEM

Worthy the teacher's commerce; happy he
With lore of scholar expert to impart
To opening and still unshadowed heart
The precious freight of learning's argosy.
But fumes of these drab tomes are stifling me—
Monograph, *Beiheft*, lexicon and chart
Vaunting precision as were there an art
To hedge the infinite with a theory.

For I would match the poet's overtone,
Share Philomela's song at evening,
Quaff the Pierian fountain, chase the gleam
Of sunlight on the asphodel, alone
Traverse the haunted forest glades, and bring
To fair Euphrosyne my anatheme.

TOLSTOI'S *WAR AND PEACE*

BY EDWARD A. McCOURT

WAR is seldom kind to the arts. The present conflict is no exception; nevertheless its most spectacular and destructive manifestation, the German invasion of Russia, has been the means of reviving interest in a great classic. Tolstoi's *War and Peace* is at the present time in such demand in England that copies of the novel are virtually unobtainable. *War and Peace* is popular not because it is a timeless portrayal of character, but because Tolstoi's detailed account of the Napoleonic invasion of Russia and the disaster which overtook the Grand Army seems to anticipate everything that has been said or written to date about the Nazi invasion. It is pleasant to believe that in *War and Peace* we are able to read of Hitler's doom before its fulfilment, although there is the danger of being betrayed by wishful thinking into finding non-existent parallels. It seems desirable to consider *War and Peace* objectively as a commentary on the Napoleonic invasion, with a view to testing the currently held belief that "Tolstoi's novel is the finest account so far written of Hitler's Russian campaign".

Tolstoi wrote *War and Peace* more than half a century after the Napoleonic invasion of Russia. This distance in time from the event is not a defect. The participant in an action of universal significance is not the best interpreter of that action. His sense of perspective is distorted by proximity; he magnifies what is immediate and rarely comprehends its relation to the whole. Caulaincourt and Bourgoigne, the staff-officer and the sergeant, whose accounts of the great retreat have been widely read, give us interesting records of endurance and suffering, from two widely differing points of view, but without any real comprehension of the immense pattern

of which they were infinitesimal parts. The conception in its entirety can be realized only by the objective observer; the participant records the fraction—the historian, the novelist, the poet interpret the whole. We shall do well to remember this to-day, when the market is swamped with the records of the journalist who has been on the scene, the man who participated in the evacuation of Dunkirk or the Battle of Britain. Such records are read eagerly, but are soon forgotten. The true book of Dunkirk, the epic of the Battle of Britain, are not likely to be written by the men of this generation. In *War and Peace*, possibly by design, Tolstoi makes us feel this inability of the participant to *see* a great action. Austerlitz was one of the most notable battles of history, possessing almost every conceivable element of martial drama. Tolstoi tells the story of Austerlitz from the viewpoint of Nicholas Rostow and Prince Andrew Bolkonsky, two Russian officers who were in the thick of things. The impression which the reader receives is of a series of fierce skirmishes, smoke, bewilderment and confusion.

Tolstoi makes little attempt to discuss the “recondite first causes” of the invasion, beyond asserting that Napoleon was no more responsible for setting the forces of destruction in motion than the most obscure private in the ranks of his army:

So far as their own free will was concerned, Napoleon and Alexander contributed no more by their actions to the accomplishment of such or such an event than the private soldier who was compelled to fight for them as a recruit or conscript. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? For the fulfilment of their will, which apparently ruled the course of the world, the concurrence was needed of an infinite number of factors: all the thousands of individuals who were the active instruments of their purpose — all those soldiers ready to fight or to transport cannon and victuals—had severally to consent to obey the orders of two feeble human units, and their obedience was the result of endlessly varied and complicated motives.

It is interesting to note that in *The Dynasts*, the greatest of all imaginative portrayals of the entire Napoleonic drama, Thomas Hardy expresses substantial agreement with this contention of Tolstoi's, that "Fatalism is the only clue to history". Napoleon, standing on an eminence overlooking the Niemen, meditates as he watches the Grand Army advancing towards the river in three great columns:

Since Lodi bridge
The force I then felt move me, moves me on,
Whether I will or no: and oftentimes
Against my better mind . . . Why am I here?
By laws imposed on me inexorably!
History makes use of me to weave her web
To her long while aforetime-figured mesh
And contemplated charactery.

On June 25, 1812, Napoleon, "more subservient than ever to the promptings of history", sent his army across the Niemen. The Russians had made comparatively few and inadequate preparations for meeting the enemy. On the evening of June 25, the Emperor Alexander was dancing at a ball given by his staff-officer; there was not even a commander-in-chief of the army, Alexander having been reluctant either to assume the position or to appoint another to it. It was apparent that the Russians could not hope to offer effective resistance in open battle to an army of 600,000 men, led by Napoleon himself and the greatest of his marshals, including Davoust, Ney and the dazzling Murat.

In St. Petersburg there was no fanatical determination to oppose the invader. Indeed, the attitude of the Russian nobility in 1812 contrasts most unfavourably with the iron resolution of the Soviet leaders. From what Tolstoi tells us, it is evident that the 'appeasers' constituted one of the largest and most influential groups that surrounded Alexander:

They dreaded Napoleon and his strength; they saw only impotence and weakness on their side, and declared it loudly: 'Nothing but defeat will come of it all!' they exclaimed, 'Nothing but disgrace and reverses! . . . There is only one rational course open to us—to make peace as

soon as possible before we are driven out of Moscow.' This opinion found acceptance among the higher ranks of the army, in the Capital, and by the Chancellor, who, for reasons of state, voted unhesitatingly for peace.

This attitude prevailed openly in certain St. Petersburg circles until near the end of the war: Countess Bésoukhov's drawing-room swarmed daily with those who spoke of Napoleon as "the Great Man", and of the rupture with France as "a matter of regret, though, of course, it must soon end in peace". It must be borne in mind, however, that there was a close affinity between Paris and St. Petersburg, that the language of the educated Russian was French, and that his admiration for French culture was boundless. Moreover, since there was no ideological conflict between the two countries as there is to-day, capitulation to Napoleon would not have seriously affected the St. Petersburg way of life.

A reading of Tolstoi thus makes it clear that apart entirely from the technical considerations of warfare, the conditions under which the French and Nazi invasions of Russia began were widely different. In 1812 the largest army assembled in Europe for centuries, led by the supreme military genius of the age, marched into Russia against an army ill-prepared and greatly outnumbered. Why then did the Napoleonic invasion end in the greatest military *débâcle* of modern times? Tolstoi pays tribute to the patriotism and determination of Alexander, who, if he merely embarrassed the general staff by his interference, none the less proved the inspiration of the nobility, who rallied about him. But the two major factors in the destruction of the Grand Army were the weather and the aroused anger of the people. "An army of 800,000 men, one of the finest the world had ever seen, commanded by the most brilliant leader, and led against an enemy of not half the strength under inexperienced generals, evidently could not have succumbed to any but these two causes."

The climate began to exact its toll from the invaders as soon as they crossed the border. During the march across the plains to Smolensk and beyond, the French were tormented by intense heat and huge clouds of dust, just as were the Nazis in the scorching summer of 1941:

The uncut crops shed their seed and withered standing in the fields, while the cattle, bellowing with hunger, vainly sought a blade of grass in the scorched meadows and dried-up marshes . . . On the high road huge pillars of dust blinded the soldiers from the moment they started at daybreak. The baggage trains and artillery took the middle of the road while the infantry tramped along the sidepaths, through the hot, choking dust which the night dews had no power to lay. It clung to the soldiers' feet and caked on the wheels of the wagons, and hung round and over them like a cloud, getting into the eyes, the nostrils and above all the lungs of man and beast alike. As the day went on, the scorching sandy curtain grew more and more dense till the sun was seen through it as a globe of blood-red fire. Not a breath of air came to stir the suffocating atmosphere, and the men stopped their noses and covered their mouths to be able to breathe at all.

During the advance under the burning summer sun the army of Napoleon dwindled away. Disease and exhaustion wrought havoc among men and horses; lines of communication had to be maintained, stations garrisoned. But the turning-point of the invasion was the battle of Borodino, fought only fifty miles from Moscow. Theoretically a victory for the French, who possessed the field and shortly thereafter resumed their advance, it was actually a defeat, because the enormous losses inflicted on the Grand Army so weakened it that it was impossible thereafter for Napoleon to strike a decisive blow, even supposing that the Russian army could have been brought to bay. Tolstoi's summary of the consequences of Borodino—a battle which he describes with a vividness and comprehension unsurpassed in literature—explains

why Napoleon's army was doomed while still advancing, ostensibly victorious. It may also explain in part why the Nazis were unable to overwhelm their foe and capture Moscow in spite of early and spectacular successes:

The victory won by the Russians was not indeed one of those which are bedizened with those rags nailed to a pole which are dignified as flags, or which derive their splendour from the extent of conquest; but it was one of those triumphs which carry home to the aggressor a two-fold conviction of his adversary's moral superiority and his own weakness. The invading army, like some wild beast broken loose, had been mortally wounded; it was consciously rushing on to ruin; but the first impetus had been given and now, come what might, it must reach Moscow. The Russian army, on the other hand, though twice as weak, was no less inexorably impelled to resist. At Moscow, still bleeding from the wounds inflicted at Borodino, these effects were to lead inevitably to Napoleon's flight—to his retreat by the way he had come, to the almost total destruction of 500,000 men who had followed him, and to the annihilation of his personal influence, overpowered as it was . . . by an adversary whose moral force was so far superior.

The French army, "rushing on to ruin", entered Moscow. In an unforgettable chapter Tolstoi describes the half-empty city, which he compares to a hive that has lost its queen. "At a little distance it may still seem busy, but if you go close to it you cannot be deceived; this is not how it looks when the bees fly home to it; there is not the fragrance, the hum of life. A tap on the hive does not produce the general and immediate revolt of thousands of little creatures, curling themselves round to sting, buzzing and fluttering with rage and filling the air with the stir of busy labour, though here and there, in its depths, a feeble hum may be heard." Tolstoi denies, however, that the Russians, acting under orders of the Governor Rostopchine, deliberately burned Moscow. "A town built of

wood, in which while it was in possession of its inhabitants, owners, and with a police, fires break out every day, cannot but catch fire when the inhabitants are not there, and an army smoking, making bonfires in its squares of the furniture out of the houses and cooking two meals a day, is in possession. . . The savage patriotism of Rostopchine and the barbarity of the French can neither of them be blamed. Moscow was burnt because of the carelessness of enemy soldiers, the non-owning inhabitants of the houses." In thus denying that the burning of Moscow was the work of Russian incendiaries, Tolstoi is at odds with all responsible historians and must be considered mistaken.

As a factor in the defeat of the enemy Tolstoi does not seem to feel that the fire was particularly significant; it merely hastened the inevitable, since the seeds of dissolution were within the French army itself. It was a war machine, trained for battle; but utterly incapable of preserving its integrity in a country in which the foe refused to come to grips, yet would not capitulate. Instead, the Russians carried on the nearest approach to total defensive warfare yet realized, except possibly in Spain; and the French army, bewildered by the new technique, disintegrated. "The army was practically disbanded and bent on flying with its leaders—all alike, though they but vaguely understood the situation, were moved by the same desire to get out of a hopeless trap."

The story of the long retreat is one of the best known in history. Tolstoi tells it with great skill. He is emphatic in his insistence that the merciless guerilla warfare waged by the wandering bands of peasants and Cossacks played a greater part in the ultimate destruction of the French army than did the exploits of the Russian regulars:

These guerilla parties destroyed the *Grande Armée* piecemeal and swept to perdition the dead leaves which dropped away from the perishing trunk. By the month

of October, when the French army was hurrying back to Smolensk, there were above a hundred of these detachments, varying in numbers and in character. Some had kept up the appearance of regular troops, had infantry and artillery, and the comforts and decencies of life. Others consisted only of Cossacks and cavalry; others again of a mixture of cavalry and infantry; while some were only parties of peasants and landowners, whose names remained unknown. A certain sacristan was reported to have led such a party, and to have made several hundred prisoners; and the wife of a starosta, a woman named Vassilia, had a good many on her conscience.

Similar stories are being told to-day of the bands of Russian irregulars who are harassing German communications far behind the front lines. It is apparent that the composition and technique of the guerilla band has changed little — its purpose not at all.

If, then, we accept in its totality Tolstoi's conception of the invasion and retreat of 1812, it is obvious that while there are striking differences in the nature and progress of the Napoleonic and Nazi invasions, there are also striking similarities. The circumstances under which the invasions began are clearly not the same; and Russian resistance developed much more slowly in 1812 than in 1941. Moreover, the apathy of the Russian ruling class at the outset of the invasion of 1812 finds no parallel among the Soviet leaders of to-day, nor has there been any group in the Soviet willing to 'appease' the invader. Those who might have constituted such a group have no doubt been 'purged' long since.

But the two physical factors which Tolstoi held mainly responsible for the destruction of the French army—the weather and the aroused anger of the people—have been of great importance in steeling the resistance which has thus far successfully been offered to Hitler. The value to the defenders of the bitter winter weather in both 1812 and 1941-'42 requires no comment. It is also easy to explain the part played by the

masses against both Napoleon and Hitler; but it is less easy to explain *why* they played that part in 1812. At that time the Russian peasant was down-trodden and oppressed—in many cases a serf actually bound to the soil. Why did he and his fellows rise in terrible anger against the invader and wage total war, in which the scorched earth policy was practised with grim efficiency? Why did he not choose to accept the invader with, at worst, resigned apathy? On this point it must be confessed that Tolstoi is not entirely satisfactory. When he wrote *War and Peace* he was as yet untroubled by a social conscience; a member of the nobility, he accepted his position without question, and his attitude towards the peasant was one of conventional indifference. But in describing the attitude of the members of his own class—other than the St. Petersburg appeasers—towards the invasion, he expresses the belief that it is an attitude which recognizes no class barriers and is common to all Russians.

Briefly, it is an attitude determined by the fatalistic conviction that the invader of Russian territory is by the very nature of his act doomed to destruction; but in order that the terms of destiny may be fulfilled, no sacrifice on the part of the defenders of the country must be counted too great. Hence the magnificent courage of the Russian soldier when he is fighting on his own soil; hence also the scorched earth policy:

At Smolensk and in every town and village in the empire the same spirit prevailed as at Moscow. . . . The whole nation simply sat waiting for the enemy . . . without excitement or disorder of any kind. They awaited him calmly, feeling that when the time came they should act as duty required. As soon as the enemy was known to be near, the well-to-do classes withdrew, leaving their possessions behind them, and the poor burnt and destroyed what was left. A conviction that it was the finger of fate, and that this was and must ever be the course of events, was, and still is, deeply rooted in every Russian heart.

It is an attitude which Tolstoi insists is incomprehensible to the foreigner. Prince Andrew Bolkonsky, who is frequently Tolstoi's mouthpiece, criticizes Barclay de Tolly, joint commander of the Russian army, not because he was an incompetent leader, but because, being a foreigner, he failed completely to understand the spirit of the men he commanded:

At Smolensk he judged wisely that as the French were superior to us in numbers, they could no doubt turn us. 'But what he could not understand,' he suddenly broke out, instinctively raising his voice, 'was that we were defending Russian soil for the first time, and that our troops fought with a spirit that I have never seen equalled. . . . As long as Russia was well and flourishing, a foreigner could do her work, but in the hour of danger she needs a man of her own blood.'

Tolstoi believes that Russian love of country is not dependent upon ideologies; it is an instinct, deep-seated in the race, so powerful that it impels the people to destroy utterly, rather than surrender, that which they cherish. This instinct is strongest in the peasant, because his roots are in the land itself. Perhaps it is this that Hitler, like Barclay de Tolly and Napoleon, failed to understand.

Lastly, in accounting for the defeat of Napoleon, Tolstoi reiterates many times his conviction that in attacking Russia, the Man of Destiny was merely playing the part decreed for him, that of a puppet moving in response to the inexorable will of forces which he neither comprehended nor controlled. Just as the invasion was inevitable, so was defeat. Thomas Hardy, in words of which Tolstoi would surely have approved, writes the epitaph of Napoleon, and, indeed, of all who aspire to world domination:

Such men as thou who wade across the world
To make an epoch, bless, confuse, appal,
Are, in the elemental ages' chart
Like meanest insects on obscurest leaves
But incidents and tools of earth's unfolding:
Or as the brazen rod that stirs the fire
Because it must.

TWO POEMS

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

SECRET ARRIVAL

Silver dapples the breezy blue,
But the rich meadow-lands are still
Below the bulwark of the hill,
And steeple-shadows of ash and birch
Lie, as reflected shipping will
Becalmed in harbours bright as glass.
And sculptural on depths of jade
Burns the rose-silver of wild apple
Still as the cowslip's gold inlaid.
And crenelated lines of shadow
Which hedgerows fling on the sunny road
Delicately waver, seem to write
The message in mysterious code
To all who bore the bitter Spring,
To frost-nipped bees and bats a-wing:
The summer will arrive to-night.

A CHOIR-BOY

The boy in the choir,
Mouth rounded, face uplifted,
Puts his whole being in the music's high desire;
He rides a storm of voices radiance-rifted.

He does not know
As we know, watching, shaken,
How but an hour, a humdrum-seeming hour ago,
His father died and left his own forsaken.

His face flames on
Caught up in lights beyond all earthly cities;
Divinely innocent he thrills in antiphon
To his childhood's knell, and his father's Nunc
Dimittis.

THE SONG OF THE BALLIOL GATE

BY FREDERICK S. BOAS

IN reading of the centenary in 1941 of Queen's University I was particularly interested to learn that this Canadian academic "Mother with the royal name" is of Scottish ancestry. For my own *Alma Mater*, Balliol College, Oxford, is also of Scottish origin, founded near the close of the thirteenth century by Dervorguilla, wife of Sir John de Balliol. I have thought that, at a time when the youth of Canada and of Britain are joined in the great struggle against a common foe, the QUEEN'S QUARTERLY might open its pages to a ballad suggested by an episode in the long history of this college by the Isis.

Part of its early structure was a great oaken gate ten feet high, in Gothic style. It hung, with its two halves, on its hinges for centuries, overlooking Broad Street. But when in 1866 extensive rebuilding of the College took place, the Gate Tower was pulled down and the Gate itself was removed to a country house in Essex. There it was discovered a few years ago and through the piety of some Balliol men it was restored to its old home.

When I was an undergraduate at Balliol in the eighteenthies the Master was the great Benjamin Jowett, through whose translation of the *Dialogues* to many Greekless readers (to adopt Professor Clarke's words in his *Commemoration Ode*)

. . . clear-souled Plato came, benignant guide
Of seekers after wisdom.

Jowett brought as college organist John Farmer, who had composed the music for some famous songs written for the boys of Harrow School, which the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, recently joined in singing as he had done when a boy at the school. Farmer set about compiling a similar Bal-

liol song-book, and I wrote the words of a few songs which he set to music. One of them, *The Balliol Rooks*, has got into some of the anthologies and may perhaps be known to some Canadian readers. I have since added two or three, and the remarkable story of the old Gate has suggested the following verses.

A few preliminary notes may be useful. John Wyclif was Master of Balliol for some years. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the Renaissance patron of learning, was, according to John Bale, one of its scholars. George Neville (brother of Warwick, the "king-maker"), afterwards Archbishop of York, celebrated his graduation with a two days' feast on a magnificent scale. Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer were burnt near it in Queen Mary's reign. Elizabeth and James I passed close by on their festal visits to Oxford, where Charles I and his court sought safety during the Civil War.

Will any of these memories of the Gate be more poignant and enduring than those of the deeds of the Empire's students-in-arms to-day?

THE SONG OF THE BALLIOL GATE

*I am the Gate of Balliol,
I am the Oaken Gate;
Through me men go
In a to and fro,
Some early and some late,
To a grey or a golden fate.*

I

This was my Song, when our House was young,
In Dervorguilla's day,
When proudly my portals I open flung
To make for the Foundress way;
And the selfsame song I have ever sung
Through prayer and work and play.

II

It has mingled with Wyclif's thundered vows
And with Humphrey's murmured lore,
And when mitred Neville held high carouse
It has run through the festal roar.
From the wakening day to the sunset drowse
I have chanted it o'er and o'er.

III

And it seemed for an hour I was Gate of Hell
 In that darkest Tudor tide
 When the faggot flamed and the fury fell
 And I watched how the martyrs died,
 Till my song was the sob of a passing-bell
 O'er the olden street and wide.

IV

But it turned to a festal tone to greet
 "Eliza and our James";
 And it rang like a clarion through the street
 For Charles with his knights and dames;
 And from age to age it has sounded sweet
 With the echoes of noble names. . .

V

Till they bore me away among men unknown
 Afar from the spires and towers,
 And I murmured the Song to my heart alone
 Through sunny and sombre hours,
 And I dreamt of my coming again to my own
 In the city of streams and bowers. . .

VI

Now the dream is o'er! I am home at last,
 And my Song is proud and high
 For the brave that to battle have through me passed,
 By land or sea or sky;
 For the sons of Balliol whose lot is cast
 To conquer or to die.

*I am the Gate of Balliol,
 I am the Oaken Gate;
 Through me men go
 In a to and fro,
 Some early and some late,
 To a grey or a golden fate.*

GENEVA, A CITY OF DREAMERS AND EXILES

BY GEORGE E. LEVY

ON a hill above Lac Lemman, and mirrored in its clear waters, stands the ancient city of Geneva. In her towers and battlements, cathedrals and market-places, narrow streets, beautiful squares and modern palaces something of the history of Geneva from the days of Julius Caesar to the present is at once clear to every visitor. In the days of the Roman conqueror, Geneva stood on the edge of the civilized world; here he built a foot-bridge to establish communications with the Germans. To-day, the palace of the League of Nations symbolizes the noble dream of a world federation yet to be realized.

The full story of Geneva, however, can be learned neither from her ancient towers nor her modern palaces. Geneva is and has long been a city of dreamers and exiles. Heroes and martyrs, saints and scientists, poets and preachers, revolutionaries and reformers, dethroned monarchs and disappointed lovers, have all found refuge in this old city. In her shaded streets and amid the loveliness of surrounding valleys they have dreamed and waited, some to return in triumph to their native land, others to linger on and at last die of despair. It was this intensely human and moving side of the story of Geneva that Tallyrand had in mind when he wrote, "There are five parts of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Geneva".

Dreamers and exiles! How many of them have turned to Geneva as their city of refuge? Among those who have found shelter here have been some of the boldest dreamers—revolutionaries who have shaken kingdoms to their foundations,—men like Lenin and Mussolini. Others, the poets, preachers, philosophers, scientists—for the most part kindly, gentle souls—have moved the world in their own way. Many of these

were not exiles in any sense of the term, but rather found the inspiration for their work in the intellectual atmosphere of this free city.

The philosopher Giordano Bruno, when exiled from his native Italy, came to Geneva and was converted to the evangelical faith. Voltaire remained there for eighteen years, wrote *Candide* and reprinted his famous *Encyclopedia*. Montesquieu, the fervent admirer of free government, was determined that his treatise *The Spirit of Laws* should be published at Geneva, the city he deemed a model of free government. In their Genevan laboratory, Arago and Ampere carried out some of their most important experiments. Freed from the constant threat of danger to his life in his native Russia, Dostoievsky wrote his novel *The Idiot* in a Geneva suburb. There Count Cavour grew strong in his zeal for a united Italy and the heroes of Polish and Greek independence, Kosciusko and Capo d'Istria, received the freedom of the Republic. Mazzini and Rossi spent their years in exile here, the latter being elected to the Genevan Council. Klapa, the Hungarian patriot in exile, similarly was honoured. Guizot, the French liberal statesman, spent his youth in the shades of lovely Saint-Pierre. The Empress Josephine, abandoned by Napoleon, found shelter from her sorrows in a small suburb, and the unhappy Elizabeth of Austria was stabbed to death at a quai on the shore of Lac Lemán. In Geneva during the World War, Lenin prepared for his advent to power. During the same fateful years Mussolini wrote fiery political pamphlets renouncing his Socialistic friends and his former views. In 1918 Masarky, Benes and Stefanik officially proclaimed the State of Czechoslovakia from Geneva, and at about the same time the newly founded state of Yugoslavia was proclaimed. So far back as 1830 Count J. J. Sellon established the first Peace Society in Geneva, a forerunner of the League of Nations. His grave-stone is but a few steps from the palace of the League.

Greater, however, than these in their influence on the destinies of men and nations, were three others who dreamed and wrote amid the quiet of Genevan streets, John Calvin, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Henry Dunant. The first two have moved the world by the power of their political ideas, and the last-named has appealed to the heart of humanity through the Red Cross Society he founded at Geneva.

The democratic ideals for which nations are now contending owe more than can be estimated to Calvin and Rousseau. The deeply religious Doctor of Theology from Picardy stopped almost by chance to find a night's lodging at Geneva and, save for a short absence, remained there until his death. There he played his part in the Swiss Reformation, wrote his *Institutes of the Christian Religion*, and founded the Genevan theocracy. This theocracy was in itself an attempt to realize an age-old dream of mankind, the superimposing upon an earthly city of the framework of the New Jerusalem. Calvin taught that man's first obedience is not to his earthly sovereign, but to his Heavenly Ruler. This simple yet stern teaching of one without wealth or the power of armies awakened men everywhere throughout Europe to a new sense of the dignity of man, and of the sacredness of human rights. Calvin's views have stirred the souls of nations, have promoted revolutions, have overthrown despots, have inspired the writing of Declarations of Independence, and have sent Pilgrim Fathers over strange seas in search of spiritual freedom.

Two centuries later, Jean Jacques Rousseau was haunted by his dream of the natural goodness of man corrupted by the unnaturalness of society. During these years at Geneva he wrote his history-making works, *The Social Contract* and *Emile*. This man and his teachings were the very antithesis of all that Calvin was and taught, yet none since Calvin has done more to develop his political ideas and give an added emphasis to man's faith in the dignity of man, the rights of

free individuals, and the true character of government by "contract" than this strange, unhappy "citizen of Geneva".

In the century following Rousseau, his humanitarian ideals and the religious zeal of Calvin met in Henry Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross Society. Dunant was present in 1859 at the Battle of Solferino. His soul was seared by the memory of the piles of wounded men without medical attention yet, in their helpless state, still treated as combatants. His little book, *The Memory of Solferino*, issued in the same year, challenged humanitarians throughout Europe. The next year a small beginning of the new organization was made at Geneva. The standard adopted was that of the Swiss Republic, a red cross on a white ground. More than any other agency the Red Cross Society has been effectual in alleviating some of the horrors of modern warfare. The Nobel Prize came to Dunant late in his life, or he would have died in poverty.

The League of Nations palace represents the dream of another humanitarian and Calvinist, Woodrow Wilson. His life of service for human betterment was spent entirely outside Geneva, but there his thought of a League of Nations had some fruition. For two decades it ran a precarious course, trying to fulfil its mission of world peace through collective security in a world caught in the lethargy of a superficial peace and infected by post-war hatreds and jealousies. Like many dreams which have come to birth in Geneva, it proved too idealistic and took too much for granted. That dream seems to have receded before the brutal realities of another holocaust of death and destruction. Yet it remains as an inspiration. If it has not shown the way forward then the nations must go back to the system of the balance of power.

The Genevan dream of peace, or German brute-force—which shall prevail?

VESPER OF THE PINE

BY CICERO RITCHIE

A world of needles, with a sky of jade
And earth a dappled rug of russet hue,
Embowers us until the deeper shade
Of fading twilight floods our rendezvous.
A vesper fringing on the verdure pleads
With hint of music from the massive lyre
That we should linger, as the veery heeds
And seeks the spirit voices in the choir.

Though calls the surf upon an ocean strand,
Though lilts the warble of a mountain rill,
Though beckons all the music of the land,
Here shall our taunted senses hark until
The tantalizing measures of the strong
Crescendo crash the essence of the song.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE FUTURE OF CONFEDERATION

By B. K. SANDWELL

CANADIAN Confederation celebrates on Dominion Day this year the completion of its third quarter-century. With the world still struggling in the most universal war in the history of mankind, the event will not attract a great amount of attention.

Confederation has not been lucky in its quarter-century anniversaries. The second occurred also in the midst of a world-wide conflict in which Canadian forces were heavily and desperately engaged. The first occurred in the middle of one of the country's worst depressions, at a moment when there was grave question of the survival of the young Dominion and not a few of its citizens had come to feel that the effort to build up a separate and British nation in the northern part of this continent might perhaps not be worth while. We can only hope that the fourth, which will round out the first century of the Dominion's life, will happen in more favorable circumstances.

Does anyone—in Canada—question whether this hundredth anniversary of Confederation will happen at all? Whether Confederation will still be in effect in 1967? When I say "in Canada" I do not of course include the population of the prisoners-of-war camps. They are full of arrogant young Nazis who believe that Canada along with all the other democratic nations of the world is finished, and must soon become an appanage of a Fascist nation. They believe that, because they have been educated into a belief that Nazi Germany is invincible. They, and their fellow-Nazis in Germany, will not cease to believe it until they have been convinced by the unmistakable logic of events that Nazi Germany is not invincible, and the task of convincing them is the most important one in

the whole war, which will not be truly won until they are convinced. But there are, I am afraid, a fair number of Canadians who doubt whether Confederation will still be in effect in 1967, not because they think that the armed might of Germany must win, but rather because they think that the German idea is a true idea—that the only true nation, the only nation with survival value, is the nation based on racial unity. And Canada obviously is not based upon racial unity. If that idea is right, Canada has no claim to independent and durable existence.

The force which has kept Canada in existence for seventy-five years, and the force which will continue to keep Canada in existence to complete her century and many other centuries, is the mutual respect of her two great races for one another. If that respect is not a possible basis for nationhood, then Canada cannot live as a nation. And if that respect ceases to exist, then Canada cannot live as a nation.

The pressures of war make the maintenance of that respect more difficult; they do not make it impossible. The attitude of French Canada towards the war is not identical with that of English-speaking Canada, as the recent plebiscite pretty clearly showed. But it is not so different that French Canada cannot continue to respect English-speaking Canada and vice versa. The very holding of the plebiscite was an evidence of the strong desire of the English-speaking people of Canada to respect the attitude of their French-speaking fellows; the acceptance of the result of the plebiscite will be an evidence of the strong desire of the French-speaking people to respect the attitude (now unmistakably established) of their English-speaking fellows.

This is a time of the testing of nations, and Canada is being put to the test as to whether she is fit to claim nationhood. The answer can be given by her own people alone, and by nobody else. Nationhood is not conferred by outsiders.

(The Versailles and other Treaties at the end of the last war set up a lot of nations which have not proved to be very nation-worthy.) The British North America Act did not make us a nation, the Statute of Westminster did not make us a nation, the League of Nations did not make us a nation. We are making ourselves one. And it is irrevocably written in the book of destiny that if we are to be a nation at all we are to be a nation of a rather special sort.

It is a sort that the Germans, for example, have no use for. It is quite impossible that the people of Canada should ever—or at least as far into the future as it is possible for man to peer—be a “Volk”, in the sense of a body of people with one racial origin and one “Kultur”, whatever that may be. It is written in the book of destiny that the people of Canada shall be of all sorts of racial origins—in which they do not differ from the people of the United States, which is not a bad nation as nations go except according to German standards—and that they shall maintain at least two distinct and definite “cultures”, which are neither of them exactly what the Germans would call a Kultur. One of these cultures will be English, modified by North American environment, and the other will be French, similarly modified, and they will never constitute a single culture, although I very greatly hope that in the future they will influence one another much more than they do now. That will come about when English-speaking Canadians read French-Canadian books in the original language and vice versa, of which at present they do very little, not nearly as much as the merits of the best books in each language would justify.

The teaching of Canadian history, in both languages, seems somehow to have failed up to the present to convey to the pupils any real conception of the absolute necessity of this double culture, and of the fact that the two cultures, and the peoples who maintain them, are actually dependent on one

another for their survival. We in the English-speaking part learn that there are French-Canadians in Quebec and elsewhere, that they were there before we were, and that they have grown from a colony of a few score thousand to some three million in Canada alone, but we learn practically nothing of their habits, their ideas, their ideals and their ambitions. We are shown the French-Canadian chiefly in the character of explorer, of martyr-missionary, of fur-trader, whereas his importance to-day consists in his passionate attachment to his native soil and his willingness to endure the hardships of a primitive agricultural life in order to retain the customs and institutions of his fathers. A few sentences out of *Maria Chapdelaine* would tell us more about what the French-Canadian means to Canada in 1942 than all the history of La Salle and Brebœuf and Montcalm and Bigot.

As for what the French-Canadian learns about the English-speaking Canadian, I am no authority. But a very eminent French-Canadian historian complained recently that the teaching of Canadian history in French Canada was calculated to produce a feeling of excessive self-pity among French-Canadians, from which we may reasonably assume that it throws the accent pretty heavily on the need for a constant struggle by the minority to preserve itself against the aggression of the majority.

The truth, if we could only learn it, is that both elements are essential to the nationhood of Canada, and that neither of them alone could amount to one-tenth as much as the two together. We are not an island Dominion like Australia, free to develop our own special quality of life behind a barrier of thousands of miles of ocean. We are the close and intimate neighbours of a much greater country, and it would be easy for us to become a cultural annex of that country if we did not have the radically different culture of French Canada to differentiate us. The thing has never been better expressed

than by Lord Tweedsmuir at the Canadian-American Conference of 1937: "She (Canada) can never be quite like her neighbour, and that is all to the good, for it means that she has a specific contribution of her own to make to North American civilization. I like to think of her, with her English and French peoples, as in a special degree the guardian of the great Mediterranean tradition which descends from Greece and Rome, and which she has to mould to the uses of a new world. I want to see her keep her clear-cut individuality, for that is of inestimable advantage, not only to her, but to her neighbour."

That is the estimate of a very wise man on the value to Canada of her combination of two cultures. Let us devote the rest of the Dominion's first century to seeing that the two cultures get along fraternally together, support one another, learn from one another, and above all respect one another and allow one another the utmost possible freedom for legitimate development.

THE SEASON'S BOOKS

FINE ARTS

CHINESE FRESCOES. By W. C. White. University of Toronto Press. \$4.00.

The Royal Ontario Museum has given us another volume in the series describing the Chinese art treasures in its possession. The present volume, which I think surpasses the others in beauty of presentation, certainly equals them in interest of content.

The numerous plates in the book, many in colour, are only meant for a study of the subject, and can only prepare one for a better understanding and appreciation of the murals themselves.

Even if our knowledge of Chinese ikonography is very limited so that we cannot appreciate the correctness of attitude of the bearer of the folded towels nor understand why the Emperor's son should cry because his august father is having a shave; even if we cannot, as a Chinese would, see the correctness of these attitudes, we do recognize with what ability the painter has decorated his wall. True to tradition, the Chinese painter has maintained the solidity of the wall by painting in flat tones with no perspective. A rhythmic line unites all figures and gives a flowing quality to a design, right in line and colour.

Numerous diagrams make the study of the plates a thing of pleasure.

A. B.

HENRI JULIEN. By Marius Barbeau. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. \$1.00 and 60 cents.

Henri Julien was a draughtsman, a rare occurrence in the annals of Canadian art. Just as Daumier pencilled caricatures and incidents of Parisian life for the newspapers, Julien, with fine characterization, pictured in the press the political life of his time. What has lifted both these men above the others in their respective countries was their understanding of the common man.

Julien's portrayal of the habitant is full of understanding; the bent-back pioneer, pipe in mouth going about his daily chores, drawn with a nervous line, is alive and witty; his wash-drawings have a sober simplicity, rendering well the customs of an old-established civilization. There is something sure, mature about Julien's work which makes him an artist worthy of note. Mr. Barbeau has, as usual, given us an erudite account and description of the man and his time.

A. B.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

- THE COUNTRY'S BEDSIDE BOOK. By 'B. B'. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 10/6.
- THE TAYLORS OF ONGAR. By D. F. Armitage, Heffer & Sons. 10/6.
- MALVERN 1941. Longmans. 10/6.
- WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE IN THE NEW BRITAIN. By R. Acland. Gollancz. 3/6.
- THE CHURCH IMPOTENT OR TRIUMPHANT? By Sidney Dark. Gollancz.
- VICTORY BEGINS AT HOME. By G. H. Gretton. Allen & Unwin. 7/6.
- TOWARDS A THEOCRACY. By J. Kennedy. Hodder & Stoughton. 6/-.
- THE MORAL BLITZ. By B. Causton. Secker & Warburg. 2/-.
- THE GERMAN NEW ORDER IN POLAND. Hutchinson, 10/6.
- THE IRON RATION OF A CHRISTIAN. By H. Vogel. Student Christian Movement. 6/-.
- A LETTER TO GREAT BRITAIN FROM SWITZERLAND. By Karl Barth. Sheldon Press.

Could I take me to some cavern for mine hiding,
 In the hill-tops, where the Sun scarce hath trod;
 Or a cloud make the home of mine abiding
 As a bird among the bird-droves of God . . .
 Where the voice of living waters never ceaseth
 In God's quiet garden by the sea;
 And earth, the ancient life-giver, increaseth
 Joy among the meadows, like a tree.

In the fret and strain of these days, perhaps particularly in the well-bombed countries, who has not responded to these useless aspirations which Dr. Gilbert Murray attributes to Euripides? Those who have spent holidays in the quiet, settled, ancient countryside of England would find solace in *The Countryman's Bedside Book* by 'B. B.' (with illustrations by D. J. Watkind-Pitchford), but, since this book has nothing to do with theology, but rather the reverse, no more may be said of it in this place. But *The Taylors of Ongar* may properly appear amongst books on religion, for, though it makes the heart ache for the beauty and tranquillity of unspoilt England before the Industrial Revolution, its primary purpose is to tell the story of a Puritan family, of unusual gifts, at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. The book is a good antidote for those who have supposed that Puritan is a synonym for Philistine. Two of the Taylors were exquisite craftsmen as engravers, and two of the girls were famous in the literary world of their day for many poems beside

'Twinkle, twinkle, little star'—which also has its merits if, for a moment, we can forget the parody by Lewis Carroll. This is a very gentle, alleviating, godly book adapted to our needs in times like these.

It is impossible for us to refrain from thinking and planning, however prematurely, about the world when the war is over. So far as Europe is concerned, the decisive word may be with Joseph Stalin, not with us. The Russian Revolution has achieved marvels, but there is, as we are well aware, another and a darker side to the picture. It would indeed be serious if after the war the choice for us all lay between the new communistic Socialism and the old pre-war individualistic Capitalism with the Christian Church supporting secular Capitalism as preferable to atheist Socialism. It is all to the good, therefore, that Christians of all schools are feeling their way to the principles of a new social and economic order which may claim not only to be Christian but to be intrinsically nearer to that after which millions in all lands are yearning. It is very noticeable that among the forward-looking Christians of all denominations there is a large measure of agreement.

The so-called 'Malvern Conference' of the Church of England held last year received surprising but not undeserved publicity across the Atlantic. Its findings have been widely disseminated. Now we are given its Proceedings. There are addresses by the Archbishop of York, by Mr. Maurice Reckitt, Mr. V. A. Demant, Mr. Kenneth Ingram, Miss Dorothy Sayers, Sir Richard Acland and others. The book may well be a landmark in the history of the Church of England, once regarded as 'the Tory Party at prayer'; it may even prove a document of political importance. "I have been forced to the conclusion", says Sir Richard Acland here, "that in order to carry out my ordinary daily work as a politician and a would-be embryo statesman, I am compelled to say in my ordinary political speeches some of the things which you have been saying for many centuries past from your pulpits." The principles of the new social order, he means, must be derived from the Bible and the tradition of Christendom; how these principles must be worked out under the conditions of the present day, he has tried to indicate in *What it will be like in the New Britain*. As a prophecy this sketch of the future may prove false, as an ideal it may be defective; but after a surfeit of principles and generalities we may find a definite and detailed scheme refreshing. The problem is to harmonize an ordered civic and economic life with political and economic freedom, to ally what we often call Socialism with what we ordinarily mean by Democracy. Mr. Sidney Dark, till recently the editor of *The Church Times*, writes that at Malvern "Dr. Temple seemed to have nailed the Red Flag to the ecclesiastical mast . . . at least Malvern suggested that without some form

of Socialism permanent international peace is impossible. . . Dr. Temple is the first Red Archbishop." Mr. Dark, free from the inhibitions of the editorial chair, and able at last to say precisely what he thinks, has penned a flaming challenge to the Christian Church to lead in the task of social and economic reconstruction. Even those least well-disposed to Socialism in any form may well see a portent of the times in the present spate of books, many of them directly Christian, others interestingly sympathetic to Christianity, which allege that the freedom for which we fight is only to be attained by a very thoroughgoing repudiation of the old pre-war economic order.

Dr. Gretton's *Victory Begins at Home* is not the less impressive for being written with a mellower ferocity. He advocates "a programme of practical measures to form a basis for our conduct of the war and to bring our thinking into line with the task of reconstruction, which will await us after this war". We cannot effectively mobilize our war-effort, he says, till we have planned our national economy on a rational and just basis; we cannot defeat an unjust foe till we have cast out our own injustices; and the task of reconstruction cannot go forward till we clearly visualize our aims. The social policy, which he advocates with careful argument and moderation, includes family allowances, the better organization of all health services, a large degree of nationalization, and a reorganization of our educational system based on a coherent and Christian philosophy. Dr. Gretton has the courage to take lessons from the Nazis where he thinks they can help us; about the Russian experiment he seems less well informed. The totalitarian systems are intolerable, but they may justly claim to have abolished some of those glaring evils which make our own pre-war economy also intolerable to men of sensitive heart. But, of all these books about the world we hope to see, Dr. Kennedy's may be judged the most important, for it is entirely confined to the one central issue. "Democracy cannot afford to go on much longer without community objectives. The days of individualism are over. Society is 'collective' to-day . . . What is the relevance of religion to communal life, and how should it be integrated in the social structure? These are the subjects of this study." Religion for generations has been in full retreat. There was a time when the Church claimed that all human life must be brought into subjection to Christ; now we have come to the point when men applaud Professor Whitehead's theory that our religion is what we do with our solitude! We have said to the State, Hands off the Church! We have forgotten that the Church is necessary to the State as the only centre of all national life. True, the Church must be free from State-control, but a democracy can only be a unity and a harmony as every aspect of public life is consciously directed to the glory of God. We worship God as indi-

viduals; we must worship Him also as citizens, as soldiers, farmers, business men, public servants and universities. If regiments need chaplains, so not less do business firms and corporations. The work of the Church is seen to be relevant to the personal cares and aspirations of those who go to church, but terribly irrelevant to the national life as a whole, to industry and ordinary business. This is not a matter of amateur sermons on economics from the pulpit, but much more of common acts of worship and consecration by guilds and corporations, trades and callings. Let not the private pastoral work of the ministry be disparaged, but the Church has a national task of which at present it is barely conscious. This small book by Dr. Kennedy, a Scottish minister, is to be very earnestly commended.

Mr. Bernard Causton, who introduces the Malvern Proceedings, has himself written a little book which is not to be neglected by serious people because it costs but a few cents. Mr. Causton has a very intimate knowledge of Germany, and *The Moral Blitz*, which is primarily concerned with 'war propaganda and Christianity', incidentally reveals "the Third Reich with the lid off". This book is one of the most reliable pictures of Nazism and of the religious situation in Germany; it also turns its searchlight upon ourselves and the overdue task of putting our own house in order. What Hitlerism means outside Germany for Christians and others may be studied (by those who can endure the truth) in *The German New Order in Poland*, published for the Polish Ministry of Information. The answer, the unswerving testimony, the challenge of loyal German Protestantism may be read in *The Iron Ration of a Christian*, written by Pastor H. Vogel, one of those stalwarts to whom Professor Karl Barth dedicated his *Credo*. The soldier's iron ration is the concentrated food he carries in his knapsack against the day when he may be cut off from supplies. This is a handbook of theology for a Christian whose warfare to-day brings him into like case. It is a moving book, giving the quintessence of the witness of the gallant 'Confessional Church'. It will not win full theological assent from Anglo-Saxon Christians, but all will recognize it as a courageous and authentic Christian utterance coming out of the fires of persecution. The book has been a great influence in Germany, and now it has been most admirably translated. From Switzerland comes the remarkable vaticination of Dr. Karl Barth himself, his Letter to the Christians of Great Britain. The famous theologian rejoices in our determination to win the war against Hitler, but wonders whether our motives are purely Christian. Are we fighting because we would save democracy, or because Christ is risen from the dead? He thinks (not without justification) that we are more addicted to 'natural theology' than he reckons seemly, and he delivers a frontal attack upon the pacifism which has been so widespread among the Christians

of Britain and America. Professor Barth's two letters to the French Protestants are printed at the end. Both *The Iron Ration* and *The Letter* should be read by all those who would understand both the depth of Christian experience that opposes Hitler in Europe and the differences of accent and theology between European and Anglo-Saxon Protestants.

N. M.

THE MEANING OF REVELATION. By H. Richard Niebuhr, the Divinity School, Yale University. Toronto: The Macmillan Company, 1941. Pp. x+196. \$2.25.

This book of Professor Richard Niebuhr is one of the most thoughtful and penetrating books in Christian theology which have appeared in recent years.

The title may suggest old and outworn controversies of the eighteenth century as to the relation of faith and reason. But the problem with which it is concerned is really the central problem of theology, the nature and meaning of the Divine self-disclosure.

The central contention of the book is that it is in history, and in "internal history", in the story of what has happened to us and lives in our memory that we must look for revelation, not in the words of a sacred book or in the creeds and theologies of men. "When we speak of revelation we mean that something has happened to us in our history which conditions all our thinking and that through this happening we are enabled to apprehend what we are, what we are suffering and doing, and what our potentialities are." The significance of the historical revelation in Jesus Christ, from this point of view of "internal history", is thus expressed by the author: "Through Christ we become immigrants into the empire of God which extends over all the world, and learn to remember the history of that empire that is of men in all times and places, as our history."

This contention that revelation is revelation only for the man who has received it as a reality for himself and not as a mere fact of "external history" is of the essence of what is sometimes called "existential" as opposed to "theoretical" thinking in theology. It is here presented and developed in its implications by Professor Niebuhr with a gift of penetrating and profound analysis which demands of the reader the most careful and sustained attention.

J. M. S.

A PREFACE TO CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY. By John A. Mackay, President of Princeton Theological Seminary, New Jersey. Toronto: The Macmillan Company, 1941. Pp. x +187. \$2.25.

These Sprunt Lectures do not claim to be an introduction to theology, but simply a preface or foreword to theological discussion; a series of reflections upon religious and theological questions, addressed to the ordinary intelligent reader, both clerical and lay, rather than to the technical theologian.

The prevailing mood of our time is defined in Pascal's phrase as one of "quiet desperation", with one era come to an end and another, whose shape none can predict, veiled in mists. And the most crucial need of to-day is represented as being "a revival of theology, a fresh understanding of God and His will for human life". This understanding of God is to be found, according to the author, not in a detached spectator balcony-like view of truth, but, after the manner of the disciples on the Road to Emmaus, in a fresh personal encounter upon the Road of Life and of spiritual struggle with Jesus Christ, the personal incarnate Truth of God, especially in His risen living power.

The practical application of this position to Christian living is drawn out in a very vital and challenging way, it being emphasized that "truth is in order to goodness", and that the "heresy of orthodoxy" has been to substitute belief in truth for moral goodness, and thus make doctrine take the place of life. The clue to history is found in the unfolding purpose of God to create a world-fellowship in Christ, and the closing chapters of the book which deal with the nature of this fellowship, and the function of the Christian Church in relation to its realization, are specially stimulating and suggestive.

It is a book which will make appeal to the thoughtful layman because of its constructive spiritual suggestiveness, and also because of its fine literary flavour. And for the preacher it has this additional attraction that it is rich in the best kind of illustrative sermonic material.

J. M. S.

RECONSTRUCTION

ECONOMIC PEACE AIMS. By Oswald Dutch. Toronto: Longmans Green and Company. 1941. Pp. 290. \$4.00.

STRATEGY FOR DEMOCRACY. By J. D. Kingsley and D. W. Petegorsky. Toronto: Longmans Green and Company. 1942. Pp. ix+342. \$4.00.

Of making books about the rebuilding of the world when the war is over there is no end. The energy expended on the matter is second only to that devoted to the winning of the war itself. One suspects that it is a means of escape for those who cannot find

a direct avenue to assist in the immediate business of getting the war well and safely over. Be that as it may, the theme provides a delightful freedom for the imagination to roam at will, for no one knows what the actual situation will be when the war will end. One can only postulate a victory so complete that the responsibility of reconstructing the world will rest on the shoulders of the United Nations. Under this condition, books that deal with post-war problems have to be judged in the light of their practical contribution to the solution of a problem that will challenge statesmanship the world over.

Oswald Dutch has an intimate knowledge of Europe. He advocates a European Commonwealth on a federated plan, a United States of Europe, with powers reserved to the federal authority, viz.: foreign policy, defence, trade and currency. Great Britain would share in defence, finance, and economic problems, but the Commonwealth would have no responsibility for British affairs.

Whatever may be felt about the feasibility of this central thesis, the author impresses the reader by his unusually wide and accurate knowledge, his sound and commonsense outlook on the fundamental problems, and his liberality of spirit. Incidentally, his chapter on the present status of "Ersatz" materials is the most complete that has as yet come to this reviewer's attention. Drastic though the proposals are—a European currency on a gold standard, complete elimination of tariffs, and an over-all organization for production—they compel serious attention because of the authoritative knowledge at the author's command.

Strategy for Democracy is more general in its attack, and to that degree less constructively helpful in detail. The book is based in large part on a conference held under the auspices of Antioch College and the Antioch Review, and includes contributions from some of the speakers at that conference, the most practical of which is that by Mordecai Ezekiel on a planned economy. In a book so constructed there is no connected thesis; but the emphasis throughout is on linking the effort of intellectuals, technicians, and *hoc genus omne* of planners with the common man and his problems, in order that social justice may ultimately prevail. Man is greater than systems, and man's needs comes first.

R. C. W.

ECONOMICS

MOBILIZING CANADA'S RESOURCES FOR WAR. By A. F. W. Plumptre. Toronto: Macmillan Company, 1941. Pp. xxiii+306. \$3.00.

With public attention turned from the economic problems of peace to those of war there has been, as might be expected, a resulting flood of books and pamphlets. Mr. Plumptre's book should

not be regarded as merely another one in this list. Without doubt it is the best and most extensive treatment so far available of Canadian economic policies during the present war. In part the explanation of this lies in the origins of the book. Mr. Plumptre, who is a member of the staff of the Department of Political Economy at the University of Toronto and now attached to the Canadian Legation at Washington, was retained by Mr. Leon Henderson, Administrator of the Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply in Washington, as a consultant to report on Canadian economic development. Having some status Mr. Plumptre had an entre to the sources of knowledge and was in an excellent position to get information and to have many things explained to him. The results were embodied in a report submitted to Mr. Henderson. A limited number of copies of the report have been circulated in Washington and in Canada. It does not contain any secret information or data but the available facts are explained with a surety which shows the value of their origins.

The book, which is divided into twelve chapters, covers the following subjects: Canadian economic resources employed at the beginning of the war; mobilizing economic resources; aid to Great Britain and from United States; Canadian war expenditures, and their relation to national income; wartime fiscal policies; taxation and borrowing; monetary controls; price movements and threat of inflation; specific commodity and price controls; labour and wages. In addition to an index there are statistical appendices covering twenty-five pages and containing a great deal of the supporting evidence.

Quite naturally a book of this kind and on this subject raises all kinds of matters for discussion. Space does not permit dealing with them all, but one broad point may be mentioned. It is that in general the first two years of war saw the Canadian economy organized for war needs through the re-employment of idle resources and that during that time civilian consumption actually increased. Now, further resources must, in the main, be obtained by diversion from civilian use and this will mean shortages in many lines. So far the responsible authorities have been inclined to rely upon the distributors (plus patriotic appeals) to allocate scarce goods. Mr. Plumptre raises the very valid point that this will no longer do—that if supplies are to be short some method of allocation—rationing or priority—will have to be adopted.

For those who are really interested in reading an account of the Canadian economy in the last two years, this book provides solid meat. To others it will be invaluable as a source of reference on particular topics. It stands as an excellent job covering the period of the war up to the beginning of the new "ceiling" control, which may date a new era of economic controls in Canada.

C. A. C.

CANADA

THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY. By Bruce Hutchison. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Company. Pp. x+373. \$4.50.

This book is a real contribution to Canadian descriptive literature. There is sound poetic instinct. There is as well masterly analysis of the Canadian scene. It is unusual to clothe the critical faculty in poetic garb. The author has successfully achieved this sartorial feat.

Too frequently in the writings about Canada the attempt is made to create a national picture that fails to convey a sense of reality. In many respects we have not yet achieved that national consciousness. Mr. Hutchison has been wiser in his method. He has given us a series of colour scenes, separate and distinctive, merging insensibly into a unified whole. They are Canadian vignettes, with the human figure in the foreground, the country forming an interpretative background. Out of such scenes Canadian life is made.

Under this method of treatment there are gaps which the reader would wish to see filled as his special interests would determine. One misses the picture of the true Canadian North, which cannot be left out of any description of our Canadian way of thinking. But this is a minor criticism. *The Unknown Country* has found an interpreter who will be heard from again in the field of Canadian letters. He is a writer of distinction.

R. C. W.

CANADA MOVES NORTH. By Richard Finnie. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1942. Pp. ix+227. \$4.00.

The North has its enthusiasts and its detractors. In the main, enthusiasts have proved to be right. They are of the breed that have the courage and the vision, and these are the qualities that the North demands. Richard Finnie was born—so to speak—in the purple. His father was a well-known and highly regarded northern administrator. He himself is a Dawson man. He has travelled widely over the northern territory. His wife has accompanied him on many of his travels. His lectures, illustrated by his excellent photographs and films, are well known across Canada. He speaks, and writes, with authority.

In contrast to what Russia has done in recent years, scientifically and industrially, in northern Siberia, Canada lags far behind. It is the purpose of this book to burn that fact into our consciousness. The purpose is achieved. One could have wished that less grudging praise had been accorded to the missionaries, whose self-denial for a great cause deserves warmer appreciation. But Mr. Finnie has done a service to Canada in pointing the way to a new emphasis on northern development which will occupy much attention in the years that lie immediately ahead.

R. C. W.

CRITICISM

THE LONE SHIELING. By G. H. Needler. The University of Toronto Press. Pp. 108. \$1.85.

The "Canadian Boat Song" (*from the Gaelic*) better known as "The Lone Shieling", appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* of September, 1829. The poem, which is certainly *not* from the Gaelic, is not to be confused with Thomas Moore's "Canadian Boat Song" which was written in 1804 when the poet was being rowed down the St. Lawrence from Kingston to Montreal by French-Canadian boatmen. A number of well-known Scotsmen have been credited with the authorship of "The Lone Shieling", the Earl of Eglinton, Sir Walter Scott, "Christopher North", James Hogg, John Gibson Lockhart, John Galt and others. Galt is the most popular candidate but Professor Needler says that it was not Galt who wrote the verses but Galt's friend, David Macbeth Moir—"Delta" of the Blackwood group—and that it was Galt's work in Canada for the Canada Company from December 1826 to May 1829, long accounts of which he sent to Moir, that was the direct inspiration of the poem.

Professor Needler bases his argument in favour of Moir's authorship on metrical evidence. He makes out an able and scholarly case; but while presenting an "accumulation of positive and circumstantial evidence" he has not, in our opinion, as he claims, established "beyond question" Moir as the author. Professor Needler's argument simply boils down to this: *The Lone Shieling* is written in accentual sapphics. The writer who has made the most extensive use of accentual as distinct from quantitative sapphics in English secular verse is D. M. Moir. Moir contributed verses in this metre to *Blackwood's* in 1821, 1827, 1829, and 1836. Therefore Moir wrote *The Lone Shieling*.

No. Despite Professor Needler's admirable pleading, the authorship of *The Lone Shieling* still remains a mystery. It will, in all likelihood, continue to remain a mystery. In any case it is immaterial who wrote the poem which, apart from the second verse, is poor poetry. But that second verse is immortal. It is filled with yearning and tragic nostalgia. Behind it is the tragic story of a murdered and banished race. It has a haunting quality that will always make its appeal to anyone whose "heart is Highland" and who can still dream of a land of lost romance and faded dreams, where beauty will always remain the one living and vital reality in a world where so many "heartless things are done and said" and where so many "worms and beasts and men live on." That is all that matters to us.

J. A. R.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

HANDBOOK OF HISPANIC SOURCE MATERIALS AND RESEARCH ORGANIZATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES. Edited by Ronald Hilton, with a foreword by Herbert I. Priestly. Prepared under the auspices of the Bancroft Library, University of California. Pp. xiv+441. The University of Toronto Press. 1942. \$5.00.

The Handbook is, as its title indicates, a compendium of the various source materials and research organizations in the United States in the field of Hispanics. For the purposes of this study, the term "Hispanic" is applied in its widest sense, covering Spain, Portugal, and Spanish and Portuguese America of the pre- and post-Columbian periods, including Florida, Texas, the Southwest, and California until the time of their annexation by the United States.

The material surveyed covers a wide range of interests, relating chiefly to the fine arts, the humanities, and the social sciences. In certain exceptional cases, however, the natural sciences have also been included. Hispanic libraries, art collections, archaeological and ethnological collections, research centres and publications have been arranged alphabetically under the states in which they are located and a brief description is given in each case. Rare books and manuscripts, history and belles-lettres, government documents and political pamphlets, valuable paintings and sculpture, old coins and jewelry, early pottery and textiles are but a few of the many different items of Hispanic and pre-Hispanic culture mentioned in the *Handbook*.

To quote from the preface: "The idea of this *Handbook* was inspired by the discovery that few American scholars of things Hispanic have a clear concept of the various collections and organizations at their disposal." To this end the *Handbook* should prove to be a valuable aid in further Hispanic research in America.

A. M. F.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

CATHERINE OF ARAGON. By Garrett Mattingly. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, Limited. Pp. 477. \$4.50.

SPANISH TUDOR: THE LIFE OF BLOODY MARY. By H. F. M. Prescott. Toronto: The Macmillans in Canada. Pp. xv+562. \$6.00.

Tudor roses are among the hardy perennials of the publishers' catalogues, but not all the blooms advertised turn out to be prize-winners. The trouble would seem to be that many of the growers are ordinary market-gardeners whose proper business is raising vegetables for the pot. More rarely some scholar produces an authentic original and makes a contribution to historical literature. This has happened in the case of these two biographies, the

one of Queen Catherine, Henry VIII's first wife, and the other of their daughter, the "Bloody Mary" who used to figure so frightfully in the histories prescribed for young Protestants. Both women's lives were of such consequence in the destinies of the English-speaking peoples that they have been the subject of endless and tangled controversy. Even yet men find it difficult to write about them without prejudice or passion, and, this being so, it is scarcely surprising that the characters of these two Catholic queens should have been overlaid by the great issues in which they were involved. For had the cause for which they fought with such courage, endurance and faith, triumphed over that of their enemies, England might well have remained a Catholic country, the Roman mother of a Catholic Empire. Had Mary borne a son by Philip of Spain what might-have-beens could have changed the shape of things in the world!

The plain tale of Catherine and Mary is well enough known. Henry wished to marry Anne Boleyn. Pope Clement VII was unable to grant him the necessary dispensation to annul his marriage with Catherine. Henry then, with the aid of Parliament, repudiated the Roman jurisdiction, making his State Erastian and setting England on the Anglican path which was to lead to the militant and varied Protestantism of later years. At every step in that vast revolution Henry met the resistance of his queen; no one withstood him with greater constancy; no one was more acutely aware of the magnitude of the issues at stake, nor suffered more from the triumph of what she could only regard as the forces of anti-Christ. When she died, her daughter carried on the struggle, and surviving Henry's ailing boy Edward, Mary was able to restore for the brief space of her reign, the Catholic régime which for over nine centuries had bound her country to Rome.

But the intricacies of the story are not so easily seen: the problem of motives, the conflict of interest, the political and personal and spiritual collisions which helped to produce a situation of large and permanent consequence, these are matters on which the truth is still difficult to discern. Nowhere in history is the clash of character, of will against will, more dramatically powerful, nor is there any historic spectacle more conducive to searching for the well-springs of human action. What drove Henry to his desperate course in despite of Catholic Europe? Infatuation? Dynasties? Or what mixture of both? What forces drove a conservative people to follow him on a career so violent, so bloody, to so drastic a destruction of the past's immutabilities? Anticlericalism? Corruption? Nationalism? Terror? And what were the ingredients of resistance to Henry's revolution, whether passive and secret, as among a nameless multitude of English folk, or active and manifest, as in martyrs like Thomas More and the Carthusians, or among a devoted and exalted few like Catherine and Mary?

These questions have been discussed for some four hundred years and they are still fresh. The passage of time even improves the perspective, while modern scholarship adjusts the focus of our glasses to enable us to scrutinize more clearly those Tudor people whose passionate decisions ordained our separate church-goings on Sunday. No better work of clarifying has been done than that of Mr. Mattingly and Miss Prescott. They are both scholars who have learned to do two things: to read their documents and to write. Mr. Mattingly's Catherine is an excellent portrait of Henry's Spanish consort, the materials for which he gathered laboriously from the relevant archives of England and the Continent. But his writing is far from being laboured: a living queen emerges who makes her way through court and crises with more perfect conviction than was possible in the older histories. In courage she was Henry's match; in faith she was incomparably his better: she lived an unsullied life in a sordid age; she withstood the battery of Henry's persecution until her death. Had she won the victory against Henry, she might hold a place in British and American history as the saintly champion of a Catholic Commonwealth. That she failed scarcely lessens the interest of her lonely crusade to which at last justice has now been done. Mr. Mattingly is equally good with those about her, with Wolsey, Cromwell, Henry himself, although to explain the genesis of the Anglican Church by too heavy an insistence on the King's desire for Anne Boleyn is surely to oversimplify an affair that was inextricably mixed with dynastic politics and the real necessity of the nation for a male heir to the throne.

Miss Prescott's volume on Mary runs to some five hundred pages. Yet the reader who ventures is likely to regret the long pageant's ending after so vivid and poignant a journey. The author writes not only from an infinitely detailed knowledge of the sources (which she knows well how to use) but with a woman's understanding of the very womanly Mary. For as she appears in this, the best of her biographies, Mary is a far more subtle and complicated person than the dehumanized bigot of popular memory. Her blighted adolescence and the unhappiness of her early womanhood left her remarkably hopeful, faithful and unembittered, somewhat naïve and unsophisticated, much dependent upon the advice of men, yet schooled harshly in experience to distrust them. The purpose of her life was to lead her people, an erring, simple flock, back to the fold of true religion and to restore the ancient jurisdiction of the Holy Catholic Church within her realm of England. The Protestants and their camp-followers she could only regard as an army of blasphemers, revolutionaries, iconoclasts, their past "a perpetual flux of belief, a loosening of all the bonds that held society together". Nor was she alone in such a view. Conservatives of every sort could share such appre-

hensions and nurse as acute an abhorrence. Actually, as Miss Prescott shows, the evidence against Mary as the initiator of the terror against heretics is slight. Rather was the policy of burning "the panic reply of a social and political order threatened by a force which seemed determined on nothing short of anarchy". Thus the responsibility is spread and Mary becomes intelligible as the ruler of a society badly shaken in its moral foundations by revolutionary tremours. Yet Miss Prescottt, though recreating the circumstances with remarkable clarity of detail, can still aver that in our day we may find it difficult to understand why men were willing to apply such terrible sanctions against differences in religious belief. In these times of seismic social disturbance, of ideological war and its technique of conversion by terror, it is unhappily all too easy to understand the political methods of the sixteenth century. To read Miss Prescott's book is to see ourselves as some future historian may see us—the cruel and fanatical children of a gloomy though formative age.

W. E. C. H.

BOLIVAR: THE LIFE OF AN IDEALIST. By Emil Ludwig. Toronto: Macmillan Company. 1942. Pp. xi+362. \$4.50.

The book was presented to the Government of Venezuela in 1938, but due to difficulties of translation publication was postponed.

As to the formation of Bolivar's spirit, it has long been my opinion that historians have exaggerated the influence of the European thinkers, particularly Rousseau, and neglected the tradition and spirit of Bolivar's native land, with which few are intimately acquainted. Nor, despite the excellent works of Mitre and Mancini, has sufficient consideration been given to the personality and temperament of the Libertador, tried and tested by so many years of strife.

Ludwig seems to strike a fair balance between the various factors influencing Bolivar. He presents to us Bolivar's tutor, Rodrigues (later called Robinson), the interpreter of European ideas, in his true light—that of an amoral revolutionary. But if Bolivar was at first a perfect *Émile*, learning to doubt everything that he had been taught within his family circle and imbibing the new ideas that were then conquering the world, later in Vienna he came under the influence of a very different Rodrigues and "for his part, Robinson found his *Émile* pale and overwrought, lacking energy and purpose." Ludwig very deliberately insists, furthermore, that it was this new mentor, Humboldt, the explorer and German scholar of French émigré stock, who had the greater influence in shaping the ideas of the young revolutionary, for "Rodriguez, the disciple of Rousseau, had inspired him with the ideals of freedom, yet that had been a general appeal, a non-committal challenge to mankind," but, "Humboldt, less passionate,

a pure scientist and observer, had considered the existing state of the country and its people and drawn a conclusion which implied a challenge to his hearer."

Readers of Bolivar's biography are, no doubt, acquainted with the influence of Fanny de Villars, the rich and distinguished Parisian beauty who carried the poetic lover at her feet for about two years. Bolivar, who lost his wife (Maria Theresa del Toro) after only nine months of happy married life, always called his romantic mistress Theresa. In her salon he met the heroes in vogue at the time, among whom were Chateaubriand and Mme de Staël, and although he never met the Emperor he only narrowly avoided having a duel with his step-son. But the life of the wealthy dandy could not satisfy the soul of Bolivar: "I know that I am not a man like all the rest, and Paris is not the place where I can put my qualms to rest." After drawing attention to the frequency with which the word "glory" occurs in Bolivar's correspondence with Fanny de Villars and after discounting the fashionable lamentations of the *dandy*, the author gives his conclusion in the words which follow, revealing his skilful touch in painting Bolivar's life. "After the untimely end of a great love, which memory made immortal, after the disillusion he had suffered as a lion of the salons, after the humiliations inflicted on his race and his honour, nothing was left to this young and restless soul but glory. Beside the idea of glory, the luxury he lived in seemed a sham, and in that phrase he touched the point at which the heir to millions could find the strength to pull himself out of his vapid existence and play a part in history."

Bolivar and San Martin were both admitted to the Lodge of Cadiz at about the same time, on the occasion of Bolivar's second visit to Europe, and as a member of the *Caballeros Racionales* the *Libertador* renewed his oath at Miranda's house in Grafton Square, where all the apostles of the American Revolution met. This was at a time when secret societies were decidedly *égalitaire* and *libertaire*. But why—Ludwig asks—did Bolivar, a prominent member of a Spanish Lodge, beg the Spanish Ambassador to seek an audience for him with Pius VII? And why did he suddenly refuse to kiss the Pope's slipper? The answer lies in "the same confusion of curiosity and admiration, of defiance and hostility, which moved him in the presence of the Emperor". For the same reason he refused an invitation to witness Napoleon's coronation from the Ambassador's box, missing one of the "strangest spectacles in history". Ludwig seems to be successful in showing that the conflict between power and principles was one of the things which always bewildered the mind of Bolivar and such ever-present conflicts seem to crop up whenever the aristocrat tries to shake off the inherited tradition.

The author gives ample proof that, although Bolivar did not inspire either fear or love in men, he was extremely able in dealing with them, showing the highest of qualities of the politician. Evidently, the greater part of the mestizo-soldiers could feel more akin to a man like General Páez, a mestizo without education, but Bolivar knew that he could always impress Spanish-bred people with symbols of power and his uneducated troops by his feats of horsemanship. Ludwig seldom describes a battle, nor does he attempt to describe the crossing of the Cordilleras, one of the most extraordinary episodes in Bolivar's history. The author borrows the vivid description from O'Leary, "whose sharp-featured face is a guarantee against any exaggeration". In this case, no one can blame our psychological biographer for giving preference to an eye witness who from the start knows how to excite the reader's curiosity: "The first sight of the wonderful mountains caused astonishment and fear among the *llaneros*; they could not imagine a country so different from their savannas. Their wonder grew with every climb, for the summit they believed the highest was always the first stage of a yet higher one, till in the end the highest of all was separated from earth by cloud and mist."

Thus we come to Ludwig's concluding chapters, called "The Dictator" and "Don Quixote". The truth is that the Libertador never repudiated the doctrines of the French Revolution, and two years before his death we find him speaking of the people as the source and fount of all power. In general, monarchy seemed to him to be an exotic fruit, an European plant which could not be transplanted to American soil, and the author makes this very plain in his extensive and penetrating comparison of Bolivar and San Martin. The Libertador was, none the less, an indefatigable supporter of the authority of the central government, as he clearly stated at the Congress of Agostura and in his correspondence. But in the clash with reality Bolivar's ideas were swept aside and the Libertador never succeeded in realizing his project to bring all of Spanish America under one flag.

No biography of Bolivar would be complete without mentioning Manuela (Manuelita as Bolivar called her), the only woman, apart from his young wife, whom he really loved. Of her correspondence only five letters had been preserved and Ludwig quotes from all of them to show her ascendancy over the Libertador. He was forty years old when they first met one another at the City Hall in Quito. "In her he saw pride in its most elegant form, glory with its earthly smile, wit, pliancy, freshness, laughter, and daring united in a perfect picture of womanly beauty." Seldom has Ludwig painted a girl's portrait so enthusiastically. So much does our author admire her that he carefully compares her letters with those of other women, showing "how firm was the ring of Manuela's voice". Nor is it likely that there is any exaggeration on Ludwig's part, for one of the conspirators who tried to capture

Bolivar at Bogota writes that when they opened the bedroom "a beautiful woman with a sword in her hand came toward us and asked with admirable presence of mind what we wanted". Such was the strength of Manuela's character! That day she became the Libertadora of the Libertador. She survived her lover for a generation and in the last pages of the book we meet her again in her invalid's chair "with the majesty of a queen on her throne". She was buried in the same grave as the other principals of this tragic chapter of South American history.

The last days of the Libertador are vividly portrayed by extracts from documents which show that never did a statesman meet death more boldly. Bolivar's last manifesto, vigorous and aggressive, "Colombians! I have given my strength to establish freedom where once tyrants ruled. . . . If my death helps to heal dissension and restore union, I shall go in peace to my grave," sums up the life of an idealist, so masterly interpreted by Emil Ludwig.

J. H. B.

INTRODUCING AUSTRALIA. By C. Hartley Grattan. Illustrated. New York: The John Day Company; Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. 1942. Pp. xiii+331. \$4.00.

Australia is very much in the minds of all of us at the present time. We must therefore be grateful to Mr. Grattan for giving us this vivid description of life and ideas in Australia.

The book opens with two introductory chapters, "As I See Australia" and "As Australians See It". Mr. Grattan is of the opinion that Australia will never be one of the Great Powers but thinks that Australians will, if fate favours them, become a great people. The present reviewer well remembers an old friend, the late Sir Henry Gullett, telling him that Australians had courage, although that was not the word used, because of the way they went about repairing damages caused by periodic droughts. They never lost their ability to overcome difficulties or their faith in the country.

As Mr. Grattan remarks, "When you think that in 1788, when the first Australian settlement was planted, there was nothing of western European civilization from which white men could draw much usable wisdom, while to-day the land supports a complex, western, modern, free society, you begin to wonder how the job was done. It was done, of course, by fallible men following what light they had at the moment." Mr. Grattan tells us how it was done and one realizes that he has studied his subject deeply and without bias. The reader will find in the second chapter that Australians can criticize their countrymen severely.

In the main part of his book, Mr. Grattan traces the growth of Australia from its beginnings, through its mainly pastoral and

agricultural phases, which are still of great importance, to its present position as a highly industrialized country. We are told, for example, that the steel works at Newcastle, New South Wales, are the largest in the British Commonwealth of Nations and that they are able to produce the widest varieties of steels as well. We learn about the growth of the labour movement, often against ruthless opposition which incidentally led directly to the interest of the labour party in politics. One needs scarcely be told that at the present time the Labour party is in power in the federal government. We are also told about the rise of the Arbitration courts which deal with conflicts between Labour and Capital. It will be seen that we have a lot to learn from Australia.

The chapter on "Cultural Life" shows us that Australia has developed novelists and poets whose work often reaches a very high standard. One needs only to mention Henry Handel Richardson's novel, *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney*. Another important chapter explains the close tie that exists, and we trust always will exist, between Britain and Australia, even though that tie will become weaker because of the necessity of Australia finding fresh markets for its produce and for other reasons. Culturally there is a strong tie between the two countries. As many Canadians look to the United States for ideas and opportunities so do Australians look towards Britain and particularly England. Profound changes, however, will be effected by reason of the present war. As we are aware, Australians and Americans are now beginning to know and appreciate each other. This may have far-reaching effects.

A tremendous amount of interesting and valuable information has been packed between the covers of this comprehensive and important book, which is extremely well illustrated and has an excellent bibliography. Only a few of the topics dealt with have been referred to in this review.

J. A. G.

NEW POEMS BY THE POET LAUREATE

GAUTAMA THE ENLIGHTENED AND OTHER VERSE. By

John Masefield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1941. Pp. 58. \$1.75.

The calm, gracious, mystical mind of Siddhattha or Gautama, freed by earnest thought from the evils of passion and self-indulgence and from the error of asceticism (both resulting from undue concern for one's individual person), has naturally attracted the poet Masefield. To be sure, Mr. Masefield—unlike Siddhattha—has not systematized his ethical thinking, but he has felt his way through love of the beauty of Nature, its graces of form and colour, to a serene belief that the essence of virtue itself is to be found in its beauty. In his experience, æsthetic has guided and

purified ethic, and the mysticism he shares with all romantic poets—especially with Blake, Keats and Yeats—has kindled his sympathy for so great a seer as Gautama, the Buddha (the Enlightened). It can hardly be said that this title-poem is among the better things in Masefield (it pauses and wanders with no sharp intention, no structural sufficiency), yet its author's clear, spare, companionable idiom and his deep sincerity redeem some of its parts from the ineffectiveness of the whole. The second poem, *Shopping in Oxford*, provides a pleasant diversion in heroic couplets. The third, *Mahdama's Quest*, a tale of love, menace, rescue and final happiness, can be praised only for one notable quatrain and a few quick felicities in phrasing. Three-beat couplets are used in the last poem, *An Art Worker*. It has 'quick', but too much picture is forced into too slight a frame, and one's sense of proportion is left unsatisfied. Nevertheless, the

. twenty scenes
Of what to-day's life means

evoke memories of some of Mr. Masefield's more enduring work, such as *The Everlasting Mercy*, the Biblical plays and the stories of southern seas and of the Near East.

G. H. C.

FICTION

ROGUE'S LEGACY. By Babette Deutsch. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Company. 1942. Pp. 392. \$3.00.

To write a really effective story with François Villon as 'hero' requires a searching study of his period and his environment and an imaginative sympathy that can give the chief episodes continuity and causal relation. Miss Deutsch's novel satisfies these requirements. Fifteenth century Villon—Master of Arts of the University of Paris, poet and scrivener, vagabond and courtier, lover and rake, beggar and wastrel, prisoner and penitent—lives in these vivid pages. The reviewer has not seen Carco's tale of Villon, and cannot, therefore, compare it with *Rogue's Legacy*, but it would have to go far to rival the latter in scale and understanding, for Miss Deutsch, herself a poet and a scholar, has given her subject an almost excessive vitality. Almost—for if Villon savoured his age, he also gulped it, and his mercurial mind could not long sustain itself. Miss Deutsch's interspersed renderings of some of the Villon ballades (which, says Stevenson, "are quite his own, and can be paralleled from no other language known to me"), while appropriate and at times even happy, seem less successful than those of Nicolson and Wharton, at their best. In any case, for the narrator's special purpose here as novelist, it might have been an advantage to use the originals and to relegate the translations to an appendix. *Rogue's Legacy* is a worthy companion-piece to Gaston Paris's monograph on Villon (1901) and to Wyndham Lewis's recent study.

G. H. C.

HISTORY

THAT DAY ALONE. By Pierre van Paassen. New York: The Dial Press, 1941.

Pierre van Paassen came from Holland to Canada as a boy, and fought in France with the Canadians. He has been a correspondent for *The Toronto Star* and other newspapers in various parts of the world, and his experiences and reflections provide the material for this book. The threads with which it is put together are his dislike of "capitalistic culture" and "imperialist power politics" and his conviction that after the last war the world was thrown back into its old miseries by the capitalists, who were too strong for the idealists and the workers.

He gives a depressing picture of Paris in the autumn of 1939, with the struggle lost before it was well begun because the people did not trust their leaders. He describes his boyhood in the old Dutch town of Gorcum, and comments bitterly on the stern discipline of its old-fashioned religion. Later—after some hundred pages of history and anecdote—he presents a picture that is much more grim; by the summer of 1940 the New Order was ruling Gorcum.

The second part of the book is made up of two series of sketches. In one series he has tried, he says, "to recapture and interpret the impact of the times in which we live on people I know". In the other he has tried to discover and relate certain unconsidered but critical methods which have determined the march of events. Like some other journalists, he is eager to give his readers a back-stage view of happenings during the Twenties and Thirties in Italy, Japan, Spain, and France. He sets forth in detail the purpose, as he sees it, of Rudolf Hess's flight to Scotland, and he denounces Weygand and Laval, Pétain and Flandin, together with "the trust magnates and utility directors", for sabotaging the French war effort because they hated democracy.

Mr. van Paassen's descriptions are often vivid, and he is intensely in earnest. But his reasoning would be more convincing and his pleading more effective if his conclusions were less dogmatic. And to refer to Mr. Chamberlain as "the old man with the umbrella" is too cheap and easy.

W. G.

THE SIXTH COLUMN: INSIDE THE NAZI-OCCUPIED COUNTRIES. Introduction by Winston S. Churchill. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Company. Pp. xi+313. \$3.00.

There are ten chapters in this chronicle, each giving some account of the recent history of one of the countries in Europe which have fallen victims to Nazi attack and now suffer the pain inflicted upon them by their Nazi jailers. It is a sombre and moving re-

hearsal, lacking nothing in horror. Jan Masaryk's essay on the rape of Czechoslovakia reveals both the tragedy that has overtaken one of the most ardently and intelligently democratic peoples in Europe, and the appalling lengths to which Nazi sadism will be carried against an "inferior race" that dares to remain "stubborn". The description of the Polish terror is not less harrowing. But none of the subjugated peoples have escaped that bodily and spiritual mutilation which is the fate of those who fall victims to Nazidom: and among the victims we must include the Germans themselves, for no other nation in modern times has stained itself with the marks of such great and deliberate crimes against others as the Nazified Germans have done.

There are some potent lessons to be read in these pages. They mirror, in the bloody pools of European experience, the postures of neutrality and isolationism in all their ghastly futility. They reveal in plainness of detail what defeat is like, and poignantly describe the shock and bewilderment that overtakes the citizen of a free land when the invader takes possession. But the book is an indication, also, of how occupied Europe is still at war, how an endless campaign is being carried on by patriots from the Norwegian fjords to the Grecian islands, from the Atlantic coast to the marches of Russia, secretly, under great hazards, but with indestructible courage. Hitler has millions of enemies inside his lines. It is an important part of our strategy to aid this numberless sixth column, to wage war against the common enemy, so that when the time comes the peoples, in good heart and good hope, will rise.

W. E. C. H.

THE HABSBURG MONARCHY, 1815-1918: A HISTORY OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE AND AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. By A. J. P. Taylor, Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford. Toronto: The Macmillans in Canada. Pp. xii+316. \$5.00.

The Habsburgs first became imperial in 1279 when Rudolph, Archduke of Austria, was elected Holy Roman Emperor. They reverted to privacy again in 1918 when the young Charles, overborne by military disaster, renounced all share in the government first of Austria and then of Hungary. In the meantime, the dynasty had ceased to be Holy and Roman when Napoleon exorcised those titular ghosts in 1806. The present addition to Habsburg history covers the period between the disappearance of Napoleon and that of Charles, a long century during which the fate of the peoples of the Danubian lands, of the Germanies, of Europe as a whole, and even of the world at large, depended in considerable measure upon the political ability of the hereditary rulers at Vienna.

The significance of Mr. Taylor's book is a study of an attempt to apply the dynastic solution to the problems of a multi-national state. In the first part of the period, *imperium* of the Habsburgs was threatened by the claims of the two major nationalities living in their dominions—the Germans of Austria and the Magyars of Hungary. The obvious strategy was to divide and rule, and at the same time to build up reserves against either by mobilizing the submerged nationalities, who were chiefly Slav, and through liberal gestures of emancipation, to bind their loyalties to the imperial house. But the only Habsburg who dared to touch the peasant property of the magnates was the revolutionary Emperor Joseph II, who was much too intelligent a product of the Age of Enlightenment for his descendants to understand that his eccentric courses offered the best possibilities for their own preservation. After the shocks of the French Revolution and Napoleon, they fell back upon the anachronism of Metternich, following him blindly into the storms of 1848. Less than twenty years later, having in the meantime been shouldered out of the Germanies of Bismarck, the Habsburgs were forced into the *Ausgleich* of 1867, when Germans and Magyars became masters in their own houses, with the submerged nationalities as chattels. A generation further on, being able to satisfy neither Germans, nor Magyars nor Slavs, the dynasty succumbed to the uncontrollable passions of race, and obtusely led their peoples into a war of unprecedented magnitude and unparalleled horror.

As they had attempted to apply it for nearly six and a half centuries, the dynastic adhesive had failed to show the properties of permanence against the strong corrosive of nationalism. The federal alternative is once more under discussion as a possible binding agent to hold together the uncompromising national fragments which produced the Danubian anarchy of the inter-war period. Yet no principles are likely to admit of practical application to the former Habsburg lands that neglect the computation of historic probabilities. Federation is not necessarily a workable idea because the bare politics and economics advertise its desirability: unfortunately the historic variables may spoil the equation. And there are always the Habsburgs! As the only book in English which deals with imperial Austria as a problem in government for the period covered, Mr. Taylor's book may be recommended to anyone who may wish to navigate the uncharted deeps of the next peace conference.

W. E. C. H.

THE VOICE OF FIGHTING RUSSIA. Edited by Lucien Zacharoff. Preface by Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Company. Pp. xix+335. \$4.00.

The magnitude of the Russian phenomenon increases with time. The fierce resistance which held and countered the savage Nazi onslaught confounded even the well-informed German General Staff, and all our destinies hang upon the result of that appalling struggle in the marches of western Europe. Behind the Russian outposts there is a nation at bay, waging, with stoic endurance, a war of liberation. In this book, a symposium from many sources, the Russian people are described as they fight, with incident and circumstance, so that the reader is shown a series of close-ups of the vast battleground where Red morale has upset the Nazi calculus of victory.

There is much here that we might learn from our allies about the methods of political warfare. Both in attack and defence, the Russians have proved themselves masters of this potent technique and have used it as an essential part of anti-fascist strategy. No more powerful or deadly instrument has yet been brought to bear upon the interior lines of Hitlerism. The political offensive, the bombardment of ideas, is second only in effectiveness to the onset of men and steel. On our own home front we have yet to evince that utter conviction which sanctions any sacrifice. Readers of the book may ask themselves whether we hold the ideals of democracy as dearly as the Russians do theirs. If we lack such surety, the question follows whether we are strong in our purpose and as fortified in our resolve to meet the hard demands that face us. The voice of our allies moves us to admiration and gratitude for the part they are playing: it should cause us also to examine the tenets of our own social faith in the light of democratic principles and the terms of a democratic policy which can stir us to endeavours on as heroic a scale.

W. E. C. H.

THE STRATEGY OF FREEDOM. By Harold J. Laski. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons. Pp. 123. \$1.65.

Professor Laski of the University of London, whose name is probably better known to students on this side of the Atlantic than that of any other political scientist not being an American, addresses this book as an open letter to students, especially American, on the issues of the war. That it was written before the United States became an active belligerent does not lessen its usefulness as a statement of the meaning of the struggle from the point of view of a British Socialist. The stake for which the people of the embattled island have gauged life and possessions is freedom. Under no other condition can there be any hope of social progress, but only the certainty of a tyranny so inhuman that its

daily manifestations take on the shape of a nightmare translated into gruesome actuality. For as Mr. Laski reminded us in the words of the Chinese Socialist, Mao Tse Tung, "we cannot even speak of socialism if we are robbed of a country in which to practise it."

It is this savage necessity for preserving the very identity of the British nation which has brought the great parties in the state and the mass of its individuals into a solid phalanx of resistance under the leadership of Mr. Churchill. Yet as men and women in the onset of danger are moved by a spirit which transcends the instinct of personal survival, so democratic aspiration and the moral purpose of a civilized community, even in its hour of dire peril, range beyond the mere saving of skins. The question rises insistent as to the uses of that victory for which the ordinary folk of England are prepared to pay so dolorous a price. There has surely never been before in history a quest more earnest or more general for the greater ends in view. Nor has there ever been, in the face of such frightful peril, a more generous regard for that liberty of expression in speech and the written word wherewith the British people strive to resolve their difficulties.

It is in this great practice of debate, this cherished right of free criticism, that democratic principles as the British have applied them, demonstrate their supreme validity over the barbarous negations of Fascism. "I venture to think," writes Professor Laski, "that no people in our situation has ever left utterance so unfettered. Not least is this the case in British universities; Communist teaching and Pacifist teaching have alike their active and unpenalized votaries. . . I have sat in common rooms with teachers who have not hesitated to proclaim their faith that war is contrary to the mandate of Christ. . . Those who oppose this war can hold their meetings, print their manifestos, run, if they choose, for Parliament. A war for freedom and democracy is being conducted by the methods of freedom and democracy".

When Voltaire visited England, he was amazed to observe the liberty enjoyed by Englishmen to be critical in matters of politics and government. As a result, he passed on his enthusiasm to the Continent, where the liberal institutions of Britain gave a pattern to liberal thought. There is no surer foundation for the democratic intent of the British people to-day than in their preservation of this, their most characteristic freedom, nor any more powerful proclamation of their democratic good faith. Mr. Laski has many other points to his argument, each of them stated with lucid candour. He may well rest his case on the fact that rational discussion has been so miraculously continued in a moment when the portals of the state are being battered by the enemy. That debate must go on, for victory has its hazards and peace its disasters no less than war. It is the course of wisdom that we should be

preparing ourselves now for that difficult campaign which will begin at the moment of armistice, and the winning of which will be an obligation to our dead and a trust for our children. Not least among the citizens for whom these great matters are of deep concern are the students whose attention Professor Laski claims in this eloquent tract.

W. E. C. H.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

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POSTSCRIPT TO *A SEARCH FOR AMERICA*

BY FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE

A FEW years ago *A Search for America* was placed on the curriculum in English of the University of Toronto. The examiner who read the papers set on this course told me that the most frequent criticism levelled against the book by candidates was the 'incredibility' of a man of the author's supposed knowledge and culture not finding some position befitting his attainments. The book records that this rather highly-educated young man became successively a waiter in a cheap eating-house, a book-agent, a farm-hand, a factory worker. It omitted a good many of the more gruelling experiences the author went through in the twenty years during which he never succeeded in raising himself above the status of a labourer, in spite of the fact, or perhaps because of it, that in the meantime he wrote a number of books which in later years proved successful, *A Search for America* among them. It did not mention, either, that twenty years had gone by before he entered the teaching profession. Nor did it mention how he began to publish his books while still teaching; how an accident forced him to give up his teaching career till he was 'over-age' for that occupation; how he farmed till increasing years drove him into retirement; nor how his books failed to supply him with the necessities of life.

Another thirty years have since gone down the stream; and it may interest some of my young critics to hear that, after fifty years on this continent, during which he wrote and published the dozen books or so which have earned him what reputation he enjoys as a Canadian writer, he had, in order to make his daily bread, at last to return to the status of a labourer with which he began his life in America. When that happened he was seventy years old.

On the last day of June of the current year, having at long last secured a job, I entered a canning-factory in the southwest of Ontario. The opening of which I took advantage came with the beginning of the rush in the pea harvest. I was engaged to remove empty boxes as the truck-loads from the threshing-fields brought the full ones in—a humble job. Two or three, rarely four men were employed in unloading them from the trucks; one man, I, was employed to remove the ‘empties’.

Just a word about the lay-out of the work.

At the end of a long, narrow platform running along the outside of the building and communicating with its inside through two open windows, there is a hopper capable of holding between 500 and 600 pounds of peas. At its bottom this hopper opens upon a revolving drum with large grooves so spaced that each deposits its small load into one of the ‘pea-buckets’ which follow one another at given intervals, slung to two roller-chains which run from the ground up to, and through, a window on the top floor of the factory. These pea-buckets swing freely, so that gravity holds them upright. The whole arrangement is, in the factory, called the ‘boot’; since the endless chains, descending on the outside, and ascending next to the building, run straight up till they reach the top window, where they bend over, running on cog-wheels, and enter through it, the rough outline of the whole arrangement may, with some help from the imagination, be compared to

that of an inverted boot. Upstairs, and inside, this conveyor system passes over a second hopper where each of the buckets—a poor name, since they have the form of half cylinders—is tilted to discharge its load.

It is the task of the men below who unload the trucks to keep the hopper at the end of the platform filled. The hopper discharges into the 'pea-buckets' about one forty-pound boxful of peas every five seconds, so that about every five seconds a box full of peas has to be discharged into it. At this rate it takes forty minutes to unload a 500-box truckload directly into the hopper. But when the work in the threshing-fields, between eleven and twenty miles away, runs smoothly, this rate of discharge is too slow. Consequently, if there are more than two men available for unloading—two are all that are needed to keep the hopper filled—the extra man or men simultaneously unload on the platform, stacking the full boxes, to be discharged into the hopper during a slack period, for it happens sometimes that no new truck has arrived from the threshing-fields when the old one is despatched. This involves double handling; and when the platform is filled to the height of about seven feet, the remainder of the load—if there is hurry; and there usually is—must be unloaded on the ground. This requires triple handling, for the boxes have to be handed down, handed up again, and then dumped. Generally speaking, this process of unloading the trucks is, on that account, extraordinarily inefficient.

There are other factors which contribute to that result. Thus the floor inside the building, where the 'empties' have to be handled, is at a different level from that of the platform. If the man removing the empties does not happen to be on the spot—under certain circumstances he has to take fifty or more steps to get rid of them and to come back—the empty boxes have simply to be dropped through the window, with much damage to the boxes. This is against orders, but it

cannot be helped, for the hopper has to be kept filled, and the men have no time to be careful.

It will be seen that, inevitably, the machine sets the pace. In that, it comes into conflict with human nature. Most of the men employed are lusty young fellows who, at least before noon, have plenty of energy to spare for fooling and horse-play. It usually begins with the throwing of handfuls of peas into each other's faces, or stuffing them into open shirt-fronts. The next moment there is a tangle of wrestling and writhing bodies, while the yard resounds with shouts and laughter. A few seconds later a warning call rings out, coming from myself, "Peas, boys, peas!" For the hopper is rapidly running down; and, should it run empty, the break in the work would be discovered upstairs by foreman or superintendent. Now the boxes begin to fly through the air; nobody carries them over; everybody throws them; to the distress of the man who handles the empties, for he cannot keep up with the deluge. Yet he does not resent it, for the mere sight of young human flesh in play has something refreshing in this atmosphere of unremitting toil; and if, for the moment, his work becomes frantic, he laughs with the rest. Yet, when the boxes come flying there is a great deal of waste, for the peas spill in all directions like water splashing.

The work is both seasonal and intermittent. The summer's pea-rush lasted, this year, for three weeks and a day; and then there follows a lay-off of several weeks till tomatoes begin to come in. What made this particularly annoying was the fact that even within the rush there were breaks; one day it rained, and threshing stopped; another day the harvest in a given field was finished in the middle of the afternoon, and the machines had to be moved. At once the superintendent appeared and sang out, "That's all for to-day; report tomorrow morning at seven". And all those who were not engaged as steady hands working all year—and the latter were

a mere handful—‘punched out’. In my own case this happened once, on a Saturday afternoon, within half-an-hour of my arrival. It had cost me about thirty cents to come in; my wages for that half-hour amounted to seventeen-and-a-half cents.

A few words about the regulations governing payment. Most hands arrived several minutes ahead of time. If they are a quarter-minute late, the penalty is a quarter-hour’s pay. I, having to go three-and-a-half miles to get to the factory, usually arrived at least ten minutes ahead; I had to consider the possibility of unexpected delays. Now the rule is that nobody is paid for work done before the bell rings. On the other hand, there might be a load in when quitting-time came, at twelve noon, or at six p.m. In that case we were required to go on with the work that had been begun till it was finished. It is true that, if a truck arrived a few minutes before the bell, we usually managed not to start the work, under some pretext or other; the reason being that again there was no pay unless overtime amounted to at least a quarter-hour; twenty or twenty-five, even twenty-nine, minutes counted as fifteen; and consequently there was at such times an inhuman rush. There was no time-and-a-half pay for over-time; only straight time counted. It was not uncommon for the work to go on till midnight; once it went on till just after three, and once till a quarter-past-four in the morning. The next day one of the lustiest young fellows who, by the way, had to go six miles to reach his bed was much subdued. “Not feeling well Frank?” I asked. “Tough”, he said; “tough!” Yet this man, who is paying for a small farm, arrived next morning at eight o’clock, or slightly ahead of the hour. Like myself, he was one of the boys who cannot loaf away the few extra minutes when work was waiting that had to be done in a hurry.

That is one of the surprising things. Nearly everybody worked as if he were attending to his own personal tasks which

did not admit of his shirking. On the other hand, everybody, of course, was willing to take advantage of a lull, such as arose between loads. Or an extra man momentarily out of a job appeared and took the place of one of the men working with me, and even my own place.

Another remarkable thing was that the vast majority of the men showed themselves not only decent but kind and considerate—a thing I had not expected. This showed itself in such trifles as their way of speaking to me. All but one man invariably called me 'Mr. Grove'—or 'Professor Grove'—whereas everybody else was called by his first name. Nobody except the superintendent, who is constitutionally unable to look on when anyone is not working at top speed, ever asked me to do a job beyond my powers or one which involved a disagreeable task. The men invariably tried—not always succeeding—to place the empty boxes in such a way that they were easy to pick up. One box was placed on the edge of the hopper, in a precarious equilibrium; a second box was upended into it; and a third box was inverted over the second. By that time I was usually back to receive this nest and to dispose of it. When there was room to stack these empties in the immediate neighbourhood of the window through which I had to reach for them, this gave me a welcome succession of moments of leisure which lasted perhaps from fifteen to twenty seconds. But that was rare except immediately after a truck reloaded with empties had left. Naturally, when it came to leading empties—which had to be done past the man or men who dumped the 'fulls'—one took those nearest to hand at the window. This was the hardest part of the work because it was always done in a great hurry; the driver of the truck was anxious to get back to the threshing-field. As a rule a chain of two, three or four men formed to handle the empties till the truck was filled to capacity. On one occasion, no spare hands being available, two of the bosses jumped in, the superintendent

and the assistant manager. Things hummed. One of the men who usually worked next to myself, said afterwards, "They come here for a few minutes and act as if they wanted to show us what work is; and then they go to their offices to rest".

It occurred to me that it would not be a bad thing if once in a while, if only for a single day, all managers had to do the work of the men—not for a few minutes, but for ten or fourteen hours. They would learn how the men feel. The trouble with such an arrangement would be that it could not be reversed; the men could not take the places of the managers in order to receive similar enlightenment; they would lack the knowledge required.

Mostly, when a truck arrived to be unloaded, a foreman appeared, with the obvious intention of seeing to it that no time was wasted. This was entirely unnecessary; but from my point of view, that of the observer, it was instructive. It served to differentiate between the attitudes of the men. Some, a very few, ostentatiously speeded up under the eye of authority; by far the majority paid no attention whatever and went on in their even, efficient way; a few defiantly relaxed their efforts rather, even going so far as to do the forbidden thing, such as lighting a cigarette, right under the eyes of the boss. Invariably, the first to do so was the driver of the truck, who felt secure because men available for that work were scarce. Having connived at one infraction of the rules, the foreman could hardly object to others breaking them as well; it was sometimes comical to see him try not to notice what was going on.

This leads me to another point which, in my opinion, is of great importance. Throughout the premises, inside and out, 'No Smoking' notices are posted, even in the enormous yard enclosed by a board fence. The first night, about ten or eleven o'clock, I, not knowing this, climbed during a lull out of my window on to the platform, and thence jumped to the ground

to have a quick smoke. I was at once seen from a window; and a watchman promptly appeared to call my attention to the prohibition. I could see no reason why a person craving a smoke should not indulge in it where I was. Yet such is the rule. The watchman told me that there was only one place where smoking was allowed—the lavatory. I soon found out that this lavatory was, in addition, the social centre of the establishment; for that reason I must speak of it at some length.

No matter what else, in this whole experience, may remain a vivid memory, I am sure I shall never forget the lavatory. Among the permanent employees there were certain apparently unattached individuals whose function it seemed to be to jump in where an extra hand was needed. In our department, the receiving department, Dan, an elderly man, was thus employed, a kindly, unobtrusive fellow who most of the time flitted about like a shadow. But whenever the work became frantic, he was on the spot to lend a hand. On occasion, when matters went their even if heavy course he would appear and watch for a moment; and, deciding that this or that man looked fagged, he would step or climb up to him and nod backward. Whoever was thus favoured promptly disappeared on his way to the lavatory, rolling a cigarette; for with one or two exceptions all the men were smokers. So far as I observed, nobody ever took advantage of Dan, but reappeared, refreshed by a drink of water and by a brief indulgence of the craving for tobacco, within ten minutes. The same thing happened in every department; for there were invariably from two to fifteen men in the lavatory, all of them talking or laughing, in groups and smoking. Since Dan extended his help, by taking over a job, with great impartiality, I soon came to know the place and the men who frequented it. No boss ever entered; it seemed that a tacit understanding between men and management marked this retreat as a sanctuary.

This, then, was the social centre of the factory where the talk was always confidential and sometimes violent; there was something furtive about its atmosphere. If it was used by the men during a lull, they arranged that one of each particular group remained outside and called the rest when they were needed. Dozens of times, when a truck arrived in the yard, I ran and called, "Frank"—or "Jimmie", as the case might be—"Peas!" And everybody from my department would rush out, throwing away the cigarette or, more commonly, pressing its burning end out and slipping the remainder into a pocket. Everybody resented the fact that no other place was provided for the brief rest.

It was here that I had one of my most memorable meetings. Repeatedly, in passing to and fro, I had met a slender, aristocratic-looking, elderly man. He had passed me without a sign of recognition, quiet and reserved. Yet I knew that already he had singled me out, perhaps recognizing me from having passed my place in the country and having seen me on the lawn, perhaps from having heard the men call me by my name. Twice, during my stay at the factory, it happened that we met alone in the lavatory. The first time as I entered he shot me a sharp glance from under grey eyebrows, standing otherwise motionless. Suddenly, as I lighted my cigarette, he threw his away and, straightening his stoop, looked me briefly in the eye, at the same time extending his hand and sweeping it with a circular turn around the place, not even the slightest motion of his facial muscles betraying his distaste. But I understood and nodded. He gave a brief laugh and left. The second time I spoke to him, asking "How did you get here?" He drew up his eyebrows and, after a momentary hesitation, said a single word, "Drink!" Next he smiled and asked, "And you?" "Literature", I replied. He laughed. "They say you are a linguist", he said next. "What languages?" "The usual ones", I said; "French, German, Italian, Spanish." "Latin

and Greek go without saying?" he asked, preparing to finish his smoke. I laughed. "Of course." "I thought so", he said, throwing his stub away and turning to the door. "They do, with us." This time I drew up my eyebrows. "Oxford", he said, and shrugged. It was the first gesture I had seen him make, apart from that circular sweep of the hand. And, in Greek, he muttered the line from Euripides' *Heracles* which means "May I not live without the muses!" Then he was gone.

A week or so later I met him a last time, on the occasion when I, having been laid off, made a round of the whole factory. He was working, 'kicking buckets' as they call it in factory jargon, that is, moving huge steel baskets filled with hot cans along the overhead monorail towards the enormous cooling-vat filled with water through which the cans travel on their way to the warehouse.

It was the third time in my life on this continent that I met an Oxford man under strange circumstances. The first was in the middle of the nineties of the last century, in the wheat-threshing fields of the Dakotas; the second in 1928 when I was making a lecture-tour through Canada: a farmer in the northern Peace River Valley shamefacedly confessed to me his educational antecedents.

As for the lavatory, the management could not easily make a better investment than by installing a small room with a few comfortable chairs — inexpensive camp-chairs — and smoke-stands where the men could meet as they do now, but under conditions which would raise their feeling of their own dignity. A small investment would pay enormous interest in contentment, loyalty, and raised morale; it would make the men feel that the management recognized them as human. The management knows that the men meet where they do; they know that they cannot eliminate the small waste entailed by the men's taking matters into their own hands by slipping

away from their work for minutes at a time. If this were openly acknowledged, I feel sure that the men would see the necessity of cutting this waste to a minimum. As it is, they compare in their own minds the ease and even luxury which manager, assistant manager and superintendent enjoy in their private offices.

I witnessed one incident which was revealing. The man who happened to be 'kicking the buckets', that is, removing the huge circular steel baskets when they were filled with hot cans, and starting them on their way to the cooling-vat between factory and warehouse, left his post after having pushed an empty basket into the place of the full one removed. No doubt he judged that he was perfectly safe in slipping away for a smoke. But he was delayed. For the machines to vary in the rate of delivery is practically impossible, so that the fault must have lain with the man. This is what happened. To the left of the man filling the basket the full cans come travelling along, boiling hot. A girl adds sterilized water to make them brimful as they travel past in an intricate pattern. A plunger dipping into them removes just enough of this water to make room for the slight convexity of the lid. Thus they enter the stamping-machine, which puts the lids on with a steady rhythm, perhaps one a second. As this machine ejects them they are pushed or push one another on to a short inclined plane of polished steel, whence gravity moves them forward to a level steel table where they bunch together in a certain way. The man who removes them into the steel basket slips a leather strap around a bunch of anywhere from two to eight cans—according to their size—and swings them into the basket which hangs from the monorail at a level lower than that on the table. When the basket is full, the man who 'kicks the buckets' removes it along a branch of the monorail and pushes an empty basket into place. It was at this stage that the mishap occurred, for the man had not returned. The one

next in line, who slips the cans down from the table, had to remove the full basket and reach for the empty one. This took more time than he could spare from the work which was properly his; and the full cans began to clatter to the floor. The noise instantly brought the superintendent upon the scene, at the precise moment when the 'bucket-kicker' returned. The superintendent received him with a volley of abuse, swearing at him. The man did not say a word as he resumed his work; but his face held a dark frown. Later on I had an opportunity to speak to the man, who had had to repair his omission. He said that, no matter what might have been the consequence, if the superintendent had spoken to him as he did to the other man, he would have laid him flat on the floor with a single swing of his powerful fist. "It is true", he added, "the man was at fault; and it is hard to tell what I'd have done had I been at fault." Perhaps I should add that it was a hot summer day; and even in winter this spot is a nasty place to work in, on account of the damp heat which comes from the sterilizing vats hissing with superheated steam. The men work in clouds of this steam, and the sweat streams from their bodies. Nobody liked the superintendent, as compared with the assistant general manager, a slim, always-smiling young man. The manager himself, though seemingly omnipresent, was too far removed to be either liked or disliked. He went through the factory like a divinity to be gazed at, not to be spoken to.

A word regarding the canning process as a whole. Three such processes were going on, of which I was concerned with only one, the canning of peas. In addition, sour cherries were put up, and chicken soup was made. Of the latter I heard stories which made my skin creep. Generally, it seems to be a fact that nobody employed in the factory to whom I had a chance to speak would have eaten any product made there. Personally I can speak of peas only. Now green peas are a crop which spoils very readily. A few hours are sufficient to

sour them; and now and then it happened that a load spoiled on the way from the threshing-field; some of these fields are over twenty miles away, and the roads are rough. When such a load came up to the receiving platform, it emitted a stench which proved almost too strong even for the men used to it. In such a case, the superintendent promptly appeared in the yard, to reach into a few of the boxes, and, according to the degree of heat he found in the peas, to give his verdict. As a rule that verdict was, "Shoot them up, boys!" In only one case, when a load had come in about five o'clock in the morning, having been threshed during the night, the order was to empty all the boxes into vats of cold water which stood ready and then to "shoot them up", thus cooled. The smell of that load remains an abiding memory with me; but the men, though they would not have bought a can of peas for their own households, assured me that, in the finished product, no housewife would have found anything to object to.

The human element entered the process again at the pea-grader on the top floor. Washed and sterilized, the peas entered a huge revolving drum with perforations of various sizes in its cylindrical shell. Through these perforations the peas were discarded on to tables over which moved endless belts of celluloid. On both sides of these tables stood a dozen men and women, each picking out impurities with bare hands: thistle-heads, lumps of soil, coal, and so on. Thistle-heads were extraordinarily numerous. As this work, according to the foreman in charge, women were vastly more efficient than men. But, since a good many men have steady jobs, they were assigned to this task whenever there was no other urgent work for them to do. The women displaced were promptly asked to 'punch out'. The foreman, who knew me, said contemptuously, "You can't expect men to pick clean". Whether this was a slur on the men or the women. I could not decide.

There are occasional gaps in the mechanical process where the human element enters. Apart from them, one can almost say that the human hand does not touch the product. The machines which, successively, advance the canning process from stage to stage are ingenious to a degree. On occasion they seem to show almost human characteristics. Thus, when the open but filled can moves under the piston of the stamping machine, a hot and sterilized lid descends between rods and there hovers for the minutest fraction of a second; the can moves up and comes to a momentary stop; it looks for all the world as if the lid hesitated in order to take aim; then, with great but accurately-calculated force, the piston comes down on the lid and stamps it on; you look, and already the can is no longer there; the next one moves up; and the process is repeated. The cans come in a steady stream; in a steady stream they move on.

It was at this point that, in watching, I was first struck by another peculiarity. Whenever the plunger comes down to remove surplus water and thus make room for the convexity of the lid, a few peas are carried away over the edge of the can. These peas accumulate till there is a pile of them on the floor. From time to time they are swept up, to be discarded into a waste tank the contents of which are once a day hauled away for pig-feed. If you don't get it in the cans, you get it in the pork. While it waits for the truck which takes this waste away, it spoils and ferments.

I walked through the rest of the factory which was operating in the service of the peas; and almost everywhere such piles of waste accumulated. On the top floor as well as below, at the receiving end, the floors and the platform outside, and also the ground over which the trucks drove up, were covered with a pea-slush which made it exceedingly hard to keep your footing. Very shortly my shins were raw with sores and bruises caused by my slipping against the edges of boxes. The

trucks that bring the peas have their floors similarly covered; for it is comparatively rare for a box to be picked up without a little of its contents being spilled; occasionally such a box would slip from the hands of the operator; more frequently a steady stream of peas ran out from breaks or holes in the wood of which it was made. Add to that the peas wasted by the human element where it entered into the process: the peas thrown at passing girls, inside or outside of the factory; the peas pilfered by the girls as they passed in order to be thrown back, from a distance, at the boys, and so on.

I tried to estimate that waste. Suppose that, within a given time, the total process covers the yearly demand of one thousand housewives; if the peas wasted could have been saved, at least fifty additional housewives, preserving them in the old-fashioned way, could have covered their needs. I was vividly reminded of a western farmer who having threshed his wheat, hand-threshed, during the winter by means of a fanning-mill, the strawstack left by the machine. At a time when wheat still sold at \$2.00 a bushel, he recovered 204 bushels, or two-thirds of what he would need next spring for seed.

That is the price we pay for machine operation: an enormous waste of production. Seeing that, in a money sense, labour is the largest item in the cost of production, this is perhaps unavoidable; we have no choice except between wasteful production and reduced production. Still, must the waste be so appalling?

My work at the factory, the pea-harvest being over, ceased on July 21. In the three weeks I had earned \$48.75 and then was laid off indefinitely till tomatoes should come in. This was unavoidable. The thing that infuriated me was the shorter lay-offs during the three weeks. The first time that such a break occurred, on Saturday, July 4th, I was told to check out after half an hour's frantic work, as I have mentioned.

Yet when, having gone home, I was sitting in the shade of my trees, I said to my wife, waving my arms at my surroundings, "This is more nearly Paradise than I have ever realized. The other thing is undiluted hell."

The experience and its sequel were extraordinarily illuminating to me. When I was laid off for the long July-August lull, being pressed by my necessities, I promptly applied, personally or by letter, for work at various other factories, mostly on war-production; entirely without success. Which reminded me of the years summarized in *A Search For America*. Wherever I went in person, I was met with the greatest courtesy till the purpose of my call was mentioned, when the courtesy promptly changed into suspicion. The American and Canadian employer distrusts the educated man, unless he has worked up through the regular channels or enters through them. It often looks, to-day as well as in the nineties of the last century, as if he resented his very existence.

Personally, I can see no ground for such prejudice. Anything that needs to be done forms part of the work of the world as I know it. Provided it does not require what is beyond my powers, I am willing to do it, whether the work is manual, clerical, or instructional. I cannot lift heavy weights; and I cannot teach Russian because I don't know it. These two things are, to me, entirely on a level; there is no difference in the prestige involved.

But such a difference exists in the minds of employers. They look me up and down, they listen to my speech, and they laugh; already they have decided that they don't want me; they are even inclined to resent my application. If others—husky, dark-skinned applicants—are waiting, they turn to them and engage them in a few words for work which I could do just as well and perhaps better.

In the early years of *The Search for America* I never dreamt of this interpretation—namely, that here as well as in

Europe it is practically impossible to step out of your 'class' except by the slow degree of degeneration or of the struggle for advancement. Just what it is that makes employers unwilling to use me—and others—I don't know; I have the impression that they don't know themselves. But instinctively they turn to the man who looks the part to be played and whose language is adequate to that part.

Perhaps there is a fear of criticism or subversive influence. As a professorial friend of mine expressed it to me, they fear 'ideas'. It is true, of course, that when inefficiency or injustice comes to my notice, I register the fact mentally; and if any executive thought it worth his while to ask me, I should tell him of my observations. Otherwise I take the world as I find it. But I speak to a 'boss' as to my equal; if he resents it, the fact is revealing.

As for my experience, the conclusion I have drawn from it is that the greater part of what I had to say about the relation of capital and labour, in *A Search for America*, was right; at certain stages of my life as lived in the intervening years I had begun to doubt it. Employment adequate to my preparations for it I cannot secure because I did not come to it along the prescribed channels; employment inadequate and wasteful, in a national sense, I cannot secure because I habitually live on a level beyond it. I am back where I was in 1892 or 1893. My life has run full cycle.

CORRIEVRECKAN

By F. L. LUCAS

The Lord of the Isles in Islay sits,
 Blood-red his wine is poured
For the son of the King of Norroway;
And his harpers harp, and his pipers play,
And the roar of the revel rises gay
 Round the heir of his overlord.

Red glints the wine in young Breachain's cup,
 But young blood's wilder wine;
There's gold in the Lord of Islay's chests,
 But never gold so fine
As the locks of gold that, fold on fold,
 His daughter's waist entwine.

A week they have harried the galloping deer
 High on the brackened ben;
A week they have snared the silver salmon
 Down the birchen glen;
But never a quarry so shy, so sweet,
As eyes that meet, and shun, and meet
 The eyes of the sons of men.

Sweet, sweet, sweet the laverock's play,
 Gay the laverock's song;
But brief his day of Love and May—
When the brown hawk hangs o'er that roundelay,
 Its melody lasts not long.

"Lass, to thy bed", her father said;
 "Fine birds should rise with day."
Young Breachain's face burnt dusky red—
 "I would give half Norroway—"
(Old Ulf his steersman warning frowned
And softly whimpered Grim his hound)
 "That as bride in mine she lay!"

Strangely the Lord of Islay smiled
At the flushed cheeks of his guest
(Does he think I give my daughter's hand
To pay a drunken jest?
I have gold enough to pay his sire;
Does he think to take for his own desire
My loveliest and my best?)
"Wouldst have," he said, "that golden head?
Soft does it seem, her breast?
Look north to the Paps of Jura—
Their rock yields easier rest.
"If thou wouldst wed that bonny head
To kiss till dawn is grey,
To-morrow morn set sail to northward
By the Sound of Colonsay.
"If thou wouldst hold her to thy heart
Until the dawncock cries,
Hold first three nights the narrow sea
Twixt Jura and Scarba lies—
No hand shall stay thee, no sword waylay thee—
From dewfall till sunrise."
Then loud, loud laughed the men of the Isles,
Loud horn clashed drinking-horn:
Silent and sullen the Norsemen watched
Their young prince put to scorn.
But Breachain cried: "Ten years beside
I would watch, for such a maid;
And hold a hundred leagues of sea
Against a host arrayed!"
But the Lord of the Isles stared in his wine
And his hand with his sword-hilt played,
And Ulf the Steersman whispered low,
"My lord, the trap is laid.

"There sails no ship could weather a day
On Cruach Scarba's lee;
For in that bubbling cauldron boil,
As eddies in a mill-race coil,
The tides of the Western Sea."

Young Breachain's eyes met his young love's eyes,
But their light was dulled and dead:
Swiftly she glanced at her father's face,
Slowly she shook her head.

Young Breachain's sailed the morrow's morn
North by the Jura shore.
Within Bagh Glen they have beached their ship,
To watch that cauldron's seething lip
From the crags of Carraig Mor.

Then out of the wastes of the wild Argyll
The wind of the east piped free,
And in the narrows at their feet,
Where wind and tide in battle meet,
Swirled up green walls of sea,
And a pillar of foam in the midst upstood,
Where the Hag of Scarba donned her hood—
No toothless hag is she!

Young Breachain's home to Nidaros;
And the warlocks of his land
And wizened Finns from the forests east,
Men that have walked in the shape of beast,
Before King Hacon stand.

"Tell me, ye wise, how my son shall ride
Three nights in Scarba Sound.
Think well. For ye swim down the Drontheim Fjord,
Ankles noosed in a knotted cord,
The day I learn him drowned."

Silent all in that dusky hall,
While the hearthbrands flickered red
On many a beard with elflocks white,
Many an ivory head;
Till in the hush an old Finn croaked,
"Let them make him cables three—
Of wool; of hemp; and of maidens' hair
That have kept their purity."

Word is gone out through Norrøway,
And the rope-wright's twist and twine
The soft white wool, the yellow-blooming hemp,
And the locks of maidens fine;
For the fairest maids in Nidaros
Have bowed their heads to shear,
And the proudest lords in Nidaros
Have prized that honour dear.

By the Östraat mouth of the Drontheim Fjord
In a tower of crumbling stone
By her mother Aud maid Ingrid sits,
Watching the waves alone.

Oh, swift she has shorn her raven locks
And called to their greybeard churl,
"They have hair of maidens were never his;
Saddle and ride and take them this,
His false hands used to curl."

The warder high on Islay tower
Has seen the Norway sail;
It nears the land, and he marks one stand
Tall on the poop and hail:
"Bid your master make ready my marriage-feast
For the fourth morn without fail."

That eve they made three anchors fast
Of iron from a Gothland mine,
That smiths had hammered in Nidaros
In their forge of blazing pine;
And like red-hot iron the sun plunged down
Beyond the black sea-line.

Long, long it seemed, that summer-night
Till the glimmering of day
O'er the Braes of Lorne; so fierce a tide
Twixt Mull and Colonsay
Came foaming inward, hoarse and full,
And snapped the rope of twisted wool
Like the thread of a lass at play.

They beached their galley by Tiobairt
And slept beneath its trees,
And ate and drank till the second night—
A night of little ease.

For the pale sun sank like a silver ball
In a veil of silver wrapped;
All night from the westward moaned the breeze,
Like a witch's kettle seethed the seas,
And the hempen cable snapped.

On the morrow eve as they feasted loud
Upon Tiobairt Strand,
Prince Breachain spoke: "This night's my own.
To-night I man our ship alone,
While ye row back to land."

But Ulf made answer: "It is not well
That a man should drink alone.
Wilt thou drink this night of Aegir's cup?
With thee this night thy men shall sup,
Though Aegir's bed be stone."

That night they saw no sun to set,
For the west loomed black with cloud;
White on Cruach Scarba curled
Mists like a sheeted shroud;
And like a pibroch's far lament
The west wind skirled aloud.

And yet it seemed they might weather the blast—
But, as the east grew grey,
While Heaven roared like a flapping sail
And like war-shafts whizzed the spray,
From that welter of waters a white wraith leapt—
Or was it but foam and rain?
And the hound of Breachain howled in fear
And the last rope cracked in twain.

Breachain they found on Carraig shore,
The black hound watched beside;
But never another mother's son
Rose back from Scarba's tide.

Lonely a maid in Islay weeps,
And a black hound licks her hand;
Lone sits a lass with a bitter smile
Far off on Drontheim Strand;
And a new name has "Coire Breachain"
Shall last while earth shall stand.

WHO RUNS THIS WAR?

BY GORDON SKILLING

IT is frequently assumed that the system of war strategy now functioning as a result of the two visits of Mr. Churchill to Washington is wholly satisfactory. Thus Major T. H. Thomas, in an article in the Spring number of *QUEEN'S QUARTERLY*, under the title, "The Illusion of Unified Command", commends the fixing of strategy by Churchill and Roosevelt and disputes the feasibility of either a Supreme War Council or a Supreme Inter-Allied Command. On the other hand, Australian, New Zealand and Chinese statesmen and military leaders have pointedly called for a thorough revision of the present system of inter-allied collaboration so as to associate all the main powers with the making of decisions and their execution.

An underlying assumption made by those who oppose any fundamental change in the present strategic system is that 'the Anglo-American war' is somehow distinct from the Russian and Chinese wars. The present article, however, will take as its initial premise the principle, now generally accepted by statesmen and writers, that this is a single, global war, and that its successful conduct requires the most intimate diplomatic and military collaboration between nations united against the Axis powers. Existing inter-allied organization must be judged solely in terms of its ability to perform the primary tasks of warfare, and must be recast, if necessary, to meet these needs most efficiently. At present war strategy is fixed, at least as far as 'the Anglo-American war' is concerned, by Roosevelt and Churchill. The strategy of 'the Russian war' and of 'the Chinese war' are fixed by Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek, respectively, within the limits set down by Anglo-American strategy. In other words, as things now stand, three separate wars are being fought; the Russians and the Chinese are

not yet being allowed to exercise decisive influence on the strategy of Britain and the U.S.A., and are still forced to adapt their own strategy to that of Churchill and Roosevelt. The fact that agreement was reached by Churchill, Roosevelt and Molotov on "the urgent tasks of a second front" does not alter the other fact that no system has been established for meeting future problems of a similar order in Europe and for meeting problems of war strategy on the side of China and other countries. It is my thesis that the present system of collaboration does *not* meet the needs of global war and must be expanded, with the structural principles of the Anglo-American system of joint boards retained, to give representation to Soviet Russia, China and others.

The nature of the strategic problem and of possible solutions has been misunderstood through failure to make a clear distinction between the three main phases of governmental action in conducting war: (1) the formulation of the broad principles of war diplomacy and military strategy; (2) the secondary but vital decisions concerning the coördination of munitions, shipping, raw materials and man-power policies of the allies and the allocation of the scarce ships, scarce munitions, scarce materials and scarce man-power, in accordance with the major strategic plans; (3) the actual execution of the principles and policies so formulated on the battle-fronts and the production-fronts of the world. There is, of course, some danger of misunderstanding if we try too rigidly to separate these three phases of government action from one another. Those charged with the third task, for example—Donald Nelson, on the American production-front, or General MacArthur on the Pacific battle-front—will strongly influence the decisions on high strategy and on shipping, production and other policies. Those charged with the second task—such as Salter and Land of the Combined Shipping Adjustment Board—will be influential in connection with the deter-

mination of war strategy. Conversely, Churchill and Roosevelt, having determined upon a broad principle, such as the need for a second front in Europe, will thus have made decisions as to shipping and production which none of their subordinates may question. Moreover, those very decisions will be based on the recommendations of all the agencies, national and inter-allied, upon which the two war strategists must rely. There is a continual sharing and delegation of authority and responsibility among the many agencies entrusted with the waging of war. It is not true to say that the President and the Prime Minister could not share their authority in strategic decisions with some kind of Supreme War Council, or with a Supreme Command, either national or inter-allied in form, for the tactical execution, in a particular zone or sphere of warfare, of the broad strategic plan. For the clear understanding of the issues involved, however, a sharp distinction must be made between the three war functions of government named above, and also between the distinct concepts of a 'Supreme Council', a 'combined board', and a 'Supreme Command'.

Since this is a global war, there is urgent need for a much greater degree of unity among the United Nations on the broad principles of diplomacy and strategy. This is the first task which a war government must set itself; it is the first of the three phases of the conduct of war mentioned above. It would be foolish to claim that this general agreement has yet been achieved, although important steps have been taken in that direction by the general acceptance of the Atlantic Charter, by the agreements as to the repayment of land-lease, and by the general agreement that a second front in Europe is imperative in 1942, (although the need for an offensive in the Far East has been less generally accepted). Almost complete identity of views as to the purposes and the strategy of war seems to exist as between Washington and London, thus providing the basis for the close integration of the war efforts

of the two countries. It is argued by the opponents of a Supreme War Council that a unified course of action can come only when governments are in fundamental agreement and that a Supreme War Council might conceal, but not remedy, the fundamental conflicts of policy between the Anglo-American bloc, the Russians and the Chinese. Rightly enough, they point to the futility of the Supreme War Council in 1917-18, which could not function properly because of American non-participation and the basic divergence of view between the British and French governments. Quite wrongly, however, it is argued that a government cannot share the responsibility for major decisions with a Supreme War Council, and that such a Council could therefore only function so long as the heads of the various governments served on it together.

It cannot be denied that, following the experiences of the last war, a Supreme Council would not be successful if there were basic disagreement as to the aims and methods of the conduct of the war. It seems logical to suppose, however, that the best way to intensify serious differences of opinion among governments is to place in the hands of one or two governments the ultimate authority to decide high policy. If disagreement is to be reduced or removed entirely, the best way would be to associate at least all the major powers of the United Nations with the making of these decisions on high policy. At the present time such major decisions are made, it seems, primarily by Churchill and Roosevelt as heads of the British and American governments. The opinions of other governments are carefully considered and discussion takes place with the representatives of those governments. The main channels of communication for these purposes are the normal mechanism of diplomacy (foreign offices and embassies), supplemented by special missions, such as that of Molotov to London and Washington; by the Pacific War Council (which seems to serve as a meeting-place for the exchange of information and opin-

ions rather than as a place of decision); by the occasional meetings of the United Nations in conference (these are merely ceremonial meetings for the solemn proclamation of war and peace aims); and, finally, by the consultations carried on by the Combined Chiefs of Staff Committee and other joint Anglo-American boards, on the one hand, and the military and other missions of the allies, on the other hand. The conclusion cannot be avoided that the vital strategical decisions rest with the British and American governments, with the aid and support of the complex system of Anglo-American military and economic boards. Other governments appear, not as co-partners in the formulating of these policies, but as subordinate partners whose views are given consideration by the dominant pair. Of necessity, policy, as it emerges from the White House or Downing Street, must be considered by Chungking or Moscow as policy which they had only a minor share in determining. If it is a policy with which they do not sympathize, the final effect can only be to strengthen their own convictions and intensify suspicion among the allies. No amount of oratorical reassurance that the Chinese and Russian allies are not forgotten will compensate for the imposed isolation of these very allies from the seats of authority.

In two other respects this concentration of authority in the hands of the English-speaking allies is potentially dangerous. First, the agreement between Churchill and Roosevelt may not always continue to exist; and, second, their view on policy may be wrong, and that of the excluded allies, right. A Supreme War Council, made up of the heads of the Russian, British, American and Chinese governments, or their responsible deputies, would not, of course, guarantee either unity or infallibility. It would, however, be of enormous value in diminishing differences of opinion and lessening the chances of foolish decisions, by transferring the whole discussion on policy to the realm of rational argument, with information pooled,

with frankness reciprocated, with common interests to the forefront, and with decisions made jointly. Such a Council would function best when the heads of government were personally present, but there seems no reason why responsible deputies might not function effectively, as Molotov did for Stalin in Washington and London, or Hopkins and Beaverbrook in Moscow. In neither case would there be a transfer of authority from the national governments to the supreme council. Authority would remain national. The Supreme War Council would be a 'cabinet of cabinets', bearing a striking resemblance to the British Imperial War Cabinet of the first great war, where the British premier was *primus inter pares*, and where each Dominion premier remained responsible to his own cabinet, his own parliament, his own people. The task of formulating policy became a joint one, yet each government retained its own responsibility. Since each prime minister spoke with the voice of authority, however, a joint decision was almost certain of general acceptance by the countries represented. Similarly, it might be expected, a Supreme War Council, meeting regularly, would facilitate the fusing of national policies so necessary in a global war and would more effectively promote community of aims and methods than the present lop-sided monopolization of authority by Britain and the United States.

There is perhaps some force in the suggestion that Soviet Russia might not feel able to join such a Council so long as neutrality with Japan is maintained. But Japan will determine the moment of her assault on Russia according to her own and German interests, not as a result of Soviet Russian membership in a supreme council. In any case, this problem has no bearing on the issue of a Supreme War Council for the Atlantic, Arctic, European and Middle Eastern fronts. Nor would the establishment of such a Council mean the control by it of operations on the Russian front—this, as will be shown later, is a matter of executing policy, not formulating it.

The second major task of every war government is to achieve the greatest possible degree of coördination with allied governments as regards the distribution of munitions, ships, men and materials among the various fronts, all urgently in need of these sinews of war. Naturally the decisions reached in these matters will largely determine the decisions on high strategy. A second front?—yes, if there are ships and munitions available. Troops for Australia?—yes, if they are not needed more desperately in Western Europe or the Middle East. Planes for China?—yes, if they can be spared in Europe and the south Pacific. Agreement on diplomacy and strategy will be more easily reached if these secondary questions of supply and equipment can be reduced to cold, matter-of-fact statistical data as to the available number of planes, shells, soldiers, ship tons, etc. In this area of vital decision, too, the present system is Anglo-American in composition—the combined committees for munitions, raw materials, shipping and food in Washington and London. These are not mere administrative or executive organs carrying out policies agreed upon by their governments. They are, like the analogous boards of 1917-18, authoritative joint committees, made up of persons either of ministerial rank or of such high official status as to be able to speak on behalf of their departments at home. This was the secret of their success in the last war, as Sir Arthur Salter so brilliantly argues in his book, *Allied Shipping Control*. These men, at the meetings of inter-allied committees, were national representatives who could speak with the full authority of their departments and their governments. There was no question of transferring authority from national governments to an international authority in this procedure, or of the imposing of international decisions on an unwilling national government. These joint boards, like the similar Canadian-American and Anglo-American boards of this war, were ‘the governments in conference’

in the sense that each national representative had full power to participate in the working out of a joint international policy.

All that remains is to broaden the application of this technique so as to make the joint boards as representative as possible of the United Nations. It would be impossible to make these boards, or the Supreme War Council, representative of all the allies. A war cannot be waged by a Sanhedrim, said Lloyd George. Neither can it be waged by an inter-allied *generalissimo*. The flexible application of the representative principle would make possible the attainment of a mean between these extremes. Thus, in addition to giving Russia and China representation on the Supreme War Council and the main joint boards, certain countries (*e.g.*, Canada, Australia, India) might be represented on the Munitions Assignment Board, others (*e.g.*, the Netherlands) on the Combined Shipping Committee, still others peculiarly suited for certain work, on the remaining joint boards. In this way even the weaker powers among the United Nations would be associated with some phase of policy-making in this global war. It might be added that for the lesser Allied nations, especially the Central American and exiled governments, the most effective way of associating them with the conduct of the war would be to regularize the conferences of the United Nations, giving that body of governments a permanent existence and a more extensive function of drawing up plans for the post-war period and of unifying allied propaganda.

The final stage in the conduct of the war is the carrying out successfully of the policies decided upon. This is the sphere of administration or execution, to use the terms of peace-time political science, and the war-time function is in form the same. In an able article (January 31, 1942,) *The Economist* distinguished between policy-making and policy-executing, and spoke of the national economic and military 'commands'

in the latter sphere. Production commanders—such as Donald Nelson or Oliver Lyttleton—must of necessity be national. Military commands, too, will usually be national—Stalin and his generals on the Russian front, Churchill and Alexander in the Middle East, Churchill and Wavell in India, Chiang Kai-shek in China. In the Pacific, however, there are two *inter-allied* Supreme Commands—headed by MacArthur in the southwest Pacific, and by Ghormley in the south Pacific. In the last war a supreme command on the French front had to be set up to stem the German advance on Paris. In this war a supreme inter-allied command had to be set up in the southwest Pacific, first under Wavell, then under Hein ter Poorten, finally under MacArthur. The opening of a second front in Europe would almost certainly involve the establishment of a supreme command, in either American or British, or perhaps Canadian, hands. In all cases the determining factor was and will be the need for the close coordination and unity of all armed forces in a given zone of battle. The problem is in essence not different to that of achieving coordination between the various branches of the armed forces of a single country, as at Pearl Harbour or Alaska. The purpose is the same—unity of command on a given front. Where the armed forces of only one country are engaged, there is clearly no need for an inter-allied command. A Wavell or a Timoshenko suffices. Where several countries' armed forces are involved, the problem takes on a distinctive form—that of giving supreme authority to a person of one nationality and subordinating the officers and forces of other nationalities to him. In such cases a MacArthur is required.

This does not involve the transfer of political authority or responsibility from the heads of governments to the supreme commander. General MacArthur remains responsible, in all his actions other than the merely tactical, to the American President, to the British cabinet, the Australian cabinet, the

Netherlands government-in-exile, etc. There has been no transfer of authority from these governments to an inter-allied commander-in-chief; there has been a pooling or sharing of authority by a number of governments associating themselves loosely through diplomatic channels for the common prosecution of the Pacific war and entrusting the execution of their joint policies in that zone to a single commander-in-chief. In practice, it is the British and the American governments, and the Anglo-American combined chiefs of staff committee, to which the various British and American commanders—MacArthur, Wavell, Ghormley, Eisenhower, Alexander, etc.—are subordinated. If a Supreme War Council were established, final political and military authority would be pooled among four or more powers, and an inter-allied supreme commander, such as MacArthur, or a national supreme commander, such as Timoshenko, would become the executive or administrative agent of that ‘cabinet of cabinets’. In such a case Roosevelt would not have transferred his authority to any of these supreme commands, nor would he have transferred it to the supreme council. He would have pooled or shared his authority with several governments, as he now shares it with Winston Churchill, and to that pooled authority all commanders-in-chief, whether national or inter-allied, would be subordinated.

MRS. THOMPSON DECLINES

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

OLD Mrs. Thompson sat in a rocking-chair in her kitchen, which was also her parlour, dining-room, and pantry. The short February afternoon was drawing to a close, and the rays of feeble sunlight touched her big knotted hands, which lay slack in her lap. Rheumatism had swollen the knuckles and finger-joints, yet she had been trying to knit. The wood-box was empty and the last stick almost consumed in the stove, under which the cat had crept for warmth. The old woman's eyes rested upon an open book and a faded almanac lying on the table beside her, amid the poor remains of her dinner. She reached painfully for the almanac, which was dated 1880, and read aloud certain pencilled remarks scattered here and there along the margins of its pages:

Feb. 10, 1880, William Thompson born.

Mar. 29, 1880, Willie baptized.

July 6, 1880, Willie laughs aloud.

Mar. 15, 1881, Willie took his first step alone.

Aug. 30, 1881, Willie says, "I'm coming, Mother."

Mrs. Thompson lingers long and lovingly over these lines, especially the last. Then, with tightening lips and eyes from which all happiness has gone, she reads:

April 14, 1890, Willie sent from school.

July 8, 1897, sold the pasture lot to pay Willie's —— [The word fine had been written here and could still be made out, though it was almost rubbed away.]

Then came several entries of which the dates were plain enough, but the other words, whose import must have been shameful and was doubtless clear enough still to her, were erased. Finally she reads:

Sept. 3, 1905, Willie disappeared.

Her eyes are drained of tears, and she does not weep as she sits thinking of her innocent baby, her wayward boy, her guilty but still beloved son who left her a prey to poverty and

sorrow twenty years ago. She does not weep, but the gnarled hands tremble and drop the almanac. Suddenly she starts. Hope for the thousandth time stirs in her face, and she looks eagerly towards the window. No—the sound she hears is only the tapping of a dry branch against the pane. The cat knows this and does not stir.

Now the deserted mother lays the almanac down in its place on the table and takes up the Book. She reads from it aloud, in her sweet, thin voice, like the fading winter day: “And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away . . . And there shall be no more night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.”

Then Mrs. Thompson fell asleep. She saw a new heaven and a new earth. She saw a great white throne and Him that sat thereon. And round about Him were angels and arch-angels and the multitudes of the redeemed, singing to the music of many harps, within a city whose twelve gates were twelve pearls, and the streets thereof pure gold, and the glory of God did lighten it. She herself, white-robed, young and beautiful as on her marriage-day, stood just outside one of the pearly gates, and those within were beckoning to her, and the Lamb upon the throne rose and called to her, “Come thou in!” She moved not a step forward; but dropped despairingly upon her knees and cried, “Lord, I have been cold and hungry and lonely for twenty years, waiting for my son Willie Thompson. Let me wait a while longer. He will return some day, and then we will come in together. Please don’t hurry me! I wait for him both day and night. He is grown up now and must have learned his lesson, must repent and return to me. Then we will come, he and I together. Lord, I can’t go in without him.”

But the shining Figure turned His face away and sat again upon the throne. The hushed music of harps and voices burst forth louder than before. And the gate of pearl began to turn on its golden hinges and to close very, very slowly. Falling on her face, Mrs. Thompson still heard the great Voice inviting her to enter: "Come . . . inherit the kingdom!" But she did not creep forward, not an inch. Then a terrible word smote her ears: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." She struggled to her feet, stared through the little space now left between the pearly door and its glowing frame, and wailed bitterly: "Wait, dear Lord, wait! Wait for us! Wait for us! Willie Thompson isn't here yet!"

IS WELLS ALSO AMONG THE PROPHETS?

BY W. J. SYKES

THE word *prophet* commonly means one who foretells the future, but, as its derivation implies, it means also one who utters divine truth hidden from the masses of his fellow-men. Mr. H. G. Wells has indeed often indulged in forecasting the march of events, as in *A Year of Prophesying*, *The Future in America*, *The Shape of Things to Come*; but it is not this aspect of his work that we shall consider. It is as a prophet in the second sense as one who points the way of human advance, one to whom has been revealed a new and ideal world order that Wells sees himself. About his status as such we venture to enquire.

His claims are fairly explicit. In the *Autobiography* he surveys what he has accomplished.

Thirty-four years ago the world-state loomed mistily across a gulf in dreamland. My arch of work has bridged the gulf for me, and my swinging bridge of ropes and planks and all the other ropes and wires that are being flung across, are plainly only the precursors of a viaduct and a common highway. The socialist world-state has now become a to-morrow as real as to-day.

More than once he likens himself to Roger Bacon, whom he calls "First of the moderns, seven centuries ahead of his times". From these and like expressions it is clear that Wells regards himself as the man who from his Pisgah height views the Promised Land, and calls on his fellows to go up and possess it. Moreover, popular opinion seems to accept him. Mr. Lynd in a recent essay writes, "The chief prophets of the present age—in England at least—are, most people would say, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells," though he goes on to contrast them unfavourably with Carlyle and Ruskin.

Wells sometimes shows his assurance of the superior penetration of his mind and of the authority of his mission by

belittling a number of his eminent contemporaries. The argument seems to run thus: if to a brain like that of H. G. W. these men look like pygmies, that brain must be great indeed. Of course he looks down on Kipling. Lord Haldane's mental powers he admits grudgingly—and somewhat patronizingly:

“He was an abundant—and to my mind entirely empty—philosopher after the German pattern.” Sir Edward Grey, he says, was a “mentally slow, well-mannered person”. For the Foreign Office officials he expresses the greatest contempt—“little undeveloped brains”. All his dislike and scorn of the governing classes he concentrates in one blow of his brass-headed mace: “Men like Grey, Curzon and Tyrrell . . . are by education and the force of uncritical acceptance, infantile defectives, who ought to be either referred back to a study of human ecology, or certified and excluded as damaged minds incapable of managing public affairs.”

Turning from these rancorous pronouncements, which possibly show the prophet in wrath, let us examine the map of this Promised Land, to win which he invites us to join in a crusade or ‘Open Conspiracy’. He has given us sketches of it in a number of books ranging from *Anticipations*, published forty years ago, to *A New World Order*, which appeared late in 1940, and including his *Autobiography*, his tendentious novels (*Clissold* and *The Shape of Things to Come*), and his three text-books (*Outline of History*, *Science of Life*, and *Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*).

A SOCIALIST WORLD STATE

The whole world is to become a unit politically and economically, the different nations now existing fading out as the world-state becomes clearly defined. There will be no king, no president, and no parliament. The directive responsibility for the affairs of mankind will rest upon a number of bureaus or ‘Controls’. There is a suggestion of a Bureau of Coöpera-

tion, but finally even this remnant of a unified government is to come to an end.

"But then, who is to govern the world?" asked Eric Gunnarsson . . .

"No need to govern the world," said Donadieu. "We have made war impossible; we have liberated ourselves from the great anti-social traditions that set man against man; we have made the servitude of man to man impossible. The faculties of health, education, and behaviour will sustain the good conduct of the race. The controls of food, housing, transport, clothing supply, initiative, design, research, can do their own work. There is nothing left for a supreme government to do."¹

It is clear that Wells envisages a future when through education human nature will become perfect, or nearly so, when there will be little need for law and force, and when a state of happy anarchy will cover the earth.

Who will make up the personnel of these bureaus or Controls? How will it be chosen? Not by popular vote, declares Mr. Wells; this government or directorate will not be democratic. A superior order, which he calls the Samurai, will furnish the bureaucrats. "The appearance of such successful organizations as the Communist party and the Italian Fascists has greatly strengthened my belief in the essential soundness of this conception of the governing order of the future. . . . We want the world ruled not by everybody, but by a politically-minded organization open, with proper safeguards, to everybody."²

An integral part of this plan is that the world-state shall be socialist. There is to be no private ownership of the necessities of life, but collective control of the production, preparation, transportation and distribution of them. As an incentive to action service will take the place of profit.

¹ *The Shape of Things to Come*, p. 376.

² *Autobiography*, p. 659.

The establishment of this new world-order involves a change much greater than that effected by either the French or the Russian revolution. By what means will so great a change be brought about? Not by war and much blood-letting, hopes Mr. Wells, but by education. It is by the New Education, a process interwoven from start to finish with propaganda, and partly synonymous with it, that the Socialist World-state is to be established and sustained. The subjects to prepare the student for world citizenship are to be world history, biology, and an outline of social, economic, and political science. The text-books—at least for the present—are to be three works by Wells: *The Outline of History*, *The Science of Life*, and *Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*. "These three works taken together do, I believe still, give a fuller, clearer, and compacter summary of what the normal citizen of the modern state should know than any other group of books in existence."³ In view of such large claims let us briefly examine the three proposed text-books.

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY

This book, the author tells us, grew out of his personal need for a general history of mankind, which should show that the trend of human affairs from the earliest times has been toward unity or a world federation. Unable to persuade anyone better qualified to do the work as he wanted it done, he undertook it himself. He admits that he had never given much attention to history, but he spent a year 'mugging up' the subject, writing it for the ordinary reader, and having it 'vetted', examined, and criticized by competent authorities.

The Outline of History has undoubted merits. The idea of a broad survey or framework of history on which the intelligent reader may base any special knowledge of the past that he acquires, a survey acceptable to all civilized peoples, one

³ *Ibid.*, p. 285.

which passing over minor details deals concisely with large movements of men and ideas,—this is a sound conception, and credit must be given to Wells for attempting to work it out. The interest he shows in the spread of education, in the growth of science, and in the rise and expansion of the great religions is all to the good.

Unfortunately, however, this *Outline* has some grave defects. Of these the most prominent are that it is inaccurate and biased. For instance, it is unfair to ancient Rome and fails to estimate rightly the debt the modern world owes to Roman government and law. Apparently Wells is dimly conscious of this, for in the *Autobiography* he admits that he is restive under government, and in a footnote in the *History* he confesses that he lacks appreciation of the law, and may have been unjust to Rome as a whole. More marked than his unfairness to certain nations (including his own) is his bias in judging a number of historical characters. Of Julius Caesar he writes, "There is nothing in his political career to suggest any aim higher or remoter than his own advancement to power, and all the personal glory and indulgence that power makes possible." While we hold no brief for Napoleon we cannot regard this statement as unprejudiced: "He had never a gleam of religion or affection or the sense of duty. He was . . . a scoundrel, bright and complete." Louis Napoleon, he asserts, was a much more "supple and intelligent man than his great uncle". Gladstone was a "grossly ignorant man. . . He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and his mind never recovered from the process." It would be easy to give further examples of his irresponsible estimates of historical personages.

A good outline of world history should be marked by proportion; should economize space, and show judgement in the choice of topics and in the degree of attention given to each. While in this respect there is plenty of room for differences of opinion, yet in a number of instances the author's decisions seem hard to defend.

This would be a better history if the opening and closing chapters were omitted. More than one-eighth of the work is taken up with two introductory 'books' entitled *The Making of Our World* and *The Making of Man*, which deal with geology, early forms of life, and primitive man. It is only with the third 'book' that Wells reaches the fringe of his subject, *The Dawn of History*. Then the last chapter, *The Next Stage in History*, has no right to a place in a serious account of mankind. Prediction is not history. More space might well have been given to the Renaissance in Italy and its influence on other European countries; and it seems strange that, while Wells ignores the Hundred Years War between France and England and the story of Joan of Arc, he can devote several pages to the trivial details of the food, dress, and recreations of Charles the Fifth after he had abdicated and retired to a monastery. Moreover, in an outline where Shakespeare, Goethe, and Lincoln are barely mentioned and Erasmus, Beethoven, and Molière not mentioned at all, he manages to find room for a long paragraph arguing that Kipling in *Stalky and Company* led the British to an admiration of the overbearing and the cruel, and for a speech made in 1919 by a British general on the weapons of the next war.

The most serious objection to the *Outline* is that it is *tendenz* history. Before writing it Wells had decided on a conclusion which his book was to "show plainly to the general intelligence". Events are for him important or negligible according as he sees them advancing or retarding movement toward the socialist world-state. He moulds his history to support his theory.

Turning from the untrustworthiness of the *Outline* as history we may ask whether it has fulfilled the main purpose for which it was written. Probably not. While in a number of places Wells asserts that history shows a movement toward a world-state, such a movement, even in his account, is hard to discern.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

The second book in this trilogy, which is to prepare the way for a new world order, is *The Science of Life*, an outline of biology. In writing it Wells was, as he puts it, "only the senior partner of a trinity", the other two being his son George P., a professor of biology, and Julian Huxley. These two names are a guarantee that as far as biology is concerned the information is reliable. Unfortunately, the latter part of the work is burdened with extraneous matter that can scarcely be called biology and that certainly is not science. Here we find discussions on psychology and sociology; on ethics, religion and the possibility of a future life; and even on clairvoyance and table-rapping. Nevertheless, this is the best book of the three, and if the irrelevant parts were taken out it would compare favourably with Dr. Arthur Thompson's *Outline of Biology*. It has little direct bearing on Wells' political and economic theories, unless one grants the postulate that evolution points to his socialist world-state.

WORK, WEALTH AND HAPPINESS OF MANKIND

This third and last of the text-books written for the new education of mankind purports to be "a summary of social, political, and economic science. . . . It represents all current human activities and motives". It is brightly written in Wells' provocative style, though not without some irritating mannerisms. It contains valid criticism of present conditions and a few useful suggestions. Much of it reads like articles written for a popular magazine.

The imperfections of this book, however, as an outline of politics, economics, and social welfare, are many and serious. Wells is again recklessly wasteful of space. He begins with a long, unnecessary introduction that takes up about one-tenth of the work. He devotes many pages to idle talk about an encyclopaedia of all knowledge, and about a number of mu-

seums of the future that are to show all varieties of human activity from the earliest times to the present—pages that contribute only in the slightest degree to the development of the subject and are not more interesting than a table of contents. Moreover, he cannot keep to his text if there is a description in sight or a story to be told. He takes nearly twenty pages to tell the comparatively irrelevant story of the atrocities committed by the rubber companies in Peru and the Congo. He gives lengthy biographies of American millionaires — Hetty Green, Vanderbilt, Gould, Rockefeller, Ford, though there is little excuse for even mentioning them. In his chapter on Government he digresses to devote twelve closely printed pages to a satirical description of the British Parliament. In fact, this whole chapter on the Governments of Mankind, which presumably is offered as an outline of politics, is weak and futile. In the chapter entitled "Why Men Work" he devotes about fifteen pages to a fantastic classification of human characters which might profitably be condensed into the assertion that some men work for wages and profits, others chiefly for service, while others again do not work at all. His divagations reach an absurd climax in the chapter on dress, where he takes three pages to discuss cosmetics and the details of how a well-to-do lady has her face made up.

While he thus digresses as the humour takes him he fails to discuss subjects that concern everyday life of the ordinary citizen. He writes practically nothing on taxation, on local government, on monopolies and combines, the theory of values, old age pensions, minimum wage laws. These omissions are probably due to his fixed idea of a socialist state, in which such problems either would not arise or would solve themselves.

The chapter entitled "How Mankind is Taught and Disciplined" he calls "the culminating chapter of our review of human activities". Underlying it all is his belief that educa-

tion should be the conscious preparation of the young for the socialist world-state and the chief means of bringing it about. Any scheme of education that does not inculcate this ideology is "faulty", and anyone who disagrees with this view is "uneducated".

The greater part of his account of schools and colleges as they function to-day consists of fault-finding. Universities he regards with disapproval if not with scorn: they present, he says, a picture of "much energy misdirected, aiming awry, or aiming not at all, at the realization through mental training of the vast possibilities of man's present attainment". While he admits rather grudgingly that some improvements have been made, on the whole he dismisses modern universities as useless. "The ordinary arts course in our older universities to-day is merely a wasteful prolongation of puerility."

Apparently much of the work done in our secondary schools he would dispense with. Science, with the exception of biology, he would restrict to an elementary outline. Mathematics, too, he would not carry beyond the elementary stage. "Unacquainted with the real meaning of verification", he says, "these symbolic processes never do win truth from the unknown." While he would require a child to gain a practical knowledge of at least one important living language in addition to his mother-tongue, he can find no place for the study of Latin and Greek languages and literature. Indeed, literature in any language and the fine arts do not seem to appeal to him, and he speaks of them with a certain condescension. Apparently he would maintain that it is more important educationally to dissect a frog than to appreciate a poem, a painting or a symphony.

His great constructive scheme is to erect upon the foundation laid by the primary school the "three pillars of a modern ideology: an outline of man's history as a whole (no local, or period, or national history): a thorough grasp of elementary

biology including evolution; and geography and the economic layout of the world as one coöperative field of enterprise”.

While modern plans of education do provide for some sort of introduction to politics, economics, and social welfare as a preliminary to the adolescent's assumption of civic duties, this work would be of little use to teacher or pupil. We consider it the poorest book Wells ever wrote.

THE SOCIALIST WORLD-STATE

Let us now examine more closely this Utopia that Wells has conceived. Since the outbreak of the present war his programme has taken on new details. His latest plan⁴ is strictly not a world-state, but a regulation of the world by a number of 'Controls' or *ad hoc* commissions. These 'Controls' would be committees *with power to act*, and in their respective fields national governments would surrender their sovereignty. Provinces suggested for these commissions are (a) control of the air and the maintenance of peace; (b) world transportation; (c) world production; (d) world system of barter; (e) hygiene; (f) education.

With one part of this plan most thoughtful men will agree: war must be outlawed as are duelling and other forms of murder. It is imperative that when victory comes to the Allies an organization be set up to preserve the peace. Great Britain, the United States, Russia, China and the less powerful democratic states could establish a military police commission, with strong air, sea, and land forces, to effect disarmament and forestall aggression. If shooting should break out (for even in law-abiding communities there occur sporadic outbreaks of crime) it could stop the conflict and bring the offenders before an international court of justice. In the other fields it is unlikely that national governments will consent to relinquish sovereignty. A progressive people of goodwill might well say: "Commissions to collect facts and to advise,

⁴ *The Common Sense of War and Peace*, p. 94.

Yes; commissions with power to act, No.” For instance, it is highly desirable that an international committee be set up to advise about the health of the world, and that a fact-finding body be appointed to make recommendations about the production of the necessities of life. But we can’t imagine a state delegating to a world commission the management of its educational system, and it will be a long time before a parliament or congress will even consider letting out of its hands such matters as customs duties or immigration.

Apparently it is proposed that the members of these ‘Controls’ should be appointed by the various national governments and that they should be permanent officials directing the main affairs of the world. Nothing is said about a limited term of office or about recall, and national governments are to fade out or to become mere figureheads. Against the dangers of bureaucratic dictatorship Wells suggests two safeguards: one, that the personnel of these ‘Controls’ should be chosen from a “priestly governing class” which he calls the Samurai, men devoted to the common good, unselfish and far-seeing, an idea as unsubstantial as a dream; the other, a Declaration of the Rights of Man, which he and a select committee have drawn up. No guarantee is offered that dominant bureaucrats would observe these rights. Except as an ideal of a group of well-meaning radicals this Declaration is worth no more than the parchment upon which it is to be engrossed.

Here we must remark that in Wells’ latest writings he professes a belief in *democracy* and *law*. This is surprising, because he has spoken scornfully of democratic government and the general drift of his argument is toward autocracy; while in the *History* he confesses to a “temperamental lack of law and lawyers”. Now he couples law with socialism as an idea on which world settlement is to be based. Probably the proviso underlying his support of law is that he and those who agree with him should be enabled to revise and remake the codes. We decline to take at face value these two articles in his latest creed.

Difficult as the attainment of a world-state would be and of doubtful ultimate benefit to mankind, the difficulty is increased tenfold if socialism is to be an integral part of the plan. Yet this Wells insists upon. Like most socialists, he paints the existing order darker than it really is, and overlooks the efforts, legislative and voluntary, to remedy existing evils, and the progress already made. Like all socialists, he would banish the profit motive, and would make the state the only employer, which would pay each person "whatever the contribution that his work makes to the welfare of the community may justify".⁵ What each man is to work at would be decided by some "labour commissar".

This plan raises difficulties so great that most people with a realistic outlook reject it. No state employee or board should be given the power to assign to every man his job and the pay he is to get. If all men were employees of the state and the mainspring of personal advantage were removed, would the world's work get done? The socialist motive of *service* or *for the general good of mankind* is quite inadequate for the mass of humanity. If every man, woman, and child is to be fed, clothed, housed and warmed, and given medical attention by the state, many of them would ask as they did under the dole, "Why need we work when we are given enough to live comfortably on without working?" Instead of an era of abundance the world would enter an era of slackness, of scarcity, of degradation of the standard of living — to say nothing of the loss of individual liberty.

Like the mediæval monks who used to shake their hearers over the pit of hell Wells threatens us with destruction if we do not accept his remedies for our present ills. Again and again he repeats the warning that the alternative to world collectivization is world disaster. He is like the leader of a mountaineering party approaching an unclimbed peak and confronted by a perpendicular rock wall, who says to his com-

⁵ *The Common Sense of War and Peace*, p. 86.

rades, "We must scale that precipice or turn back defeated." But he may be mistaken. It is possible that by a traverse they can outflank the precipice and find a practicable route to the summit. Other plans for winning world peace, order, and welfare may meet with success. In any case, we do well to distrust any scheme that at one stroke promises us a perfect world. The perfect state of society, like the perfect man, is never attained; each generation has to struggle towards it.

Wells' mind is of the imaginative type, and his dreams of the socialist world state and of *The Shape of Things to Come* are the product of cerebral activities similar to those that gave us *The Invisible Man*, *The Time Machine*, and *The First Man in the Moon*. Minds like this tend to carry ideas to extremes. For instance, it is generally agreed that to secure world peace the independent nations will have to surrender *some* of their sovereignty; Wells says *all*. Many people think that to preserve law and order and to promote social welfare some sort of union or federation of the freedom-loving nations will have to be formed; he says, all the nations of the world. Most of us want social progress; he wants revolution.

To the question of our title, then, the answer must be a decided No. Wells is not among the major prophets of our time and his position among the minor prophets is by no means assured. He is no Roger Bacon, and his assumption of a place among advanced thinkers will not be unanimously granted. This is not to say, however, that his utterances on world affairs, on economics and sociology are without value. His criticisms of the faults of Western society are often acute and well deserved. His style is entertaining—clear, vigorous, and pugnacious. If we are in danger of relapsing into complacency his polemics may serve a useful irritant. As Mr. Shanks said recently in a notice of one of Wells' recent books. "His impatience and his vigour in expressing it run like a healthy high wind through all our problems and vexations."

A RENTED PLANETARIUM

BY CLARK MILLS

Look up, look up, the speaker said,
at Mother Earth amidst the spheres,
who has not faltered, but instead
walks the slow centuries of years,
keeps to her own judicious path
between the darkness of the void
and the round pool of molten wrath
where she, and we, might be destroyed,
and in unmeasured time and space,
at the right moment, never fails
to occupy the proper place!
Down her parabola she sails,
and wheels her mountains and her seas
out of the shadow into light,
bringing with metronomic ease
the break of day, the fall of night.

We see the solar solitaires
move with a leisured impetus.
Unseen, our mother-planet carries
the burden of frenetic us.

. . . And as his polished lenses grope,
sifting the flakes of nebulae,
the Martian at his telescope
suddenly calls a colleague: See,
see, this is the one I meant,
spotted with green-gold, white and blue;
notice the leaf-shaped continent,
the well marked polar ice-caps too;
warmth, water, atmosphere and room
favourable to latent powers;
we have good reason to assume
life is abundant there, and flowers.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF MUSKOKA

By W. S. WALLACE

IF you have ever spent a summer in the far-famed Muskoka district, you will probably have wondered what was the history of those charming lakes—or if they had a history. I myself had always assumed that they had no history before the coming of the surveyor and the settler, the steamboat and the railway; and certainly there are few corners of Canada about the early history of which less has been generally known.

Through a series of accidents, I have succeeded in gathering some information that throws a little new light on the early history of these lakes and rivers. In the first place, my attention was recently drawn by a fellow-student of Canadian history, Mr. Leslie Frost, K.C., M.P.P., of Lindsay, to a paper by one Alexander Sherriff, buried in the *Transactions* of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec for 1831, entitled *Topographical Notices of the Country lying between the mouth of the Rideau and Penetanguishene*. I know nothing about Alexander Sherriff, except that he was the son of one Charles Sherriff, who was interested in Canada as a field for emigrants, and who published in 1831 a pamphlet entitled *Thoughts on Emigration*; but it appears from the son's paper that in 1829 he made a canoe-trip from Lake des Allumettes on the Ottawa to Penetanguishene on the Georgian Bay by way of the Lake of Bays, the Muskoka river, and the Muskoka lakes.

In Alexander Sherriff's narrative, and in one of the maps which accompany it, there is some intriguing information. Of the Lake of Bays, which he calls Trading Lake, he says that it "appears to have been long a principal station of the traders". "There are here", he adds, "vestiges of two old establishments, besides a commodious house in good repair, but deserted when we passed." On his map, the word 'Posts' is

written in on the mainland, opposite Bigwin Island. Of the Muskoka river, he says that "it is called the Muskoka river, after the Mississagua [*sic*] Chief, who hunts in some part of its neighbourhood". This was, no doubt, the Chippewa chief Misquuckey, commonly known as Yellowhead, who died at Orillia as recently as 1864. The Indian name of the river, which Sherrieff says he could not learn, was Nagatoagoman; and Lake Muskoka was at that time known as 'Lake Chomie'.

The question immediately arose where these traders, who frequented Trading Lake, had come from. There is a persistent tradition that the Hudson's Bay Company had posts in this region, and possibly even the North West Company. It is said, for instance, that there was once a Hudson's Bay post on Bigwin Island. If so, it must have been at a fairly late date. We know that the Hudson's Bay Company opened a post at Orillia in 1862, and that it remained in operation for about seventeen years. It is possible that the trader in charge at Orillia may have established an outpost in the Lake of Bays. But I have discovered no evidence that the Hudson's Bay Company, or the North West Company, had any posts in the Muskoka region before 1862, and I think it may be taken as certain that the houses Alexander Sherrieff saw on Trading Lake were built by "free traders".

In order to try to discover who these traders were, I turned to the reports of Lieutenant John Carthew, R.N., and Captain (afterwards Lieut.-General) F. H. Baddeley, R.E., printed in the *Appendix to the Journals of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada for 1836-37*, in which they describe their exploration in 1835 of the country east of the Georgian Bay lying between Lake Couchiching and the Magnetawan river. These officers were not interested in the fur-trade, and say almost nothing about it. But there were two striking things about their reports. One is that they made Penetanguishene the base of their operations, and obtained from that

place not only their provisions, but also their guides and one of their surveyors. The other is that they described Lake Rousseau as "Rousseau's Lake", and said it was named after a trader.

It then dawned upon me that the traders in the Muskoka region had, of course, come from Penetanguishene, which had been a centre of the fur-trade from the early days of British rule. When Colonel Simcoe visited Matchedash Bay in 1793, he had found there a trader named Cowan who had been "settled at Matchedash upwards of fifteen years"—since 1778 at least. Later, in 1828, the fur-traders and *voyageurs* at Drummond Island, which had been found to be in American territory, migrated almost *en masse* to Penetanguishene; and it was mainly from among these that Lieutenant Carthew and Captain Baddeley obtained their guides in 1835.

But even before 1828 a trader from Drummond Island, named George Gordon, had already established himself at Penetanguishene. He was the son of a British army officer who had been killed, apparently before 1800, in the West Indies. He had been educated in Montreal, and his widowed mother had married *en secondes nocces* a Montreal fur-trader named Joseph Rousseau, by whom she had at least two sons. George Gordon became an apprentice clerk of the North West Company in 1807, and was for about ten years employed in the posts about Lake Superior. He then left the service of the Nor'Westers, and set up in trade for himself, first at Fort William, then at Drummond Island, and finally, in 1825, at Penetanguishene.

Once George Gordon was established at Penetanguishene, he sent for his young step-brother, Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, who had become a clerk in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, and made him his clerk. Of Rousseau it is said, by A. C. Osborne, the historian of Penetanguishene, that he "ranged the wilderness collecting furs from the Indians";

and it is certain that it was from him that Lake Rosseau, or Rousseau's Lake, received its name—rather than from the Jean-Baptiste Rousseau (probably a relative) who had a trading-post at the mouth of the Humber river when Toronto was founded, and who died in 1812.

It is not unlikely that the "commodious house" Alexander Sherriff saw on the shores of Trading Lake may have been built by Jean-Baptiste Rousseau; and it is possible that he named Lake Joseph after his father, Joseph Rousseau.

Some of George Gordon's papers have been preserved, and have recently come into the possession of the University of Toronto Library. From them we learn the names of other traders at Penetanguishene who were interested at this time in the fur-trade and may have built trading-posts in the Muskoka region—notably Andrew Mitchell, William Simpson, and D. Revol.

It is worthy of note, however, that when Alexander Murray, of the Geological Survey of Canada, explored the Muskoka lakes in 1853, he made no mention of trading-posts or traders. It was he who gave to Trading Lake the name of "the Lake of Bays". Perhaps by this time the fur-trade of the Muskoka lakes had died away.

ONLY TO REST

BY ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

How strange to lie
Under earth pressed,
While the years go by,
Only to rest.

Long, long to lie
Under earth's grass
While the wild geese cry
And strange feet pass.

How strange to rest
In earth's great grave
With the worst, the best,
The weak, the brave.

Nothing is heard
Under the ground—
Not even a word,
Never a sound.

Cities may break,
Great nations pass,
The flesh will not wake
Under the grass.

The grave's a spot
Where all must bed
With never a thought
And no word said.

Long, long to lie
Under earth pressed
While the years go by,
Only to rest.

CANADA AND PAN-AMERICANISM*

BY REGINALD G. TROTTER

PAN-AMERICANISM is something that Canadians cannot afford to ignore. Canada is not included, it is true, in its institutional framework, and the attitudes and aspirations that have given it glamour for many citizens of the twenty-one American republics are mostly alien to our Canadian national life; yet the fact that Canada also lies in the American hemisphere and is an American nation naturally raises the question of her relationship to the Pan-American Union. Inter-American relations embrace Canada, Pan-American do not. Those who wish that they did so would like to make the two expressions synonymous. The wish may seem plausible, but events of the past few months have clearly revealed the confusion of thinking that underlies it. From being an instrument of the State Department for preserving the neutrality of the 'hemisphere', and a focus for Mr. Nelson Rockefeller's propaganda for a 'hemispheric' Americanism, Pan-Americanism has become mainly a channel for United States' protection of and collaboration with the 'belligerent' republics of the Caribbean circle and an instrument through which Washington tries to secure sympathy and coöperation from the republics of South America, still non-belligerent, and comprising far the larger half of the Latin-American republics in size and importance. Latin-America to-day, in relation to the cause of the United Nations, is obviously more of a problem than a source of strength. The progress of the war

* *The Inter-American System: A Canadian View.* By John P. Humphrey. (Issued under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs.) Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd. 1942. Pp. xiii+329. \$3.00.

Inter-American Solidarity. Edited by Walter H. C. Laves. (Lectures on the Harris Foundation, 1941.) Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1941. Pp. xiii+228. \$1.50.

Economic Defence of Latin America. By Percy W. Bidwell. (*America Looks Ahead: A Pamphlet Series.* No. 3. May, 1941.) Boston: World Peace Foundation. 1941. Pp. 96. Cloth 50 cents. Paper 25 cents.

has reduced the emphasis on Pan-Americanism as a utopian escape from difficult realities, but in this time of international crisis it is important that Canadians should consider the question seriously and with a constructive attitude towards the whole problem of international responsibilities.

Professor Humphrey, in *The Inter-American System*, does not profess to deal at length with economic questions or cultural aspects of international relations in this hemisphere, or with the geographic and other circumstances that have moulded the outlooks and shaped the interests of the several American countries. He gives chief space to the growth of the institutional framework of the Pan-American system, and the succession of related conferences, agreements and activities of various sorts. This is the most useful part of the volume and provides a competent survey, though many readers will find a diminishing interest in the detailed accounts of many proposals that were rejected and many agreements that were drawn up only to remain unratified. More briefly he deals with Pan-Americanism in relation to world affairs and with Canada's interest in it. Apparently the main purpose of his book is to be found in his argument for Canada's membership in the Pan-American Union. This seems the weakest part of the work, and a few points especially ask for comment.

Nobody would seriously question Mr. Humphrey's contention that there is no insuperable legal or constitutional bar to Canadian membership in the Union. Canada's Commonwealth relationship presents no such bar, and any technical obstacles in the constitution of the Union could be easily removed. But as a constitutional lawyer the author magnifies the importance of this. In actual fact the question does not in any vital sense depend upon constitutional technicalities. It is to be decided rather in the light of wider implications as a matter of policy. Mr. Humphrey's argument fails to carry conviction that joining the Union, *in essentially its present*

character, would really strengthen Canada's position as an actively contributing member of the United Nations or as an effective ally of the United States.

Speaking of the Ogdensburg Agreement, which placed our relations with the United States on a new basis, the author interprets it as a step by which "Canada entered the Pan-American system through the back door". It would have been more discriminating to point out that the Agreement was reached by a very simple and especially intimate procedure quite outside the institutional and ideological framework of Pan-Americanism, that it inaugurated a new type of collaboration which in scale and in intimacy has far exceeded that between the United States and any Latin-American country, and that furthermore it was linked with a set of negotiations—including the famous destroyer-bases deal—by which the United States assumed a position of special coöperation with Britain as well as with Canada in resistance to the Axis. To talk as if Ogdensburg's merely defensive aspect in a continental or hemispheric sense were its chief significance is to reveal a view too limited for to-day and too limited even for the days before Pearl Harbor when this book was written.

Again, the author weakens his position by insisting that it would have been helpful if Canada had been a member of the Pan-American Union in 1939 and thus a participant in the Conference at Panama following the outbreak of war. He assumes that Canada, having previously joined the Union, would nevertheless have been at Panama as a belligerent. He fails to point out how in that role Canada's presence could have been helpful in view of the fact that the State Department at Washington was then using the Pan-American framework for all it was worth to strengthen policies of 'hemisphere' neutrality. There is a *naïveté* here that would be amusing if the argument were not so likely to mislead the casual reader who, approving later trends of United States

policy, may have a short memory for the long months of its perilous uncertainty after September, 1939. Moreover, as the situation has actually developed, the later reversal of the position of the United States has found less general sympathy and support in the countries of South America than did the policies formerly advanced. This does not apply to the Central American and Caribbean countries, but there United States influence is more immediate in any case, though doubtless more happily accepted in the framework of Pan-Americanism than it would be without it. Since Pearl Harbor it must be obvious that our own collaboration with the United States has not required our membership in the Pan-American Union in order to surpass anything that Pan-American policies have accomplished, either in the cause of the United Nations generally or in the narrower realm of 'hemisphere' defence. We have shown that we can coöperate as effectively with an American republic as with the kingdoms of the British Commonwealth, without belonging to the Pan-American Union.

The United States, long associated with the Latin-American republics in the Pan-American system, naturally pursues its relations with them now in that framework, even though this has involved the difficulty of having to reverse the direction of much of its own leadership in the system. But why should Canada adjust her Inter-American relations to a system which traditionally, and still in many respects, is isolationist in its spiritual outlook on the rest of the world? Inter-American relations? Yes, of course, in their due place in the perspective of world relations. Canada already has many working channels of intercourse and collaboration with the countries of this hemisphere. She has recently been increasing them in Latin-America, but most appropriately their greatest development concerns our relations with the United States, which are so

close and unique as to be better treated *sui generis* than as part of a Pan-American system. Mr. Mackenzie King, speaking at the close of the parliamentary session on August 1st, recognized the special character of Canada's place in this hemisphere resulting from the fact that we are an actively collaborating member of the British Commonwealth, when he said with regard to Pan-American relations:

During this war there are reasons why the South American Republics and the United States might wish to discuss their economic and other problems without having representation from any member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. That is an aspect of the situation which I mention simply to show that it is not simply a matter of relations between Canada and other countries in this hemisphere.

Thus it appears that while our relations with American countries are important, particularly those with the United States, the growing intimacy of the latter and the elaboration of remarkably effective instruments for handling them do not argue that we should join the Pan-American Union; what they really prove is how satisfactorily we can collaborate without taking such a step. That we could secure more effective collaboration by taking it remains unproven. Moreover, it would be more than merely superfluous to join as yet; it would still mean lining ourselves up with a tradition involving a repudiation of our own essential character as a nation. For the framework and the philosophy of Pan-Americanism itself, whatever the use that some American states might now like to make of it, are still essentially defensive and ingrowing. Its unifying spirit is the tradition of an independence of Europe won through revolutionary conflict that furnishes in each republic the cherished core of national pride. Canada's national position has not been reached thus, and to do anything that attempts to assimilate Canadian tradition to that aspect of the tradition of the American republics is to nullify the inherent advantages

that result for ourselves and for a wider international comity, from Canada's realization of political nationality without such a core of traditional antagonisms to the non-American world.

It is natural that Canadians should be seeking to-day for opportunities to coöperate internationally in any directions in which coöperation can strengthen the common cause to which we are pledged. Joining the formal Pan-American system has been presented as one way of doing this. But formal gestures, however cordially intended, may not necessarily be constructively helpful. The Canadian way of collaboration has demonstrated itself as more effective for the present emergency than the Pan-American way. It may, of course, become wise to collaborate with certain institutional organizations that owe their origin to the Pan-American system. It is also possible that that system as a whole may undergo such hemispherically wide changes of heart and such institutional change in relation to a wider international order that it would become appropriate for Canada to seek membership. If it does become appropriate for Canada to do so it will not be because the argument of this book is valid.

To join now would not be expressive of a wider internationalism on Canada's part. It would strengthen the hands of those who are still seeking to limit Canada's assumption of international responsibilities, measuring them by some continentally or hemispherically 'American' scale rather than by a Canadian standard. It would strengthen those who would minimize attitudes and practices of consultation and collaboration among the nations of the British Commonwealth, the development of which has produced a Canadian nationality positive rather than negative in its prevailing outlook on the world, and which has enabled Canada to face the present crisis promptly with the positive action of a mature nation prepared to accept a responsible place in the world at large. To join

the Pan-American Union now would strengthen those forces both in this country and across the border that are still hoping and working for continental or hemispheric isolationism after the war. Fortunately the air is clearing. The Chalouts and the Raymonds, talking, we are assured on high authority, "in good faith", have shown us what tendencies we support if we advocate entering the Pan-American Union as it is to-day. The battle against isolationism on this continent is not over. Isolationism will not be defeated by appeasing its supporters because they give it the cloak of regionalism or continentalism.

The writer has felt all the more bound to speak frankly about Professor Humphrey's book lest some readers attribute to it an authority which it does not possess because of its publication under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. It is true that the Institute inserts on the fly-leaf its usual disclaimer of responsibility for the author's views. But the book is advertised not only as a useful source of information and a presentation of a point of view but as "an authoritative basis" for Canadian judgement on the issues of policy with which it deals. If its argument is the stoutest that can be advanced for Canada's membership in the Pan-American Union the case is weak indeed.

Last summer the Harris Foundation Lectures at the University of Chicago dealt with the theme of *Inter-American Solidarity*. In the volume since published under that title the Canadian participant is Professor Frank Scott, who discusses "Canada and Hemispheric Solidarity". He pays respect to our British Commonwealth association as something which Canadians take for granted will continue, and sketches the growth of Canadian-American collaboration. He labours under the same confusion as Mr. Humphrey in blurring the distinction between our specially close ties with the United States, and the question of our joining the Pan-American Union, assuming from the undoubted advantages of the one the immediate desirability of the other. He similarly over-

looks the superior quality and extent of our collaboration with the United States outside that system as compared with what that system itself has been able to contribute to the cause of the United Nations. But that oversight was perhaps more excusable before Pearl Harbor than it would be now. The confusion of Professor Scott's argument might be further illustrated by his discussion of trade figures. He admits that Canada's trade with Latin America is relatively slight, but after adding it in with our trade with the United States and the British West Indies he argues from the totals the greatness of our economic ties, not with our nearest neighbour, which would be a valid conclusion, but with the hemisphere.

Elsewhere in this volume of lectures there may be found other evidences of the atmosphere of unreality in which during the summer of 1941 many aspects of 'hemisphere solidarity' inevitably had to be discussed. But the complacencies that now seem so dated are offset by frank recognition that alike in trade and finance, in the problem of raw materials and in cultural relations, as in the most immediately pressing problem of defence, the conception of hemisphere solidarity is one that must be subjected to many qualifications before it can be fitted realistically to the facts of the past and the present or to practical plans for the future. In general, the more closely any of the lecturers is dealing with immediately pressing problems, the more realistic is his attitude. Perhaps the high point is reached in this connection by Major George Fielding Eliot in dealing with "Hemispheric Defence" when he argues the futility of mere defence and when he says:

If Germany is beaten, it will be because the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations have jointly created such instruments of military and political and economic control and coordination as shall enable them to bring all their resources to bear for that purpose.

In his pamphlet, *The Economic Defence of Latin America*, Professor Bidwell presents a good deal of interesting in-

formation about the economic situation there in relation to the earlier phases of the war and about the bearing of United States policy upon it. He concludes with a chapter on "The Fallacy of Hemisphere Self-Sufficiency" in which he insists that economically a Western Hemisphere bloc would be as weak against a hostile world as Professor Eugene Staley argued that it would be strategically, in his much-talked-of article, *The Myth of the Continents* (*Foreign Affairs*, April, 1941). He finds danger in the emotional and symbolic values so freely and so loosely attached to the phrases "continental solidarity" and "continental unity" as applied to The United States Latin American policy. He agrees with Professor Staley in deploring the possible effects of a "Western Hemisphere complex" on foreign policy, since "neither in history nor in logic is there any reason to assume that continental groupings of states are more 'natural' or more effective than maritime groups". He approves his country's efforts to relieve economic stresses in Latin America, but points out that

they do not guarantee peace, prosperity or freedom from German aggression in the post-war era. The only program which has any chance of accomplishing that result is the program of aiding Britain to defeat Germany. . . . The program of hemisphere self-sufficiency is an attempt to prepare against the eventuality of a German victory. But should the British win, continental solidarity would not be needed. Worse than that, it would interfere awkwardly with our post-war relations with a victorious Britain. . . We have been urged to think hemispherically so that we may be prepared for a British defeat. But few of us really believe that Hitler will win this war. Why then shouldn't we be making preparations for a British victory? That means thinking 'spherically', laying new plans for the renewal of trade on a world-wide scale.

The political, no less than the economic, implications of this argument reinforce the position taken above with regard to Canadian policy.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

SOME ASPECTS OF THE DEFEAT OF FRANCE

BY PERCY J. PHILIP

ALTHOUGH over two years have passed since the defeat and surrender of France it is not too late, and in some respects it may be still too early, to offer this fragmentary presentation of these happenings.

At its outset everybody in France in contact with the position, and even the man in the street, knew and recognized frankly that the war was what was called “*mal engagée*”, that it had been started under bad conditions, at the wrong time and in the wrong mood.

The war of 1914 had been carefully prepared for, through long years of patient diplomatic effort. The Franco-Russian alliance and the *entente cordiale* with Great Britain assured that if ever Germany should attack she would be engaged on two fronts and that at the very least the British Fleet would give protection at sea. The French people were wealthy, prosperous and firmly united in loyalty to the Republic or to France and these had begun to mean nearly the same thing.

The war of 1939 found France in the worst possible international position, with no strong allies except Great Britain and no sure friends. Internally she had just emerged from a long series of financial earthquakes and her normally ardent political life had been made tempestuous by the introduction of a social-doctrinal quarrel which had developed much of the fervour of the religious conflicts of other days.

Looking at the situation in their cool realistic way the French saw fearfully, and tried to warn others, that the conditions were not such as to justify any government and people in risking war. That despite that opinion they took the risk and honoured their engagements must not be forgotten.

Internationally the system of alliances and mutual security pacts which successive French governments had strived for years to build up in different forms had collapsed. Only the alliance with Czechoslovakia had ever had any real value and Czechoslovakia was gone. The League of Nations had practically ceased to function. Its last act under pressure from the Argentine government and United States newspaper opinion was to be the reading of Soviet Russia out of membership because of her attack on Finland. Italy was inimical and clearly only biding her time. It had been a *tour de force* to get Mussolini to call the Munich meeting made necessary by such circumstance as the report which General Vuillemin of the French Air Arm made to Foreign Minister George Bonnet at the time, that France could not hope to hold the air for more than two weeks. It was on receipt of that report that Bonnet began to work on Mussolini to try to call a conference.

On the continent of Europe, France had no sure allies with the possible exception of Poland and it was improbable that the then government would keep its engagements unless their own country was itself attacked. Until March 1939 the attitude of Great Britain was still considered equivocal although there had been some change of opinion which had resulted in the speeding up of aircraft production and the introduction for the first time in the history of the country at peace of a limited measure of compulsory military service. It had been matter for surprise to many that there had been a steady drawing closer to France by the British Conservative government since 1936 when the Left Popular Front was elected and Leon Blum became Prime Minister with Leon Delbos as his Minister of Foreign Affairs. That close association was continued, although on a slightly different footing of greater independence, by Daladier and Bonnet and it may be said that it was they who obtained from the Chamberlain government the introduction of conscription which was known in Paris to be imminent before it was suspected in London.

At the same time the British government made it clear that it would not in the event of war be in a position to send more than a maximum of ten divisions to France and that France would have to rely on the Maginot Line and her own army to hold back an invasion until a larger British and possibly Imperial army was got ready. In such circumstances, and with no prospect of a second front being developed, every French soldier and every French politician knew that war must be avoided at all costs.

There were however two other possibilities which were much canvassed during the summer of 1939 as the certainty of Hitler's intentions became more and more apparent. The Franco-Soviet Pact prepared by Louis Barthou and Litvinoff had been whittled down by Pierre Laval, who succeeded Barthou, to such an extent as to be of no real value but it was decided to make one more effort to get Russia into line. The second hope was that the United States from where had come for years the most violent polemics against Hitlerism would be swept into war on a wave of emotion if Germany should commit any more than ordinarily outrageous act of aggression. It was a hope that found final tragic expression in Paul Reynaud's appeal by radio from Tours, amid the wreck of what had been France, for "clouds of airplanes", for just one word of promise that would encourage him and his people to continue the battle.

As during the civil war in Spain and the Czechoslovak crisis it was London more than Paris which took the initiative in policy during that last peace summer but it was Paris more than London which pressed for an agreement to be reached with Soviet Russia. There was no one in any responsible position, even among those who were avowedly anti-Communist, who did not hold the opinion that unless Russia would promise at least to mobilize and retain a large number of German divisions on the eastern frontier it would be little short of

suicide to go to war. George Bonnet at the Quai d'Orsay was so urgent in presenting this view that it became a source of irritation to Daladier and a cause of suspicion in London of the French Foreign Minister's good faith. Events have shown that he was right.

There were more than military reasons for the demand that at almost any cost Soviet Russia should be brought into partnership. It was essential for the preservation of the political unity of France. At the 1936 elections a very large percentage of the electorate had voted for Communist candidates and seventy-two had been returned to Parliament with two elected to the Senate. Communism in a specialized French patriotic and humanized form had become a political force and not just a theory in France. During the Spanish civil war and at the time of Munich it was the Communists who were most clamorous for war against Fascism in all its forms and in every country. They clandestinely sent volunteers and munitions and supplies of all kinds to help the Republicans. In Parliament and in the army they behaved correctly. They voted the military credits and supported the government except on those occasions when they considered that it was not taking a strong enough attitude in its policy against Fascism abroad and at home. Army officers reported that it was the young men from the "Communist" districts like the suburbs of Paris and the industrial north who, contrary to all former experience, were making the keenest soldiers. It seemed that in them burned the brightest patriotic light and that they were readiest to carry the Liberty torch which had come down to them from their revolutionary ancestors. In a régime which many felt to be fast burning out, theirs seemed to be the only living faith.

Politically therefore it was essential that Soviet Russia should be at least favourable to France in the event of war. The "Right" elements, Catholic, country and army people,

could, with a few exceptions be counted on to do their patriotic duty however anti-Communist they might be in politics. They were not traitors. The middle classes would as usual shoulder their burden. The Socialists, led by Blum who had shown during the Austrian and Czechoslovak crises that he would not flinch, would march more firmly if they felt that the Communists were with them and the Communists would lead the attack if Russia gave the word.

These weeks while the Anglo-French delegation was in Moscow trying to negotiate an agreement were among the most agonizing ever spent at the Quai d'Orsay. Everybody knew that the fate of France depended on the success or failure of that mission. When Moscow demanded the military occupation of the Baltic countries and the re-establishment of the old military frontier there were many who urged that, despite all past promises and the principles involved, pressure should be put on the Baltic states to grant this request. Warning had reached the Quai d'Orsay notably from M. Rene Ristelhueber, then Minister in Sofia and now Minister of France in Canada, that Moscow had an alternative plan for securing its aims and it was felt that no price was too high to pay for Russian goodwill.

In the very middle of the negotiation Moscow decided that there was nothing to be obtained from the British and French and to take from Germany what the others felt that they were unable to give. It is probable that the secret clause providing for the partition of Poland and the restoration of the "Curzon line" frontier inclined the Kremlin further towards the Nazi offer. Such a course was undoubtedly justified from Stalin's point of view. He wanted to make sure that his country would have a defendable frontier as far from his principal cities as possible. He wanted to gain time to prepare for the attack which he was sure would come. But such almost oriental dealing was beyond the comprehension

of anyone outside the walls of the Kremlin. To most of the world it looked like downright treachery, and Stalin did not deign to explain even to his followers.

In France the effect was catastrophic. It split the Communist party in two and shook the whole working class to its roots. It seemed to hundreds of thousands of French people to deprive the war of any meaning and certainly of any prospect of success. They did not want to fight for Danzig or Poland. The Poles had shared in the strangulation and partition of Czechoslovakia and peoples are judged by the actions of their governments. They did not want to fight German Fascism. Their form of government was the affair of the German people so long as they stayed in their own country. In the disarray of opinion many blamed England. It was the first whisper of anti-British feeling and in high places there was bitter criticism of the "stupidity" of Downing Street which had not seen into what a tangle it was being led.

The evil done was very profound. For the first time a few but powerful personalities in the press, in politics and among the either mystic-minded or financially interested anti-Communist elements, of whom Paul Baudouin, who as Foreign Minister was to play such an important role in the sabotage of resistance at Bordeaux, was an example, began openly to dare the suggestion that France's real interest lay in association, even co-operation with Germany and Italy instead of with Britain. They pointed to the "duplicity" of Moscow and the indifference of the United States as warning that France was being "pushed into war" by London which was unable or unwilling to promise more than very inadequate aid. They cited as proof of their argument the apparent reluctance and complete unreadiness of the British Dominions to take any part. The whispering campaign which began caused every Communist and almost every Left sympathizer to become suspect. There was a growing demand for the dissolution of the Com-

munist party, which was later done, and it was in an agony of uncertainty that the Radical government under Daladier, supported only by the Socialists, awaited the events which followed so rapidly on the signing of the Nazi-Soviet agreement. They knew that by that secret act the backbone of French resistance had been broken and that the flame which had burned so brightly during the Spanish civil war and at the time of Munich had been all but extinguished.

Without the people nothing is ever possible in France and on that September Sunday when Great Britain first declared war they were dispirited, broken in hope, and filled with foreboding because they felt so terribly alone. Daladier in the Chamber of Deputies did not dare to present for approval the usual form of declaration of war by the President of the Republic. He asked only for the necessary credits and the declaration of war followed "illegally" it was charged at the Riom trials, although that charge like all the others is never likely now to be brought home.

As this writer left the Chamber a young Left deputy, who was killed some months later, stepped forward. "Au revoir, cher ami," he said. "I am off to join my regiment but this is no way to begin a war. For God's sake try to get the Americans in. If not we shall be beaten in the spring."

The Americans; that was the second and last hope and throughout that dreary intensely cold winter of '39 and '40 it buoyed up many hearts. Up in the Maginot Line colonels at mess would bellow, and soldiers in the damp dismal forts would whisper: "When are the Yanks coming?" It was painful to have to dodge the answer.

There was worse to face than even hope deferred. In fulfilment of his carefully planned policy for recovering Russia's old military frontier, but still without a hint of explanation, Stalin attacked Finland which had refused to submit to an amicable arrangement. There is now no doubt that Germany

was behind that refusal. The event and the emotion that it aroused finally broke the French Communist party and spirit. Its leaders either fled, abroad it was said, or were imprisoned or recanted. Its followers, confused and disillusioned, were in no mood to fight or even to work although they conformed to all demands. It was significant that it was the 9th army, under General Corap, mostly recruited from the Communistic Paris suburbs, which was the first to break in the battle of the Meuse, at the hinge of the allied position. The men did not know any longer for what they were fighting. They had lost their last fragment of faith. It was not the Parliamentary Republic or even *la Patrie* which they felt to be filled with "Nazi traitors" which could inspire them to face that terrible hail of bombs and parachutists and that rolling avalanche of tanks which burst on them on May 10th, 1940. "Et votre Amérique?" a wounded man groaned, and he spat as we carried him out of a bombed railroad station.

We have all lost too many battles, in Greece and Libya and the Philippines and the Dutch Indies and Malaya and Russia to entitle us to any word of criticism of those who went down in defeat before that first terrific Nazi blitz. It drove 350,000 of our men out of Dunkirk, leaving all their equipment behind, and although we lived to fight another day their withdrawal seemed like a desertion to many Frenchmen. What happened is for military experts to appraise. Most of us are now prepared in the light of our own experience to excuse the military defeat. But the surrender at Bordeaux is another matter.

It is important to examine exactly how that came about. Fourteen members of the Cabinet, supported by the military advice of General Weygand voted against continuing the war. Eleven voted to accept the offer made by Mr. Winston Churchill and to form a government in exile continuing to resist in Africa and the other French possessions. Among

the eleven beside Paul Reynauld were Socialists (among them Blum's nominee in the Cabinet, George Monnet), Radicals like Leon Delbos and Cesar Campinchi, and at least one member of the extreme Right, Louis Marin. They were all men of known probity and tried political reputation. Among the fourteen beside Marshal Petain were also men of different parties, including two ex-Socialists who were no longer in the party, two non-Parliamentarians, one Croix de Feu Rightest and a number of Radicals persuaded to this course by former Premier Camille Chautemps who is now in New York hovering, it would seem, between many different allegiances. It was Chautemps' vote, and those he influenced, which turned the scale against Reynaud, who even when beaten did not at once abandon hope. He felt that the terms of the armistice would be so severe that there would be a popular outcry against acceptance and so he stayed on at Bordeaux, giving to this writer one day a single word interview "Fidelity", hoping that he would get another chance.

His hopes were not realized. For this two reasons can be given. The first is that the country was so disorganized as to have become completely incoherent. There were an estimated seven million people on the roads in flight. Paris and all the north, with cities as far south as Lyons, were occupied by the Germans. No public services were functioning. There were no trains. Only official cars could get gasoline. There were only local provincial newspapers which were published with difficulty and under severe censorship by the Bordeaux authorities. There were no means of communication by telegraph, telephone or even mail during several weeks and the only source of information was the radio which was controlled by the Germans in Paris and by the Petain government in Bordeaux. The people did not know what was happening or what to think and had no way of expressing their thoughts except in the tears which rolled down the cheeks of men as of women when they heard the news of the surrender.

From personal contact in trains and in many different towns during the eleven weeks after the armistice this writer can say that at least sixty per cent of the officers and soldiers who had been withdrawn into the unoccupied zone were eager to escape the country and join any fighting force elsewhere. They said so openly. They begged to be helped to escape. But the frontiers were closed, the sea-ports closely watched, and it has been only in little trickles that any of these men have been able to leave their country. The supineness with which the French people have been reproached was not due to any light-hearted acceptance of defeat, but, in the first place, to physical incapacity to do anything else than accept, and, secondly, to the confusion of mind and emotion caused by the completeness of the collapse of all established conceptions and institutions and by concern for the safety of their families, hundreds of thousands of whom were lost to each other for weeks and even months. By the time some measure of order was restored the opportunity for either escape or organized revolt had passed.

The reason for the failure at Vichy of any political reaction to what had been done at Bordeaux was that by almost universal consent the Republican Parliamentary régime was considered to have run its course. No régime in France has ever survived defeat and it is a matter for consideration in all belligerent countries whether their régimes are so solidly established on firm grounds of faith and loyalty as to be absolutely assured that they could survive the shock of such defeat as France had suffered, coupled with enemy occupation of the major part of the territory.

Laval was, with Petain for a figure-head, the only person ready with an alternative to the Republic. He had undoubtedly been laying his plans for many months and he insinuated them on a rump parliament from which only a few courageous voices rose in protest. His government has never been able,

except for brief occasions when Marshal Petain, wrapped in the tricolor flag, recaptured a few faint flashes of his old popularity, to exert any influence or to gain anything but disrepute. Its only real policy has been anti-Communist and anti-Semitic. Laval who, long before the war, had become the most distrusted personality in French politics, is no convinced partisan of the totalitarian conception of government. He is not intellectually equipped for more than a superficial understanding of its theories. Like many others who have "evolved" from obscure origins to political power, beginning at the extreme Left, he has a profound mistrust of his old associates. If he has any political conviction at all it is that "Communism is the enemy", a phrase which he was in latter years very fond of repeating with an air of profundity, as if he had had an original thought. For the rest his actions have always been dictated by his desire for personal gain or by rancour against those who have at any time hurt his immense vanity. In all the Ministries which he occupied in the Republican régime he was considered by the permanent officials as an incompetent, and sensing that attitude he has conducted a personal vendetta against many of the best civil servants in the country. Of the British, who, he considers, repeatedly snubbed him and prevented the realization of his amateurish plans for the organization of Europe, he has the vindictive hatred of the peasant for what is "foreign" and "superior".

His only claim to the position which he has now held for two long periods was his self-made reputation of being a good bargainer who would be able to obtain concessions from the Germans. He openly boasted in an interview he gave to American newspapermen in Vichy that he would be able to "horse-trade" with Hitler, but the fact is now evident that he has never succeeded. Either the Germans have considered that he did not come far enough in fulfilment of his promises or the French, and on one notable occasion Marshal Petain,

have considered that he had promised too much and resisted. The time seems to be nearing for another of his periodic eclipses for he is too astute a politician not to realize his failure and the fact that while he has not satisfied the Germans, his government has no authority within the unoccupied area and is not recognized in the occupied area beyond the measure in which it functions in such matters as the collection of taxes and normal administration.

One other much disputed personality in the Vichy régime is Admiral Darlan who now controls not only the French fleet but all the armed forces, and in the event of the death of the Marshal is his most likely successor. Even to his countrymen and his present collaborators Darlan is something of a mystery for he does not talk. Many of them suspect him of playing a waiting game with, as his only interest, the preservation to France of her fleet and some remnant of military independence. At Bordeaux during these last hours of crisis the late Navy Minister Cesar Campinchi, reviewing the situation, gave the writer his opinion that Darlan would obey whichever government emerged from that discussion, and he was right. Darlan is pure French with one strong political feeling and a weakness. He was, and probably is still, like most sailormen, anti-Communist, and, although he collaborated loyally with the British throughout the war, he has a full share of that professional jealousy which marks the navies of these age-old rivals.

The fact has been, however, too much overlooked that it was at his insistence and as a condition of his remaining in the service of the Petain government that in Article 8 of the armistice terms the clause was inserted: "The German government solemnly declares to the French government that it does not intend to use the French fleet which is in harbours under German control for its purposes in war, with the exception of the units necessary for the purpose of guarding the coast

and sweeping mines. It further solemnly and expressly declares that it does not intend to bring up any demands respecting the French fleet at the conclusion of a peace."

It may be argued that that is just another German promise but it must be noted that it has been kept until now and the reason is most probably that Darlan is custodian of that promise. The British attack on his ships at Mers-el-Kebir sorely hurt French feelings and French naval pride and caused almost the only outburst of anti-British feeling that marked these days of disaster. It was undoubtedly with pleasure that the French navy took its revenge at Dakar but except in defence of French possessions no French ship has been used against Great Britain or any of the United Nations.

Such were in brief the conditions which led to the defeat and surrender of France. The endeavour has been made to distinguish between causes and effects which have become greatly confused by the passionate emotions which were aroused at the time and have continued. As studiously as possible the effort has been made to avoid accusation and re-crimination, for of that there has been already too much and it has served only to obscure the problem.

There remains to be examined the present state of mind in France and the attitude of the people towards any attempt by the United Nations to make a landing and establish a second front there.

The first fact, unpalatable though it may be, which must be noted is that it was not until after the Nazi attack on Soviet Russia that there were any open acts of sabotage or attempts on the lives of Nazi officers and soldiers. The French workers and middle classes, with the exception of the small band led by Doriot, steadily resisted the Nazi efforts to win them over, although these efforts were skilfully directed. They carried themselves with dignity, stiffly, but there was no open act of rebellion against the Nazi order. The current instruction,

which some said came from former Premier Edouard Herriot, was that what must be sought was "Victoire par l'esprit".

It was only after Soviet Russia entered the war that the present campaign of acts of sabotage and murder began. That old burning fighting spirit of the French revolutionary to whom death is nothing in his search for freedom, did not revive until it became clear to the French workers that it was a "people's war". During the past few months that spirit has steadily grown stronger despite, and perhaps because of, all the Nazi efforts at repression. It is not for democracy as it is understood on this continent that these saboteurs are wrecking trains, starting riots, spreading terrorism among the Nazi troops and facing firing squads. It is for that old fighting ideal of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity which the Germans and the Vichy government imagined that they had suppressed.

Another aspect of the situation has been presented by such incidents as the attempted assassination of Laval and Marcel Deat by Paul Colette and the series of bombings of Doriot's headquarters culminating in the shooting of the secretary of his party. Here we have a different attitude. Colette was a middle-class Frenchman with no Communist sympathies. He may be taken however as representative of an immense number of his countrymen in his attitude towards the collaborationist minority of whom Doriot, an ex-Communist, is the most violent and an aspirant to Laval's place. To a man like Colette it would be murder to shoot a Nazi officer who is merely doing his duty. But it would seem only retributive justice and the prevention of more injustice to kill one of his own countrymen whom he felt to be betraying France.

There may therefore be considered to be three elements in France, and they embrace by far the largest part of the population, who could be counted on to rally to and help any United Nations landing force. There are first the ordinary citizens like those at Nantes who rose and fought for three days

during the last commando raid there. Among them no doubt were many ex-soldiers and it may be fairly estimated that of these, with their officers, there would be half a million, even at the outset, who would reform their ranks and seek to join the invaders. Laval's reported announcement that France would "remain neutral" in the event of a United Nations landing may be considered as an admission that he knows the dispositions of the people. But they must be given arms to fight that battle of revenge for which they have waited so long.

There are, second, the Communists who would seek any opportunity to help the Russians in their fight and would be immensely useful in any guerilla warfare.

There are, third, an unknown but assuredly growing number of Frenchmen of the type of Colette who are living only to remove from the escutcheon of France the shame of the betrayal at Bordeaux, and would join any movement which promised success although they might hesitate and want to know for what kind of France they were fighting.

In a sense these three elements are still far apart politically. From London General de Gaulle has done a great deal to try to unite them. He has seen delegations from all three who have come from France and returned there to spread the word. His attitude towards Moscow, following the lead first set by Mr. Churchill, has gone far to reconcile the Communists, and although among his old army companions he may have would-be rivals it is a rivalry which would not for long or seriously hamper collaboration. To the mass of the people he has become a symbol and it is most of all a symbol that is needed. It was that which was utterly lacking when France went gallantly, almost alone and without hope, into the war in which we are still desperately engaged.

THE SEASON'S BOOKS

HISTORY

SOVIET RUSSIA: AN INTRODUCTION. By K. Gibberd. Toronto: Oxford University Press (for The Royal Institute of International Affairs). February, 1942. Pp. 77. 35c.

The man who writes on contemporary affairs is apt to find that his book has become out of date before he is able to finish it. Events move too fast for the recorder to keep up with them. Only the historian of a future day will be able to set forth the frantic annals of our time and hope that his work will endure. Already since this useful and objective compilation was made, the U.S.S.R. has lost (according to a recent figure in *The Economist*) some 30 per cent. of her population and correspondingly large proportions of her economic resources. The figures make grim reading, and since they were published the onrush of the invaders has continued its relentless course. This is not to say that our heroic ally has ceased to be a prime factor in the war. Nor can it be said that Soviet Russia is no longer one of the most influential social phenomena in the world. Russia remains and interest in Russia continues, and it is still the task of educationists to explore and discover that vast mystery, dangerous and abhorrent, or radiant and hopeful, as the prospect has variously appeared to different observers of it. The facts have never been easy to obtain. Statistics out of Russia have always had an official Soviet look about them and, like other statistics, they have led to some odd conclusions. The truth of the matter is that ever since 1917 the régime has been fighting for its life and has never relaxed the vigilance that emergencies demand. The spectacle has produced a vast literature, much of it written either by friends or enemies of the Soviet system. Too few have approached the matter merely as social scientists who are solely concerned to examine a specimen of fascinating complexity and measureless significance for the future of human organization. At this time, popular interest in Soviet Russia has never been greater. We are all concerned with Russia now and the Anglo-Soviet Treaty projects our association into the years that lie beyond the war. It is easy to make mistakes in international relations: a sad series of them lies behind us and must be taken to account for our present plight. One of the most serious, perhaps the most decisive of our errors was our overwhelming ignorance of world affairs. We cannot afford to perpetuate such a condition of disaster, and since in world affairs Russia looms so large, it behoves us to give a second scrutiny to that gigantic shape and to try to discern its nature.

Mr. Gibberd's introduction to the subject might well set us on the way. How interesting to observe that it has been prepared

especially for the enlightenment of the British Armed Forces! There is much promise in that remarkable fact. It means two things. First, those responsible for Education in His Majesty's Forces are not afraid to teach democratic service-men about Communist Russia. Secondly, in Britain for men and women in uniform at any rate, there is a general system of education in international affairs. So great and so necessary a reform in the educational system is one of the most significant social achievements that the war has produced. Already civilians are demanding similar opportunities for the nation as a whole. A generation of that and we should have a democracy better able to steer itself clear of disaster.

As for the booklet, it admirably sets forth the subject in five short chapters. The first is of the territories and peoples. The second deals with Russia as it always ought to be dealt with, namely as a problem which can only be explained and understood in terms of Russian history. The third chapter is on the government of the U.S.S.R. according to the tenets of a new and revolutionary doctrine. The fourth deals with the economics of the Communist experiment, that titanic struggle for prosperity and security. The fifth chapter discusses living conditions and those vexed questions of the family, marriage and religion. There are maps, diagrams and a selected reading list. The booklet deserves a wide public. It is well produced. There is nothing better at the price.

W. E. C. H.

SOME HISTORIANS OF MODERN EUROPE: Essays in Historiography by former students of the Department of History of the University of Chicago. Edited by Bernadotte E. Schmitt. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1942. Pp. 533.

The title of this work is a precise indication of its contents. Published as a feature of the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the University of Chicago, the volume consists of twenty-two essays on European historians of the last two generations who are not mentioned in the well-known studies of Fueter and Gooch. The essays derive in large part from seminar papers prepared under Professor Bernadotte E. Schmitt and the late James Westfall Thompson.

While the editor disclaims any "imposed formula" in the construction of this book, a certain rough pattern may be observed. We have in each case a life of the author, a sketch of his principal works, an analysis of the reception of these works in the chief reviews, and some attempt to place the author in the broad field of historical studies. Each essay is carefully annotated, although only in one case is a compact bibliography of the author's principal works given. The editor almost disarms criticism by observ-

ing that several historians who would naturally have been included in this volume have been left out because he could find no one willing to write on them. As it turns out we have seven French historians: Aulard, Halévy, Hanotaux, Lavissee, Mathiez, Séé, Seignobos; five English: Ashley, Firth, Lodge, Rose, Temperley; four German: Delbrück, Lamprecht, Marcks, Schmoller; three Russian: Klyuchevsky, Milyukov, Pokrovsky; two Italian: Croce and Ruffini; and one Spanish, Altamira. The enumeration of those who might have been included will be fair sport for any reader.

Any serious student and any historian in a mood to "talk shop" will find much to interest him in this carefully prepared volume. Even in the case of the better known writers a great deal of useful information concerning their development and the critical reception of their work is given. The essay on Holland Rose, for example, is a model of thorough and judicious treatment. Croce's views (as far as may be) are clearly presented. The author of the essay on Schmoller shows great technical skill in placing him in a very complex setting. In one instance, the essay on Henri Séé, the author is remarkably successful in combining a close textual analysis of certain controversial points with a broad view of his subject as a whole. Only seldom do the chapters become obviously laudatory and jejune. It is perhaps natural that one should principally welcome treatment of authors not widely read or understood. One might well ignore the alphabetic arrangement of the volume and read the essays by countries. He will then see the work of the three Russian historians, for example, in relation to the general currents of the western nations.

In spite of the indisputable value of this volume a certain sense of disappointment is likely to arise in reading it. What one misses is a scheme of reference more comprehensive and more subtle—some effort to see these historians as more than twenty-two separate entities. One has the famous Aulard-Mathiez controversy presented first from the one side and then from the other, but very little is said about the perennial issue of the Revolution in French politics. French and German nationalism glare from the pages of several essays, but one misses the introductory or concluding essay that would make something of it all. For without doubt certain common features and generalizations are implicit in this volume, in spite of the editor's prefatory warning and expressed conviction that there are about as many "philosophies of history as there are historians." To take a small instance, nothing is more striking than the common pattern which seems to mark the emergence of our great historians: the brilliant student at the *lycée*, *Gymnasium*, or preparatory school; the university career at the feet of a master; the first monographs; the conception and completion of the *opus majus*; the gathering of disciples; the well-

earned laurels. Much of importance for the history of European thought may be gleaned from this volume: the intense nationalism of recent historians, particularly the German and the French; the widening scope of historical studies; the increasing recognition of sociology and economics (continental historians found themselves, willy-nilly, compelled to become something either of a Marxian or an anti-Marxian); the cult of the archives; the attempts to develop a philosophy of history.

Something could be made of all this, and yet that something fails to emerge in a volume that has very much to commend it. Perhaps it is pointless to criticize a work for neglecting that which it did not set out to include. But the need still remains, and the material here collected might well be the point of departure, for a volume to carry on the work so brilliantly inaugurated in G. P. Gooch's *History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century*.

E. J. K.

FRANCE ON BERLIN TIME. By Thomas Kernan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1941.

UNCENSORED FRANCE. By Roy P. Porter. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. 305. \$3.50.

These books both profess to be the first to describe France as their authors knew it under the German occupation. Mr. Kernan was in charge of the Paris edition of *Vogue*, and Mr. Porter was foreign correspondent in Paris for the Associated Press. Both are clever journalists.

Is it because history is being made so quickly that these volumes leave one dissatisfied? The stories interest us awhile, but except in the terrible excesses they narrate (fifty French hostages slain for one German), they do not differ much from those of the occupation of France, Belgium and Russia during the last great war. It is a pity that there are so many inaccuracies. (Kernan, p. 215: Marshal MacMahon was not elected by a majority of one vote, but of fourteen; the street in *Uncensored France*, p. 5, is rue Chabanaïs, not Chabonnais). Sweeping assertions are also found: (Porter, p. 2: "The average Frenchman deprived of food, wine and tobacco becomes a surly, spiteful creature with a hatred welling up in his soul against anyone who has, while he has not; p. 171: "Paris has always been a city of scandals"; the reader is set wondering as to the value of the more sober passages. Mr. Kernan tries seriously enough to speculate about the future of France, but already his speculations prove of little value. The portrait of Marshal Petain by Mr. Porter is level-headed and shrewd; his comments on the Hess incident, or, as he terms it, the 'highballing' of Hitler by Hess, is plausible because so full of common-sense.

Both writers seek to gain public approbation by sensationalism and a raciness of style that irks when one thinks of the seriousness of the events they describe. Another critic of Mr. Porter's book (Mr. H. E. Wintemute, in the *Narrator* for June, 1942) speaks of the superfluity of the 'dramas' and the 'hells' and the champagne splashed over its pages: alas, 'tis only small beer which we find served to us.

M. T.

ONE-ACT PLAYS FROM CANADIAN HISTORY. By Hilda Mary Hooke. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co. 60 cents.

Here are eight little pieces that provide pleasurable reading. The author and Professor J. F. Macdonald—who furnishes a preface—tell us that "the material used in these plays has been culled from long and careful study of the best authorities". That the annals and legends of pioneer Canada are treasures of dramatic material is apparent even from the few specimens in this thin volume. Many veins of rich ore, as yet unworked or but little worked—potential stuff-of-drama, human, moving, and inspiring—await competent playwrights who may revitalize the historically significant visions and accomplishments of our forerunners.

It is regrettable, however, that these narratives-in-dialogue are, as yet, more history than drama, that the episodes—entertainingly *told* with commendable skill—have not been sufficiently developed *dramatically*. In most of these pieces the drama is incipient and the dialogue, which, spoken by the historic characters, might have affected a reader to dramatic response, given lively flow and romantic glamour, remains regrettably simple and prosaic.

Two of the plays deserve favourable mention: *On the King's Birthday* and *Hélène of New France*. The former holds the reader's interest and would also be effective on the stage, and the latter is impressive in its quiet but moving drama.

W. A.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY 1841-1941—A Centenary Volume. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1942. Pp. xi+189. \$2.50.

This volume, with forewords from the Principal and Chancellor, contains the main addresses, and the odes—musical and poetic—given during the Centenary Celebrations of Queen's University held at Kingston in October, 1941. In addition there are a number of appendices, giving the Centenary programme, the list of delegates and greetings, speeches of congratulation, the presentation for honorary degrees, and speech of acceptance by General A. G. L. McNaughton. The book marks an appropriate finish to an unusually successful celebration.

It is unnecessary to review in detail the content of the addresses and odes; it is sufficient to recall them. The rectorial address was given by His Excellency the Earl of Athlone; "The Story of Queen's," by Dr. W. E. McNeill; the Commemoration Ode by Professor G. H. Clarke; "A Hundred Years in the Humanities," by Sir Robert Falconer; "A Hundred Years in Science and Applied Science," by Sir Thomas Holland; "A Hundred Years in Medicine," by Dr. Henry E. Sigerist; "A Hundred Years in Theology," by the Rev. Nathaniel Micklem; the Commemoration Service Address, by the Rev. Neil M. Leckie; "Looking Forward in Education," by Principal R. C. Wallace, and the Musical Ode by Dr. F. L. Harrison.

All the addresses are of a high standard and cover their subjects with a care and mastery that is obvious even to the casual reader. Even to those familiar with the history of Queen's, Dr. McNeill's address provides a sparkling account which will provide delightful reading for a long time to come. The serious intent of the ceremonies, succinctly expressed by Principal Wallace in his address and indicating the high level of the volume, can best be judged in his own words:

The occasion of these celebrations has been taken to pass in review, at the hands of competent authorities, the progress of thought in those great divisions of knowledge in which this University has had any part during the last hundred years.

The book itself has clearly been a work of love and pride to the makers, and the Ryerson Press will derive great satisfaction from the excellence with which that technical task has been performed. For those who heard the various addresses it will be a keen pleasure to read them over in the light of their own subsequent reflections; for those who did not hear them they will make up in part for that disappointment.

C. A. C.

ELIZABETH AND ELIZABETHANS

ENGLAND'S ELIZA. By Elkin Calhoun Wilson. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press. Pp. 479. \$5.00.

SHAKESPEARE'S AUDIENCE. By Alfred Harbage. New York: Columbia University Press. 1941. Pp. 201. \$2.25.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE. By C. T. Prouty. New York: Columbia University Press. 1942. Pp. 351. \$3.75.

Mr. Wilson has made a discriminating study of the contemporary poetic tributes paid to Queen Elizabeth as a sovereign symbol of the spirit of her age. Among the balladists he considers William Elderton and Thomas Deloney, and among the writers of processional poems George Peele and Thomas Churchyard. As for the dramatists, apart from passages in the late moralities and

interludes (such as *The Disobedient Child*, *Apian and Virginia*, *Cambyzes King of Persia*, *Patient Grissell*, *King Johan*, *Damon and Pythias*, *Jacob and Esau*, *The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune*, and particularly *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London* and *A Looking-Glass for London and England*) we must turn to the historical or semi-historical plays for examples of the new national self-realization and for devoted applause of Elizabeth both as person and as personification. She is praised thus in *Gorboduc*, *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, *Orlando Furioso*, *The Tragedy of Locrine* and *The True Tragedy of Richard the Third*. But the plays that chiefly commend her are *Histrionastix* (Marston?), Nashe's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour* and *Cynthia's Revels*, Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday* and *Old Fortunatus*, and Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (II-i-155-167), *II Henry IV* (epilogue) and his idealization of Henry V as an earlier symbol of English national worth. Mr. Wilson mentions also Cranmer's prophecy of the infant Elizabeth's future greatness, occurring in the last scene of *Henry VIII*, but students of the period now generally attribute this scene to Fletcher. There can be little doubt that many of these passages in Elizabethan drama were inspired not only by natural regard for the reigning sovereign, but also by the playwrights' gratitude to Elizabeth as the protective patron of their craft, in which she took personal delight.

At her court non-dramatic poetry also was favoured and nurtured, even though the Queen may not have been too lavish in rewarding her poets. Landor's imaginary conversation between Elizabeth and Cecil fairly suggests the position of Spenser, whose *Faerie Queene*, *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* and *April Eclogue* in *The Shepheardes Calender* so eloquently celebrate his royal mistress. Sidney, Peele, Lyly, Barnfield and not a few other singers, in masque or pastoral, provide other examples.

Mr. Wilson examines at length in four chapters—the core of his book—the Elizabethan concepts of chivalry, of womanly virtue, of seafaring and of sovereign greatness, and traces the Queen's symbolic relation to each of these (as Diana, Laura or Idea, Cynthia, and Gloriana and Belphebe) through a liberal review of the contemporary works that praise her in one or another of these aspects. "She called to her knights as a Welsh princess sprung of Arthur's line. She called as a lovely virgin lady who was also the mother of their England." The Laura chapter quotes many of the sonnets and short lyrics—Platonic or romantic—of her poet-courtiers. The Cynthia chapter shows how England under her wise governance continued the naval policy of Henry VIII, heeding the call of the sea in point of exploration, expansion and commerce. The celebration of her third visit to Kenilworth de-

pended on this motif, and just after the Armada Hakluyt, in the dedication of his *Principal Navigations*, likened her father to David and herself to Solomon in the building of this maritime 'temple'. Fitzgeoffrey's poem on Drake declares that

A heavenly fury Drakes mind did inflame,
To purchase glory to *Elysa's* name,

and Lyly and Peele strike the same note. Spenser calls her "Cynthia, the Ladie of the Sea"; and Raleigh, the "Shepherd of the Ocean", in his fragmentary *Cynthia*, uses similar imagery.

In Gloriana and Belphebe Elizabeth is epitomized and apotheosized. Spenser, anticipated in some respects by Ocland and Alabaster, in the dedication to his *Faerie Queene* and in many a passage of that great dream-epic, praises her "pietie, vertue, and all gracious government" and especially her "magnificence" (magnanimity). Facets of her character appear not only in his Gloriana and Belphebe, but also in his Una, Britomart and Mercilla.

Elizabeth's death in 1603 led to the writing of many elegiac verses, some of which are examined in this work. It is significant, perhaps, of Shakespeare's feeling when his friend Essex was beheaded in 1601, that he had no share in these eulogies. In his last chapter Mr. Wilson equitably summarizes the gains yielded by his patient study.

Shakespeare's Audience is a clever, lively book and is based on diligent research. It tries to ascertain the approximate number of people attending the several Elizabethan theatres during given periods—the units being days and weeks—and the composition, character and behaviour of the audiences. It studies also Elizabethan and modern appraisals of the quality of such audiences and concludes with some shrewd remarks—and others less shrewd—on our own contemporary problems as regards plays and audiences. Professor Harbage gallantly tilts at times against that champion authority, Sir Edmund Chambers, who nevertheless remains in the saddle firmly enough. Although the author admits that the plays themselves often describe the audiences, he does not exhaust such sources nor profess much faith in them; yet they show much less bias than do the Puritan attackers of the theatre and have the great advantage of first-hand experience. Many of the playwrights' apparently scornful and superior remarks at the expense of the spectators, especially those who stood in the yard or pit, were, however frank, not essentially unfriendly.

In estimating the average size of an Elizabethan audience, nobody can do much more than guess, as intelligently as his knowledge permits. T. W. Baldwin thinks that the average daily attendance at all the playhouses between 1599 and 1608 was 1,400 to 2,000; A. H. Thorndike suggests a minimum of 5,000; and Alwin Thaler (following John Taylor's *Watermen's Suit concerning Players*), 3,000 to 4,000. Professor Harbage estimates that

the attendance was 2,500 in 1595; 3,000 in 1601, when four companies were playing; and 3,500 in 1605, when there were five competing houses. His guess at the capacities of the Rose and the Fortune, however, seems too liberal and his methods of computing the population of Elizabethan London (city or district) are of rather doubtful validity. He believes that the initial performance of *Hamlet* drew 2,000 to 3,000 people, but this does not tally with his figures given above. He thinks that only thirteen per cent. of the population of London—two in fifteen—attended the theatre each week. Surely this is too low an estimate, resulting from mistaken premisses; his arithmetic, far from dull, is at times even romantic. The table on page 59 provides another example. Taking thirty-one cents as the modern equivalent of the Elizabethan penny, he estimates the cost in modern currency of admission tickets and of various commodities associated with the theatre. Mr. H. V. Judges, in his *Note on Prices in Shakespeare's Time* (Appendix III to *A Companion to Shakespeare Studies*), shows how fallacious such a procedure is, and gives cogent reasons "for holding that prices during Shakespeare's lifetime and those of to-day will not yield themselves to satisfactory treatment side by side".

The chapters on the nature and behaviour of the audience make pleasant and useful reading, for the most part, and we can accept the statement that Shakespeare's audience "was a cross-section of the London population of his day", that "youth may have predominated somewhat over age, male over female, the worldly over the pious . . . the receptive over the unreceptive". In considering behaviour, the author objects to Sir Edmund Chambers's list of offences connected with the theatres as providing inadequate evidence, but he apparently forgets (1) that the list is representative, not inclusive; and (2) that a large number of crimes and misdemeanours were not actually dealt with in the courts, for reasons familiar to penologists who have studied the incidence of crime during periods noted for their severe penalties. It is rather futile, too, to argue that "audiences were normally peaceful; otherwise the theatres would have been clamped permanently shut". Would not the influence of the Queen and the nobles have prevented so drastic a solution? Nor can we agree that the court rendered its great service to art unconsciously. Again, no audience that rejoiced in the Tragedy of Blood could have reached so high a degree of sensitiveness as Professor Harbage attributes to it.

In the final chapter the author indulges himself, neatly and happily, in a little dogmatism and rightly emphasizes the influence of the audience on Shakespeare. He writes with vigour and charm, and marshals his witnesses, both willing and unwilling, with persuasive skill.

George Gascoigne (?1539-1577), Cambridge man, law student, worldling, soldier, courtier and man of letters, is best known for his *Supposes*, a prose comedy based upon Ariosto's *Suppositi*. He was both a general practitioner in literature and a pathfinder in some of its explorations. As a court poet, he sang gracefully of love in his collection, *A Hundredth Sundrie Flowres*, and especially in the two narratives *The Adventures of Master F. J.* (in prose and verse) and *Dan Bartholmew of Bathe* (in verse). As dramatist he produced (with Kinwelmarsh) *Jocasta*, an English version of Dolce's *Giocasta*; *Supposes*; and *The Glasse of Government*. He was among the earliest writers of masques, was a fluent narrator and, after his reformation, an earnest moralist. *The Droomme of Doomes Day* — a collection and translation of sundry moral treatises — best represents his interest in edification and the good life. His *Steele Glas* is a satire in blank verse and his elegies include *The Complaynt of Phylomene* and *The Grief of Joye*. He also wrote the first English treatise on the art of poetry.

Dr. Prouty's treatment of this capable, well-stored mind is scholarly and finely sympathetic, and provides the first adequate critical biography of Gascoigne. It contains, beside prologue and epilogue, eight chapters, six appendices and a well selected bibliography.

G. H. C.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS. By C. S. Lewis. Geoffrey Bles, 5 shillings.

THE MIND OF THE MAKER. By Dorothy L. Sayers. Methuen. 6 shillings.

THE NATURE OF CATHOLICITY. By Daniel T. Jenkins. 5 shillings.

THE SERVANT OF THE WORD. By H. H. Farmer. Nisbet. 6 shillings.

A COMPANION TO THE SUMMA, Vol. I. By Walter Farrell, O.P. Sheed and Ward. \$3.50.

Screwtape, I should explain, is a fiend of some importance, an Under Secretary in hell, and when in the heat of composition he inadvertently allows himself to assume the form of a large centipede, he has to carry on his correspondence through his secretary Toadpipe. The letters before us are all addressed to his nephew Wormwood, and all concerned with the problem of winning a soul from the Enemy, who is God. We are not told how this correspondence fell into the hands of Mr. C. S. Lewis, a fellow of Magdalen College in Oxford, but, although the book has not a happy ending (since Screwtape and Wormwood fail through an unfor-

tunate accident), Mr. Lewis has done well to publish it and is, I am sure, deserving of any royalties that may accrue. Even the most casual or prejudiced reader may pick up some useful hints. Thus "the Enemy's demand on humans takes the form of a dilemma; *either* complete abstinence *or* unmitigated monogamy. Ever since our Father's first great victory, we have rendered the former very difficult to them. The latter, for the last few centuries, we have been closing up as a way of escape. We have done this through the poets and novelists by persuading the humans that a curious, and usually short-lived, experience which they call 'being in love' is the only respectable ground for marriage; that marriage can, and ought to, render this excitement permanent; and that a marriage which does not do so is no longer binding. This idea is our parody of an idea that came from the Enemy".

One more hint may be cited as of peculiar significance in the world of letters. Boethius, as Screwtape says, let out an important secret, but Wormwood need not trouble about that: "only the learned read old books, and we have now so dealt with the learned that they are all of them the least likely to acquire wisdom by doing so. We have done this by inculcating The Historical Point of View. The Historical Point of View, put briefly, means that when a learned man is presented with any statement in an ancient author, the one question he never asks is, whether it is true. He asks who influenced the ancient writer, and how far the statement is consistent with what he said in other books, and what phase in the writer's development, or in the general history of thought it illustrates, and how it affected later writers, and how often it has been misunderstood (specially by the learned man's own colleagues) and what the general course of criticism on it has been for the last ten years, and what is 'the present state of the question'. To regard the ancient writer as a possible source of knowledge—to anticipate that what he said could possibly modify your thoughts or your behaviour—this would be rejected as unutterably simpleminded". Those who like the taste of this hell-brew must buy the book.

Miss Sayers is most widely famous for detective stories of superlative excellence. Her recent writings, however, have been, unaccountably, about religion. Her play 'The Zeal of Thine House', written for production by the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral, is worth a whole shelf-ful of theological dissertations upon Providence. Now she has written a treatise upon Creation. With two Creators she is primarily concerned, God Almighty and the artist. The closest analogy to divine Creations, as we can conceive it, is the work of the creative artist. Miss Sayers, therefore, to illuminate a matter of theology analyses the mind and task of the literary artist and thereby illuminates the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity. The argument is thus summed by Miss Sayers herself

in a quotation from 'The Zeal of Thine House': "every work (or act) of creation is threefold, an earthly trinity to match the heavenly. First (not in time but merely in order of enumeration) there is the Creative Idea, passionless, timeless, beholding the whole work complete at once, the end in the beginning: and this is the image of the Father. Second, there is the Creative Energy (or Activity) begotten of that Idea, working in time from the beginning to the end, with sweat and passion, being incarnate in the bonds of matter: and this is the image of the Word. Third, there is the Creative Power, the meaning of the work and its response in the lively soul: and this is the image of the indwelling Spirit. And these three are one, each equally in itself the whole work, whereof none can exist without other: and this is the image of the Trinity". This exposition by analogy would, I am sure, have delighted St. Augustine, and the book must be taken as a serious and valuable explanation of the central dogma of the Christian faith. It is, further, a most interesting psychological study of the artist's activity by one who is herself an accomplished artist.

Mr. Daniel Jenkins is a young Congregational minister who but for the war would be enjoying the hospitality of the United States as a Commonwealth Fellow. His little book is a sign of the times. A generation ago, even a few years ago, a young Protestant minister would have felt no inward urge to write a book upon the nature of Catholicity; he might have been disposed to write scornfully or patronizingly of the deluded 'Catholics', but he would not have felt that they present him with a challenge that must be taken up. Mr. Jenkins believes that all roads lead to Geneva, not to Rome, or, perhaps one should say, all roads lead to Basle; for he is the devoted and not wholly discriminating disciple of Dr. Karl Barth. His book bears no relation to the usual Protestant clap-trap of propaganda; he takes Rome and Anglo-Catholicism seriously and recognizes fully that these positions represent profound religious principles which Protestantism has shamefully neglected. On the other hand, he stoutly maintains that Protestantism, where it is loyal to its principle of 'Reformation according to the Word of God', represents truly and rightly those principles of catholicity which are misrepresented in the 'Catholic' churches. Let the more aged amongst us humbly take note of the devastating criticism of current Protestantism which Dr. Barth has inspired in the coming generation, and take note also that this young champion, while utterly alienated from much that he finds in his own church and recognizing how much we have to learn from 'Catholics', yet takes the war right into their own country and has produced perhaps the most powerful Protestant apologetic since P. T. Forsyth. This little book lies open to many criticisms, but it is passionate and powerful and devout and fundamentally, I believe, is true.

Dr. H. H. Farmer, who after teaching theology for some years at Hartford, Conn., succeeded Dr. John Oman at Westminster College in Cambridge, is never second rate. His Warrack Lectures on preaching delivered in Scotland, where they know a good deal about preaching already, are now published under the title 'The Servant of the Word'. There is a maturity, a philosophical grasp, a reasoned gentleness here which we miss in Mr. Jenkins' book, but, be it noted, there is substantially the same insistence upon the Word of God and the absolute demands of the Gospel. Dr. Farmer magnifies the preacher's office because he magnifies the Word and the mystery of our redemption through a personal meeting with God mediated through the Church. He makes impressive use of the ideas first made current in Martin Buber's *Ich und Du*, and has many practical hints to give to preachers. Not least interesting, but far too brief, is his exposition of the Christian faith with an eye to the issues, personal and social, which press most upon the minds of men to-day. He is therefore concerned with the substance as well as with the manner and the purpose of our preaching. The elders and church-wardens of every congregation must see that their minister has this book, and they would do well to read it themselves before they pass it on.

Modern American is a fine, racy speech, but American theologians have often achieved a dullness and unintelligibility equal to any British product. A racy theological treatise that purports to expound the somewhat forbidding *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas is something of a portent. Moreover, Fr. Farrell is no amateur; he has the gift not only of most felicitous illustration but also of making difficult matters as simple as in the nature of the case they can be made. He writes, inleed, with a remarkable economy of commas; his enthusiasm leads him into occasional aberrations from the strict path of grammar, and his boldness will leave the conventionally pious rather breathless; but much can be forgiven him. He writes, too, in the highest spirit and represents the new, eager, confident counter-attack of the long retreating Christian apologetic against the assaults of modern philosophies and psychologies more particularly in America. Fr. Farrell, of course, respects Evolution as a strictly scientific hypothesis—but not as an explanation of the world: "One form of this explanation declares that the story reads like this: some primary stuff—very imperfect—eternally or mysteriously coming into existence of itself, has slowly developed, thanks to chance and environment, with the force of inexorable law into the complicated world as we know it to-day. A scientist would have a graphic picture of all this if, in the vacuum he has created, there should suddenly appear a puff of smoke fragrant of a blend of Virginia and Turkish tobacco; and then, under his astonished eyes, the smoke took form, developing into a perfect ring slowly floating off (without air to float on)

and, as a last delicate touch, sporting just the suspicion of a bit of lipstick to support the illusion that there had been a smoker's mouth and a cigarette in back of the whole thing. Another form of this explanation pictures a mysterious life-force, again utterly imperfect, necessarily surging its way up through matter (which is unexplained and, indeed, not a reality at all) into the perfections we know to-day. In this opinion there is no material world, for only the process of change is real, and that does not stop long enough for it to be recognized, let alone given a name. The words seem obscure, but the idea becomes perfectly clear when you picture the change of expression from joy to sorrow on a man's face, first blotting out the joy, the sorrow, the face and the expression."

This is typical of the author's gay, but not superficial, manner. This volume covers the first part of the gigantic *Summa*; volumes II and III have already appeared. It is not too much to say that St. Thomas Aquinas and Dr. Karl Barth are the two most important theologians to-day, but St. Thomas is philosopher as well as theologian, and, indeed, it is in the sphere of philosophy that he is most important to us. It is, therefore, perhaps a matter for regret that Fr. Farrell has set himself to paraphrase and apply the *Summa Theologica* rather than the *Summa Contra Gentiles*. For—paradoxical though this may sound—a Protestant scholar, had he Fr. Farrell's genius of exposition, would, as I suppose, be better able to set forth the true St. Thomas for to-day; for St. Thomas' essentially truth-seeking, freedom-loving mind is characteristically closer to the Protestant outlook in many regards than to the extreme intellectual rigidity of the modern official Roman Church. Protestant readers will rejoice in Fr. Farrell's excellent sword-play with the secularists of our time, but, after all, the philosophical thought of the modern world since the thirteenth century, in spite of its tragic mistakes, has not been wholly worthless, and, in spite of the often disappointing 'results' of Biblical criticism, there have been some results which may not be overlooked by honest men. Quite apart from the discoveries in the natural sciences we have knowledge to-day which was hidden from St. Thomas; he has done us inestimable service, but we cannot simply transcribe the wisdom of the thirteenth century for the twentieth. Fr. Farrell assumes that St. Thomas taught what the Roman Church teaches to-day, and that he would have agreed with the pronouncements of the Vatican since his day. Both these assumptions need serious qualification. Again, while an understanding of St. Thomas is becoming a necessity for those who would be up to date in philosophical argument, and while we may rightly insist upon a *philosophia perennis*, unchanging principles of Reason, we must not identify the *philosophia perennis* with the particular Aristotelianism of St. Thomas. St. Thomas is a tower of strength to-day, but St. Bonaventura may help us more to-

morrow. I would urge, then, that these volumes by Fr. Farrell are to be most warmly praised for the invaluable interpretation and application of St. Thomas' thought, but they cannot safely be taken as a substitute for the original, and, indeed, a beginner who started with Fr. Farrell might actually be less disposed to pass on to the master because of a disproportionate emphasis upon those elements in the teaching of St. Thomas which most need reconsideration in the light of our present knowledge. None the less, this is a masterly achievement. N. M.

THE THEOLOGY OF POLITICS. By Nathaniel Micklem, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1941. Pp. xvi+164. \$2.50.

In this volume of essays, ten in number, Principal Micklem's main thesis is that "all political questions are at bottom theological, or at least anthropological, for implicitly or explicitly every political system rests upon some doctrine of man and of the value and meaning of human life". The variety of topics dealt with is indicated by the titles of the different chapters: "Reflections on Communism", "The Totalitarians", "Philosophers and Theologians", "The Validity of Common Sense", "A Tag from Aristotle", "The Alleged Rights of Man", "When the War is Over", "A Clearing in the Jungle", "An Ethical Dilemma", "The Secular State".

On these various topics Dr. Micklem writes with characteristic fullness of knowledge, and depth of insight, and his treatment is always fresh and stimulating. The political aberrations of Communism and Totalitarianism, with their overriding of personal liberty and their sacrifices of the individual to the State, are traced ultimately to a bad theology, to a view of the universe and of human life which is not only contrary to the Christian revelation but to the dictates of ethical reason or "common sense". The difference between the political history of such countries as Switzerland, Holland, Great Britain and North America and that of Germany is found to be fundamentally a theological difference. And the failure of the League of Nations is found to be in like manner fundamentally a theological failure, due to the lack on the part of the various members of the League of common moral ideals and principles based on the recognition of a common supernatural authority. So, in turn, the political problems of a post-war settlement are shown to "rest upon problems that are not political but metaphysical, theological and religious."

What is distinctive about Principal Micklem's treatment is that he deliberately limits himself to the field of "natural theology", and to the enunciation of principles of reason and conscience implanted in the nature of man as made in the image of God. "There is a *philosophia perennis*, an abiding wisdom, a body of sound principles . . . which belongs to the sphere of Reason rather than of

Revelation. . . The conception of man, of society, and of the State set forth in these pages claims to be strictly rational; it owes as much to Hellenism as to any distinctively Christian source. It is human or humane; it is sober common sense." This recognition that the principles and ideals which we are fighting to defend and maintain in the present struggle—freedom, justice and brotherhood—are not exclusively Christian in origin but are rooted in man's essential moral constitution, emphasizes the radical nature of the struggle in which we are engaged. But the question may still be raised insistently whether a specifically Christian theology has not something unique to contribute to the realization of these principles and to the bringing about of a new and better world-order. With such a contention Dr. Micklem himself with all his self-imposed limitation has difficulty in hiding his sympathy. Indeed, in the conclusion of the book, in face of "the tragic fact of human sin with its trail of unimaginable suffering and misery and hopelessness over all the world" he explicitly and emphatically recognizes the justice of this contention. "Natural theology is common sense, but its ideas only catch fire as they are assumed into the revelation of the holy will of the living God," the redemptive revelation made in the life and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. "A rational and sensible philosophy of the State is impotent to heal the wounds of our society . . . To be effective, our longing for a new and better world must be quickened and empowered by the passion of a personal loyalty to Christ and a devotion to the will of God." So the book closes with the frank recognition that the dream of this new and better world becomes practical politics only when to a sound philosophy is added a passionate Christian faith.

J. M. S.

THE GROWTH OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By Robert Hastings Nichols, Professor of Church History, Auburn Theological Seminary and Union Theological Seminary, New York. Revised Edition. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press, 1941. Pp. xviii+380. \$2.75.

This book was originally written over twenty-five years ago at the request of the Committee on Religious Education of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America for the use of students of high-school age. Its use, however, in colleges and theological seminaries and by adult classes in churches, as well as by those for whom it was originally designed, has called for a new and considerably revised edition. But the original format has been retained. The chapters, eighteen in number, have been framed with the thought that each should be the material for one meeting of a class. And at the end of each chapter questions for study by the class are suggested, and useful lists of books for further reading are appended.

The book is admirably adapted to its purpose. Professor Nichols, who has become a recognized authority in Church History, and especially in American Church History, has the gift of clear, concise statement, and his sentences are brief and direct. A fine example of the author's power of concise yet comprehensive statement—if one may single out one chapter above others—is contained in the new chapter on "The Twentieth Century in Europe" which brings the story down to the present time. One feels throughout in the hands of a master of his subject, who can express the results of exact historical scholarship in simple, clear, attractive English. The value of the book for its purpose has been proved through the years, and one may readily anticipate that the work in this its new and revised form will be found to be of added usefulness and value as a safe and attractive guide to the thrilling story of the growth of the Christian Church.

J. M. S.

INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Robert H. Pfeiffer, 1941. Harper & Brothers. Pp. 917. \$4.00.

Time was when for voluminous and detailed discussion of the problems of Old Testament Introduction one had to go to the Germans. The brilliant work of Professor S. R. Driver of Oxford broke that tradition. His monumental book first published in 1897 has gone through many editions since that date. Many others have done much in this field both in Britain and the United States, the most successful book being the *Introduction* of Oesterley-Robinson published in 1934.

The present volume is, in the judgement of this reviewer, the most successful work in English since the publication of Driver's work. Indeed, there are some things in which it is superior to Driver. There is less reference to meticulous details and shades of meaning of Hebrew words, but there is more made of larger and more interesting issues. The immense fund of knowledge which the archaeologist has brought to light is constantly put to use. Much of this did not exist for Driver. Furthermore the student will find a great advantage in the constant reference to other works, especially to monographs and articles in learned journals. For studies of this kind the most valuable results of research are often to be found in articles in journals rather than in larger works; we are therefore grateful to a writer who indicates where these may be found.

Introduction, though a word of very general significance, has a specific meaning when applied to the Old and New Testaments. It has to do with the age, authorship, and literary structure of the books of the Bible. It is concerned with the text and versions, with the formation of the Canon and with the sources used by Biblical writers. It differs thus from Exegesis, the task of which

is the interpretation of the actual contents of Holy Writ. Dr. Pfeiffer, who is Lecturer on Semitic languages at Harvard, has done his work with most painstaking thoroughness. To show the difference between to-day and yesterday in Biblical scholarship one need only look at the treatment of Ezekiel by Driver and by Pfeiffer. Driver could say "No critical question arises in connexion with the authorship of the book, the whole from beginning to end bearing unmistakably the stamp of a single mind". Pfeiffer's survey, which occupies fifty packed pages, indicates a "mass of divergences: unity or composition, genuineness or pseudepigraph, poet or prose writer, prophet or pastor, actual prophecy or fiction, Babylonia or Palestine, Samaria or Jerusalem. The task of scholarship is still to lift the book of Ezekiel out of this crisis to a clear understanding". The present reviewer has always found Ezekiel to be the least attractive person among the religious teachers of the Old Testament and has said so. He is therefore not displeased to find this in Dr. Pfeiffer's book. "Ezekiel is the first fanatic in the Bible . . . Although he is not devoid of human feelings he never yielded to them. He was a stern zealot with a forehead hard as a diamond."

This book may be heartily commended to all students of the Old Testament.

H. A. K.

WHAT MEAN THESE STONES? The Significance of Archeology for Biblical Studies. By Millar Burrows, Ph.D. Winkley Professor of Biblical Theology, Yale University. American Schools of Oriental Research, New Haven, Conn., 1941. Pp. 305. \$2.50.

The purpose of this book is indicated by its sub-title. The author, who is not a professional archaeologist but a Professor of Biblical Theology, aims "to interpret, evaluate, and apply archaeological discoveries". His purpose is thus essentially religious and Biblical. And for such a work as this there is always need. In previous reviews in this journal the present reviewer has pointed out that the archaeologist as such is not always fair to Old Testament scholarship and not always reliable in the application of archaeological discoveries to the many problems still unsolved in the field of Old Testament study. "It is high time that a sober appraisal be made of the nature, extent, and limits of the actual contribution which archaeology makes to our understanding and appreciation of the Bible."

Dr. Burrows begins with an Introduction which outlines the methods of archaeological research, especially in Palestine, and warns against certain hasty and misleading inferences which have often been made. He follows this with a short, but good, chapter on the text and language of the Bible itself. Then follows a dis-

cussion of general orientation and of the material and secular background as revealed by the discoveries of the spade. Then comes an evaluation of the evidence which bears on religious and ethical thinking and we are warned once more against too sweeping generalizations regarding the influence of Canaanite paganism upon Hebrew religion. "And what shall the patient do when the physicians disagree? He must do what he has to do in other matters: choose the best authorities he can find and trust them, though not too far, having more confidence in a general consensus than in any one writer. At some points the best authorities may all be wrong, but step by step ignorance retreats as knowledge advances." This book is a distinct help in the advance of such knowledge.

H. A. K.

EDUCATION

ESSENTIALS OF LIBERAL EDUCATION. By D. Luther Evans. New York and Toronto: Ginn and Company, 1942. Pp. vi+200. \$1.50.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THE FUTURE. By Donald Hughes. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. Pp. 127. \$1.10.

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION. By S. L. Humby and J. F. Jones. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. Pp. viii+143. \$1.10.

Essentials of Liberal Education is a timely book. Serious thought is being given to-day to the position of the liberal college in its relationship to the professional schools, and in its own right. There is an urgency in the thinking, for the reason that the liberal college is threatened, and the humanities are in serious danger. Dr. Evans makes a convincing case for the part that a liberal education must take in the building up of the whole man. He is concerned with character and personality, even more than with knowledge and technique. In that, he speaks in the language that the British educators have long been accustomed to use. But a valuable part of his contribution is an analysis of the subjects which the arts college professes, and of the particular place that each subject occupies in a liberal education. The author has no new plan of organization. He believes that the college can not be replaced, if we are concerned about education as a means to better living.

There is the danger that the author underestimates the strength of the drive towards practical efficiency in professional life which dominates present day thinking, and which regards as loss of time any studies which do not contribute immediately to that end. Be that as it may, the ideal of the educated man that Dr. Evans presents in his final paragraphs is worthy of a Newman, and should be in the hands of students and staff alike. It is wise, temperate, and convincing.

There has been much discussion in recent years about the public schools in England. If they are to continue, it will be in a new basis. They will not have the financial support to go on in the way to which they have been accustomed. Mr. Hughes makes a straightforward and well-reasoned case for the public schools, on the basis of the contribution to education and to character which they have made and are making. The argument loses none of its effectiveness in that the author is severely critical of some of the things which have become a part of public school life. He argues for a sounder democratic outlook, and for the wide open admission of students of real ability, no matter what their social status may be. This would necessarily involve government support, through scholarships and grants. On that basis, Mr. Hughes feels that the public school can fill a place which would otherwise remain unfilled, in providing the right kind of education to those who will occupy the more important places in public life. In that education, the humane studies will be the central core. They create understanding, and without understanding the democratic way of life will cease to function. The author writes with knowledge and with sympathy.

It would almost seem unnecessary, at this late day, to fight anew for the place of science in education. We live in a world where science has control, and we are helpless without some knowledge of the scientific method and of scientific technique. The authors of *Science and Education* make a plea for the wider knowledge, and better use, of the scientific method in dealing with the problems of state and the ordinary affairs of the individual citizen. That plea is necessary. There is still too great reluctance to ascertain the facts and to face them frankly and fearlessly. There is still too much credulity and superstition and evasion. The scientist is honest; he is not given to wishful thinking. An even stronger case could have been made, had the authors discussed the limitations of science, and the inadequacy of the methods of science, in themselves alone, in dealing with the problems of life and the affairs of state. The scientist who is that and nothing more is ill-equipped to deal with his fellow-men as is the humanist who has no knowledge of the world of nature. But all of this may have been implicit in an argument which, within its limits, cannot be contraverted.

R. C. W.

TWO NEW POEMS BY THE POET-LAUREATE

NATALIE MAISIE and PAVILASTUKAY: TWO TALES IN VERSE. By John Masefield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. 1942. Pp. 69. \$2.75.

In these two poems—save for the twenty couplets of the prologue to the first—Mr. Masefield re-employs his favourite stanza, Rime Royal, the form he uses in *Dauber*, *The Widow in the Bye*

Street and—intermittently—in *King Cole*. *Natalie Maisie* relates a happening in the reign of Peter the Great of Russia (1672-1725), caused by the profligacy of the tsar, but happily resolved by his repentance and generosity and by the courage and fidelity of the affianced pair concerned—*Natalie Maisie*, daughter of an English merchant and his Russian wife; and Michael, a young sailor in the emperor's expanding navy. The poet tells the tale with the warm humanity and lively grace that we associate with his work, yet, as against the creative power and grasp of *The Everlasting Mercy*, *Dauber* and *Reynard the Fox*, it shows some decline. Since, however, it is much shorter than these, it might be fairer to compare it with *Enslaved* (1920), the story of an English girl's capture by piratical Moors, her lover's determination to become a galley-slave for her sake, the frustration of his plans for their escape, the imminence of death, with a sudden turn of the final suspense towards release and restoration. Both poems employ this romantic formula, but *Natalie Maisie* seems rather to share the occasional dragging faults of *Enslaved* than to maintain, as the earlier poem does, a normally firm hold upon its helm. It exhibits some structural uncertainty, some reluctance to seize its more exciting moments, and it is so uncompromisingly English in spirit and diction that the alien place, time and folk are but palely evoked. The poet himself seems to feel this sometimes, especially when he resorts to archaic diction (words like *dight* and *adrad*) to suggest a remote past, Spenserian terms that are hardly fit symbols of an eighteenth century atmosphere.

In purely descriptive work, however, especially in the pictures of seasonal changes, *Natalie Maisie* excels. Here waning summer is sketched:

Summer had set her silence on the birds,
 Already, here and there, a leaf was gold.
 One distant drilling pecker jarred his girds,
 Before him, wood-mice flitted under mould,
 He trotted forest timbered big and old,
 The pigeons sometimes made his cheek aghast
 Clacking from tree-tops after he had passed.

And here autumn yields to winter:

The harvest-moon shone upon autumn-time,
 Grey veils of spider-web the brambles bore,
 The grasses after dawn were crisp with rime;
 Ice widened upon puddles near the shore.
 The birds flew southward and were seen no more;
 The squirrel, having garnered his last nut,
 Went to his den and saw the door was shut.

The leaves blew down; the ruts upon the ways
 Hardened like rock with ice; then came the snow
 The many-dropping murderer who slays
 With touch so soft his victims hardly know. . .

Pavilastukay (meaning 'Ruins in a Wood') is less a story than a parable. It, too, is written in Rime Royal, a stanza peculiarly attuned to the English consciousness, as Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* and other of his works attest. Lydgate, Dunbar, Wyatt, Shakespeare, Morris (and, of course, James I of Scotland, in whose honour it seems to have been named) have used it successfully. Saintsbury calls it "a stanza-of-all-work. . . The expression of clangorous cry it can do supremely. . . Its compass is not quite so wide as its appeal is poignant". In this poem Mr. Masfield contrasts the stupidities and ineptitudes of our contemporary civilization with the spirit of an Eastern city whose ruins are found, during a sight-seeing expedition, by one Jonnox, 'hero' of this adventure. He leaves his 'personally conducted' fellow-tourists for a time and stumbles upon "a sight for which no guide-book had prepared him". The relics of that old, wise, peaceful community, especially its palace and its temple, are still beautiful. Jonnox listens to their eloquent silence and is drawn into close sympathy with the men and women who once dwelt there, serene and secure. As in *Dead Ned* and its sequel, Mr. Masfield does not hesitate to utter here a few home truths about "politicians' lures" and the evils of legalism when it masquerades as law. Similarly, he attacks excessive emphasis upon commercialism and the cruelties too often practised in the name of sport, as he does in *Eggs and Baker* and *The Square Peg*. But chiefly he denounces "abominable war" and the human stupidity that approves the worship of these false gods, and that retards, at every turn, the progress of the race toward nobler ends. *Pavilastukay* is not a memorable poem and not even a well-fashioned parable. It is too impatient and too directly didactic, and its author hardly recognizes that our civilization is an evolving complex that can be understood and improved only after the most searching analysis. Mr. Masfield does not qualify as an historian, but as poet and prophet he warns us against reactionary policies that regard war as an ineradicable human habit, though they themselves—and they alone—engender it.

G. H. C.

FICTION

TAP ROOTS. By James Street. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Company. Pp. 593. \$3.50.

This novel is by the author of *Oh, Promised Land*. It is based on a bit of American history that is not generally known, and relates in particular to the story of the Dabney family, of southern Mississippi, who were opposed to slavery. The Dabneys are fictional, but it is a fact that there were pockets of abolitionist sentiment in the South, and that Jones County, where this story is centred, was a notable one. However, the author can scarcely be said to

have risen to the height of his subject. One feels almost in the atmosphere of *Cold Comfort Farm* at the beginning, so strong and stark and unsubtle are the speeches and descriptions, so full of emotions and personages. The greatest interest of the book comes from the historical background and the unusual way of looking at historical persons such as Lincoln, Grant, and other actual people of the time.

E. H. W.

SCIENCE

FROM COPERNICUS TO EINSTEIN. By Hans Reichenbach.
New York: Alliance Book Corporation; Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. 123. \$2.50.

This book is a work of art. In the space of one hundred and twenty-three pages, without the use of a single mathematical formula and with less than a dozen illustrations, Hans Reichenbach has given a concise outline of the problems of space and time which culminated in the work of Einstein. In developing his subject, not only has the author shown artistic skill, but he also has done so without sacrificing scientific accuracy. Too often in scientific books for the layman, misleading analogies and half-truths make the reader feel that it is all much easier than actually it is. In this book the author makes no such mistake. Indeed, at the very outset, the reader is told that if he wishes to "trace the development of the problems of space and time", he has "no other alternative than to apply hard scientific thought to every step of the way". This is such sound advice that one is inclined to wish that it had been given more frequently a few years ago when non-scientists were making much use of physical ideas in non-physical problems.

Assuming that his readers have taken his advice, Reichenbach develops his theme in a masterly fashion. A first chapter contrasts the Ptolemaic view of the solar system with the Copernican, and shows how the work of Kepler, Galileo and Newton put the Copernican theory on a scientific basis and at the same time launched the modern method in physical investigations. Throughout the book the reader is reminded constantly, both directly and indirectly, that the work of Einstein is just a culmination of the continuous application of this method of relating all theories to facts. "An unconditional respect for the evidence of the senses, of experience, constitutes the basic principle of the theory of relativity."

A consideration of light waves introduces the problem of the ether and the electrical character of such waves, and paves the way for a discussion of the classical Michelson-Morley experiment. This, one of the first and certainly the most famous of many ex-

perimental attempts to prove the existence of an ether, gave a negative result, and was the basis of Einstein's special theory of relativity. This reviewer cannot quarrel with the author's conclusion that "whatever defies every attempt of proof has no existence for the physicist", but his training in classical physics still allows him considerable sympathy with the late Lord Balfour's definition of the ether as the nominative of the verb to undulate.

A discussion of motion, with special emphasis on views relating to relative and absolute motion as held by Newton and Mach, serves as an excellent introduction to the general theory of relativity and to Einstein's use of the gravitational field. These questions are not easy, and even the professional physicist must read most of this book with care, but readers genuinely interested in their philosophical implications will be amply repaid by a careful perusal of Reichenbach's explanations. For the majority of such readers, the great difficulty in reading books such as this is the lack of a preliminary training in physics. One wonders whether a course in physics should not be a prerequisite for work in both philosophy and theology.

The book is well printed and attractively bound, but the proof-reading has not been perfectly done.

J. K. R.

FROM CRETIN TO GENIUS. By Dr. Serge Voronoff. Toronto: Longmans, Green, 1941. Pp. 281. \$3.50.

This is the record of the discovery by Dr. Voronoff of the mind-body problem, and of his solution, which does not stick to the accustomed paths. The book is one which cannot help tempting the reviewer into making unkind remarks and unnecessary witticisms. It must at least be said, however, that this book is totally unfounded on any scientific basis; that the author seems unaware of a great deal of experimental work pertinent to the problem; and that some of the physiological facts to which he refers are not facts at all.

The book should make good bedside reading, but to explain thought as consisting of "invisible grains of thinking matter" propelled by the radiations of the brain is not likely to make for a better understanding of cerebral activity.

N. M.

CLASSICS

THE CHALLENGE OF THE GREEK and other Essays. By T. R. Glover. Cambridge University Press, 1942. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. Pp. x+241. \$4.00.

Professor Glover has often put on record the affection he has for Canada, Kingston and Queen's University. This book, which appears forty years after the author's first publication and so in

a sense marks an anniversary for him, is gracefully dedicated to Queen's on the occasion of her centenary, *almae matri Canadensi centum iam annos florenti*. Queen's people will be proud to acknowledge this tribute from a great scholar and a warm friend. The motif of friendship occurs twice on the fly-leaf: continuing the dedication already quoted in part, *amicorum memor Regio-dunensium*; and in the happily chosen lines (a truly Gloverian touch)

Ego mente laeta
Regium nomen referamque laudes
Urbis Amicae.

Another thing makes significant the dedication of this book to Queen's. Dr. Glover finds that he has written in it, "without set design or conscious purpose", his autobiography. The influence of this country figures largely in his recollections:

Here are the things that have made the life—the great Classics, the great lake and river by which I lived, the Dominion; interwoven are memories of friends and colleagues, outlooks, fancies, impressions, and impulses of deeper birth. (p. x).

In the first two essays, *The Challenge of the Greek*, and *Purpose in Classical Studies*, Dr. Glover gives the grounds for his faith in the 'humane' studies. The essence of it is that they encourage qualitative thinking, as opposed to the "quantitative thinking desired by some men of science."

But no two teachers ever said or could say the same thing about Aeschylus' play *Agamemnon*, or an ode of Pindar; the poets speak to the man who reads them, or they do not speak at all; Homer makes the reader's heart beat, as geometry never does; the Venus di Milo says nothing, but she makes life beautiful. That is the freedom we need—freedom of mind and heart, freedom to be the men and women God meant us to be, not the lead toys in a box that standardization produces so successfully. (p. 11).

Other essays deal, in the inimitably amusing and mellow manner that we have grown to expect, with forests, farming, food, markets, fairy-tales, dining, professionalism and Greek athletics, Vergil and Erasmus. Homer and his Readers gave the reviewer much pleasure. Too little has been said about the Homeric poems as a unifying and civilizing force in the thought of ordinary Greeks. Dr. Glover puts the matter forcibly: "Homer and the Bible are different books, fundamentally different, in outlook, aim and construction. Yet of each the same thing can be said—the book built a race." (p. 216).

We must confess that Dr. Glover, like the rest of us in our advocacy of classical studies, leaves inconsistencies unresolved. We cannot make up our minds whether we can profitably study Greek civilization as sociologists, without the painful discipline of linguistics. We recommend Greek studies, emphasizing the difference between Greek life and ours as "a challenge to us in all

sorts of ways". Then we study Greek life in terms (these are mostly from the index) of beer, birth-rate, cookery, forest-fires, leaf-feeding, manure, rats, retail trade, soil-erosion, teetotalers and vitamins. Qualitative thinkers, I suspect, rate faith above consistency. Perhaps they are right.

H. L. T.

LINGUISTICS

WRITER'S GUIDE AND INDEX TO ENGLISH. By Porter G. Perrin. Toronto: W. J. Gage and Co. 1942. Pp. xii+800.

A WRITER'S HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN USAGE. By Tom B. Haber. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co., 1942. Pp. viii+152. \$1.35.

LANGUAGE HABITS IN HUMAN AFFAIRS. By Irving J. Lee. 1941. New York: Harpers. Pp. xxvii+278. \$1.25.

These three books are evidence of the lively interest in linguistics that is a feature of American scholarship to-day. The first two deal with usage; the third is an attempt to summarize and popularize (in the best sense of the word) some of the recent ideas about semantics worked out in such elaborate detail by such men as Korzybski, who has written a preface to this volume. The second half of Professor Perrin's book is constructed along somewhat the same lines as Fowler's indispensable *Modern English Usage*, but this is preceded by thirteen chapters (almost half the book) containing a guide to the writing of English. This first portion discusses such questions as *Varieties of English*, *Meaning of Words*, *The Writing Process*, as well as the more mechanical subjects like sentence-structure, punctuation and spelling. The teaching in both parts is up-to-date; the old authoritarian attitude is refreshingly absent; and the book can unhesitatingly be recommended as a practical handbook for those who are anxious to improve their English. While its chief purpose is, no doubt, to serve as a college textbook, it is written in so lively a manner that, like Fowler, it should have a wider appeal.

A Writer's Handbook of American Usage is a more conventional work. It deals largely with the mechanics of writing and is somewhat elementary. Although, like Perrin's book, it professes to avoid the authoritarian point of view, some of the usages it condemns seem to be fairly widespread, even among the literate. What is wrong, for instance, with a phrase such as "to end up in the poorhouse"? The author categorically calls it incorrect, and states that *up* should be omitted. But "to end in the poorhouse" is a less vivid phrase. The word *American* in the title is of little significance. Apart from spelling there is little in this book that could not be equally called British usage.

Dr. Lee's book is a stimulating discussion of the mental and non-mental processes that lie behind our use of language. It is far more readable than the tomes of the *maestro* Korzybski, and

more scholarly than Chase's work. Its purpose is to provide the reader with "a sense of the problems and difficulties involved in making accurate statements about themselves and the world in which they live" and "a sense of the maladjustments, both personal and social, that have their roots in improper evaluation, because of false-to-fact language habits". More simply stated, the author's aim is to show the relation between loose thinking and the unskilful and ignorant use of words. He performs this task admirably, with many excellent illustrations and exercises. This is a book that should be read by all who are concerned with the accurate use of language. H. A.

SPEECH: FORMS AND PRINCIPLES. By Andrew Thomas Weaver. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co. Pp. x+437. \$3.50.

To quote from Professor Weaver's preface, "This book is designed to provide an introduction to the various forms of speech in which the student subsequently may elect to do advanced and specialized work." It ranks among the best text-books for beginners in a well planned, practical course in speech, both private and public. The central theme of its teaching is that "speech is a social phenomenon", the fundamental purpose of which is not merely expression and communication but, rather, "social adaptation, coördination, and control through reciprocal stimulation". Speech, almost synonymous with personality, should win friends and influence people.

Some readers may regard the book as a text in psychology as well as speech. The influence of the behaviourists is acknowledged, as are also the findings in recent research of those who would make Speech an applied science. Following the course charted by his central theme, the author enlists the services of anthropology, physiology, psychology, and semantics. This might fix the student's attention on mechanics and manner rather than natural expression of matter. But if he were to assimilate the detailed and generously annotated discussion found in the later chapters of Part II (Facts, Principles, and Techniques)—especially "The Speaker's Personality", "Getting and Holding Attention", and "Influencing Audience Behaviour"—he would be adequately prepared to control the behaviour of his listeners. W. A.

BIOGRAPHY

THE WRITINGS OF MARGARET FULLER. Selected and edited by Mason Wade. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. 608. \$6.00.

This work complements Mr. Wade's biography, *Margaret Fuller, Whetstone of Genius*. Born in 1810 and dying in 1850, she was almost the exact coeval of Poe, whose peculiar genius she

tried to analyze in 1845. She wrote much, but her personal range and influence brought her more distinction than her rather prolix essays and her indifferent verse. "I am not so fastidious as some persons about the dress of a thought." She was a friend of the Channings, Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Clarke, Shaw, Story, Greeley and other notable Americans. She edited *The Dial* (organ of the Transcendentalists), watched the Brook Farm experiment, and served as literary critic of the *New York Tribune*. Three years before her death she married the Marchese Giovanni Angelo Ossoli and through him formed friendships with Mazzini and other Italian liberals.

Mr. Wade's well edited compilation begins with Margaret Fuller's first original book, *Summer on the Lakes*, based on a journal she kept during her visit to the then remote West, with Freeman Clarke and his sister Sarah as her companions. The style is clear enough but lacks charm. It strives anxiously after the grace that eludes it, and disappoints the modern reader by its diffuseness and sentimentality. Her best-known work, *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*—expanded from an article in *The Dial*—although its style also sprawls, has the interest attaching to any earnest proposal for social reform. It is intelligent and persuasive, but the writer "drops into poetry" with a rather disconcerting frequency. Among the critical essays reproduced those of most worth relate to Goethe, Carlyle, Emerson and Poe. The essay, *Modern British Poets*, is not unfair to Campbell; overpraises Scott; treats Shelley, Byron and Coleridge superficially; and responds with some enthusiasm to Wordsworth. *American Literature* is naturally partial to Emerson and W. E. Channing but cold towards Longfellow, severe to Lowell, and somewhat uncertain as regards Hawthorne and Charles Brockden Brown. Part IV contains extracts from the Italian letters, especially those portions relating to the Roman Revolution. These are wiser, more vital writings—though she is still a victim of her style—for she has now found a mate, a spiritual home and a great cause and she was "a woman who could not exist without a cause to cherish". In Part V twenty-five letters (1819-1850) to various important people are reprinted.

Mr. Wade's volume is justly representative of Margaret Fuller's quality, and makes much of her work conveniently accessible. She has been dealt with by not a few other commentators, including our own Sir Andrew Macphail, in his *Essays in Puritanism*.

G. H. C.

THE CONFESSION OF AN OCTOGENARIAN. By L. P. Jacks.
George Allen and Unwin. 1942. \$4.50.

This is not a book to read hastily. It is one to be enjoyed at leisure, letting one's own mind wander freely back and forth along the many avenues of thought traversed or suggested in these pages. L. P. Jacks has been a buccaneer among ideas, says Ernest Barker. In all truth he is a highbrow in the sense in which Virginia Woolf used the expression, namely to describe one who "rides his mind at a gallop across country in pursuit of ideas".

The reader re-lives with the author childhood and student and early professional days, feeling afresh with him the impact of new ideas, the thrill of new vistas of thought, the influence of preacher and teacher, the trial and tribulation of error and misjudgment, the encouragement of success, the optimism of crusading zeal, and the sobering effect of deeper realization of the complexity of the problems of humanity.

Dr. Jacks early felt and has never lost "an underlying sense of the tragedy of life". Nor have the years dimmed his belief in "a Power-not-ourselves that makes for righteousness", rather has that grown into a keystone in the portal to his philosophy; a Power, not ourselves but *within* us, making for righteousness and for completeness. Hence his campaign on behalf of education of the Whole Man, his belief that religion is primarily "the spontaneous response of the *whole* man to the *whole* of his experience", his dislike of dogma, his encouragement of the study of Eastern thought in the Western world, his ardent discipleship of Bergson, his vision of Democracy as a "Society of Friends".

In these pages we meet James Martineau, Spurgeon, and Stopford Brooke, (for whom he coins the beautiful description "the dynamic radiance of his personality"); Norton and Royce of Harvard; Rabindranath Tagore; W. E. Gladstone, Joseph Chamberlain, and Keir Hardie; Lady Wemyss, A. J. Balfour and James Barrie; men of thought and of action, men of the colleges, the churches, the chapels, the business world, and of the simple countryside.

Chapters of outstanding interest are "I Overshoot the Mark", "The Liverpool Controversy", "Editing *The Hibbert Journal*", "My Discovery of the New Testament" and an earlier chapter "Revelations in America".

Perhaps the secret to the greatness of L. P. Jacks' life and influence is found in his fly-leaf quotation from the Psalmist—By my God have I leaped over a wall. Impetuously and with singleness of purpose has he run his race and taken the hurdles, and whenever he has cast a glance over his shoulder he has been very conscious of a Divinity shaping his ends and leading him to his greatest discovery—the intrinsic worth, the potential greatness, and the Messianic mission of the Common Man

A. V. D.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

WINTER • 1942

BY BOMBER

BY C. H. J. SNIDER

DOOOLITTLE, who despite the implications of his name had accomplished great things in his profession in Canada, was a hero only technically, for the purposes of narrative. He was brave enough to sign his reports, which involved millions and were much in demand, *I. Doolittle*, in neat, methodical, easily read script; but not brave enough to use his first name in full, Icarus, nor to follow the signature with the whole alphabet which he had earned — M.Inst.C.E., M.Am.Soc.C.E., M.E.I.C., M.C.I.M.M., with the LL.D. and other university degrees which might have concluded his alphabet. These many letters did not disclose half his merits, nor his eminence in his calling. He was rather glad of that.

Being required in Britain immediately if not sooner, he knew he was no hero, for he felt distinct disquietude at having to fly over three thousand miles of ocean, and not always traversed with success by each Icarus — why *did* his father insist on that name? — who had attempted it since. The war was in its third year, and under the ocean hostile submarines were thicker than sharks, and over the ocean hostile battle-ships, bombers, fighting-planes and torpedo-carriers prowled nightly and sometimes by day. Besides, Orion was hastening

to his setting. It was the stormy time of the year. Good old Horace had distinctly disapproved of undertaking sea voyages then. The only way to go was by bomber, in this war ferry service that was shuttling over the Atlantic when luxury airliners were grounded or 'prioritied' beyond hope. And what would Horace have said of a bomber?

Would he not be equally useful in some sunny spot safely accessible by land this winter? Consulting engineers were needed in California, even if America had not yet come into the war, quite as much as in Britain. Why, that island must be full of them; younger men, too, and he was in the superfluous sixties. No, he would much rather go to California, Florida, or even British Columbia.

But the 'accommodation order' which had reached him in Canada by the co-ordinated efforts of the Secretary of State for the United Kingdom, the British Air Ministry, and the Ministry of Transport was as much a command as an invitation to the Court of St. James. Armed therewith but not encouraged, he proceeded to an airport on the edge of his known world.

Doolittle underwent with fortitude the fury of filling out forms for officials in naval-looking uniforms, who would not tell him what they meant, amid shoutings for footwear of larger sizes, parachutes, Mae Wests, gandersuits, and what sounded like 'ukase'. He discovered that the word was plural, the singular being a sort of deflated diving-dress of blue canvas and grenfell cloth, in two layers, fleece-lined, fur-pocketed and hooded. It was correct wear for travellers to the United Kingdom. Gandersuits were for travellers, not, as the name implied, for green pastures, but to some place which for reasons of security could not be mentioned.

While writing Doolittle acquired, in addition to a U.K., a flying-helmet like a football cap, flying-boots sufficiently ample to be worn over his shoes, a brown parka like a circus

tent in two sections, and a packed parachute,—all these on loan, to be repaid without interest in another world. While wriggling into some of the paraphernalia with twenty other desperate strugglers he listened breathlessly to a panted lecture of thirty seconds duration by a physician with immaculate bedside manners, on oxygen masks, their care and adjustment, and their failure to function, causes and consequences of. At the same time he was being trussed into chromium-buckled webbing to which his parachute was hooked in a low-slung knapsack at the small of his back.

“How do I use this parachute?” he impolitely interrupted the medical lecturer.

“Diagram inside”, said the chromium-buckler, vanishing.

“And where is this mask?” asked Doolittle of the doctor, to find that he, too, was gone,—gone without displaying the slightest interest in Doolittle’s age or heart, which were matters about which he was sensitive.

Doolittle gathered up his travelling-kit and proceeded towards the great doors through which others were pouring to the airfield. His permitted forty pounds weight of personal belongings (including container) was not much to show after half a century’s acquisition of property, yet in his aery armour—‘aery’ is good, puffed he—he would gladly have had less.

A pleasant southern voice bugled amid the babel: “Let me take your bag.” Doolittle looked into keen, grave eyes of blue, above humorous lips, in a young face of weathered granite. His sports-jacket was no clue to what he was.

“I’m the captain of your ship”, said he casually, stretching forth long fingers for the bag. “You must be very uncomfortable strapped up that way. That harness would have you split to the thorax the minute your ’chute took hold. Let me loosen you.” Unsnapping a couple of buckles, he slung harness and parachute over his own shoulder.

“For this relief much thanks,” gasped Doolittle.

"Okay, Francisco", the airman tossed the ball back. "Let's go!"

The air-field was in a frozen waste overrun by wild deer the preceding spring, now the site of three war camps. They crunched and jostled their way across snow and ice toward black bulks mooing and roaring like stranded whales. Mobs seemed to surround them, as a few moving figures do in a blackout broken by revolving flashes of headlights and torches. The night sky above was opaque as lead. An odd snowflake filtered down.

The pilot approached a thundering leviathan glowing dimly from within. It had wings as long as its body, and rested on the ice on pudgy forefeet which turned out to be doughnuts of rubber. It seemed to have nostrils in its wings, through which it was breathing stertorously with increasing tempo. The propeller blasts almost blew Doolittle into reverse.

"Warming up", shouted the pilot above the din.

"Must have been pretty c-cold before", answered Doolittle, his eyes running icicles. "Is this your ship?"

"Till I get her over to the English air-force. Till then she's yours, too."

"Thanks very much", roared Doolittle, "but how did you know?"

"Elemental, my dear Watson. In school they taught me reading, writing and arithmetic, and the number of your luggage tag is the number of your ship and, if I may say so, mine till to-morrow."

Doolittle did not know whether to laugh or to swear.

"You must forgive my ignorance in these matters", said he, "but how should I call you? I mean, I suppose, what is your rank in the R.A.F.?"

"None at all", laughed the pilot. "We're just company drivers delivering limousines for the customers. They're the

customers, the R.A.F. They supply navigators, radio-operators, and little trifles like landing-fields and this whole ferry-command. We deliver the goods. We put the package down right where the lady says, and hop back for more. This package is a Liberator, made in California, and Mrs. Britannia wants it put down where she'll show us after we get there. In you go!"

Doolittle followed him to welcome respite from the quadruple blast, beneath the body of the beast.

"We do things rather topsy-turvy", said the pilot. "We roll out the red carpet for you from the back door, and use the front one for the tradesmen's entrance. That's where I come in. But first I'll turn you over to my co-pilot. He's a great guy."

He deposited Doolittle's belongings at the foot of a short steel ladder which depended from a lighted square opening overhead, and disappeared in the dark. A blue-sweatered arm shot out of the lighted space, and a voice from the deeper South asked:

"Can I give you a hand?"

Doolittle passed up his bag, parka, and parachute, and followed them. He was confronted by the wearer of the blue sweater, and by a child of seventeen, very neat in R.A.F. uniform and functioning like a slide-rule.

"The skis out will give you two-fourteen", the latter was saying, "the general's salmon rods can wait, these tins of to-mahto juice will give you half a long hundred, and with six more of the dried blood and two cases of radium you'll be down to fifty-two-0-double-0. Check?"

Doolittle impulsively interrupted: "If this is being left behind on my account I'm not worth it—and besides I don't weigh that much."

"Not at all, sir, if I may say so", said the child, in that tone of the Briton abroad which once made his morning drum-

beat heard around the world, "one passenger and luggage, three hundredweight. If you weren't worth it you wouldn't be going at all. I wish you a pleasant passage, sir. Good-night, sir."

He disappeared through the hatch, and the blue-sweatered one fell upon re-stowing cargo so vigorously that Doolittle postponed his request to be taken to the co-pilot, whom he had not yet discovered.

Poised precariously upon a small pine box stencilled '*Radium*' while the blue boy juggled freight to make more room for him, he absorbed the picture of his surroundings in such silence as the vibrations of a few thousand unleashed horsepower afforded.

"Very like a whale", he thought.

The interior was, indeed, what the prophet Jonah might have found, except that it was green inside, not red, and the ribs were very small and numerous, and not white bone but bright metal. It was the naïve conception of a whale's belly, the tail running hollow to the very end, with the metal hoops of the ribs in diminishing ellipses. The stream-lined body widened from the tail to as far as Doolittle could see in the direction of the head. The width was always less than the depth. The maw of the beast contained two bomb-bays, partly separated by diaphragms. Electric lights, shining from the backbone above, seemed like the exploratory lamps of surgeons. The humped-up square opening in the bottom, covered with plastic glass, gave a view below. At the moment the view was the R.A.F. cherub checking discards with an electric torch.

"That kid's the brains of these works", commented blue-sweater admiringly. "Local transport officer."

He went on stowing the hold, working very fast. Doolittle could see none of his own belongings.

"Where's my parachute?" he asked by way of conversation.

"In back on top of the bulkhead. I'll get it for you when you want it. Not thinking of bailing out?"

"Certainly", said Doolittle, "but not just now."

"Okay", said the freight-handler. "I wouldn't, myself. The Atlantic ocean is a poor landing-field at any time."

"First tell me who and what you are", Doolittle suggested.

"Oh, I try to be Johnny on the job. Flying engineer is my ticket. Here I'm ferry co-pilot. My partner's great. Flew more Loyalists out of Spain than Franco shot. Saved my life when we were flying the Burma road. Lost track of him after that, for we went flying mining machinery into Guiana. Now we're together again on this ferry service."

"You're not R.A.F. either, then?"

"You said it. Though the R.A.F.'s okay, the ones I've seen, anyway. Boy, how they fight! No, we're bushwhackers, expressmen, messenger boys. We deliver the goods. The R.A.F. uses them. And how!"

A stout strap hung in the middle of the space, like a gymnasium travelling-ring. The co-pilot seized it, swung into shadows and reappeared with two narrow mattresses, at least eight feet long. He arranged them in the space he had cleared in one of the bomb-bays. It was flanked by bombs in racks on one side and cylinders of oxygen on the other.

"Now", said he, "this is your boudoir. You can stretch out full length, or make a *chaise-longue* for yourself and loll like a Roman emperor. Your bag's up here, but the only py-jamas I'd advise are that parka over your flying suit and any other clothing you can find. Don't move about for ten minutes or so after the take-off. I'll tell you when."

The engines redoubled their roar, and a buzzer sounded through the din.

"Nighty-night, America!" shouted the co-pilot. "We're pushing off. Stay put, brother. I'll be back before you need oxygen."

Through windows which seemed natural in a whale's hind-quarters Doolittle saw the lights of the airport, of the hangars and of the other whales change position and diminish. The ice below screamed. There was little sense of motion. Taxiing, he knew. A double ribbon of smoking flares was being snipped faster and faster, leaving behind the ship a wake of blackness. She was blowing the runway lights out with the blasts of her propellers as she roared into the night. Soon the snipping ceased. She was above them. She was off the ice, and he had not felt her leave it. He could tell by the bulging feeling in his ears they were rising. He should keep swallowing to relieve this. Before he had swallowed many times every light had vanished. It was black as pitch outside. His continent, his world, was dropping far below and behind, into a void. This monster was leaving it a mile farther away each time he swallowed.

Doolittle lolled in the imperial manner suggested and stared at the gleaming ribs of metal and the green walls with their stencilled fabrication numbers. It was cold but draftless. He was comfortable in all this mass of clothing, and he had been left blankets with the mattresses.

He pondered on the surprises of the evening. Out of the seeming chaos of the airport in the wilderness essential assistance was flowing to Britain in ordered precision at the rate of a mile every twelve seconds. This bomber was being delivered where required without being told why, and was not a bomber more important than many Doolittles? It could raze a submarine base and save a thousand ships; it could blast the Tempelhof Flughafen—he had flown there on his last European holiday, three years before—and save a thousand cities from night massacre; it could bring blood transfusions for the wounded and radium for detectors. How many more such angels were winging to Britain's aid through this same night, through this very murk? He could only guess, but there were

others on the field he had left, and others were coming in, and still others had gone. He felt elation at having some share in this great flitting.

And these men who delivered the ships! He had taken the second one he had seen for a stevedore, the first for a dragoon. Kings of the sky they were, with no crowns but football caps, no uniforms but overalls, no rank but pilot, no crest but "We deliver the goods". Gentlemen adventurers who remembered Shakespeare and helped Chiang Kai-Shek. Skilled scientists, ferrying to Britain weapons worth millions in lives and sterling, for so much a month and thirty shillings a day maintenance money,—maintenance, when and where thousands a minute might not keep a man alive under a rain of hell-fire or afloat in a sea of boiling oil; and no money could buy a banana.

And one had carried his bag, and the other had made his bed. He felt himself a worm.

The co-pilot came back, disguised in a shapeless flying suit. "Cold", said he. "We can't get heat, somehow, while we're using the supercharger, but come along and I'll show you something pretty. Put your hands and feet where I put mine, and nowhere else."

Thus they made their passage past the chemical toilet, an awful throne of polished chromium which stood like a capstan opposite the bomb-chute. They squeezed through a long corridor narrowed by the retracted landing-gear, and found themselves below three pairs of motionless feet, flying-booted.

"My partner, with the R.A.F. navigator on one side and the R.A.F. radio operator on the other, in the cockpit above us", roared the co-pilot. The pairs of legs made Doolittle think of the statues of Memnon in Thebes, motionlessly awaiting through the centuries the music of the morn. But above those motionless feet he knew were three brains wiser than all of Egypt's soothsayers, priests, enchanters and magicians: the

pilot who had carried his bag, the navigator whose face he had not yet seen, the radio operator. Without pride except in work well done, these three, motionless, were in touch simultaneously with two continents, and were hurling twenty-six tons of skilfully fashioned metal through space like a comet, holding it to a determined course and speed as accurately as a locomotive to its rails. Distancing the fleetest winds, they were plunging through abysses to outflank the elements, climbing sky-heights to escape ice-nets, skimming the stratosphere to reach port safer and sooner. With some radium, and dried blood, and Doolittle—and another bomber for Britain.

It was far from being an appropriate place for musing. At this point the space was much contracted. Indeed, it was very like crawling through a drain. "That's the one tough spot in these bombers", said the co-pilot. "They can't see us from the cockpit, and if the pilot had to release the landing-wheels of a sudden the arms would just naturally chop in two anyone who was crawling through."

He pushed Doolittle into a plastic glass bowl, a crystal excrescence under the whale's blunt nose.

He did see something pretty. They had shot through the overcast and burst into a world lighted as Doolittle had never seen before. The full moon hung like a silver frame on the right hand, burning so brilliantly that the smaller stars were quenched and the Great Dipper looked like the faint reflections of a tin cup dropped into the pale blue well of light. Below, the great field of the overcast spread to a level horizon, its surface shining like folds of mineral wool, the ridges azure in shadow between, with here and there small chasms of intense black, through which one could fall three miles.

"No, four", corrected the co-pilot, "if we're three miles up here, it's another mile down to the bottom of the sea; I suppose one keeps on falling. I've never tried it."

The thermometer registered 41 below zero on both sides. Fahrenheit and Centigrade cross at this point.

The bomber seemed alone and absolutely motionless, in thundering space equally divided between blue and white, but below a larger dark-blue monster with wings was tearing across ridge and plain and chasm with frantic speed, yet unable to get away and unable to escape from a brilliant rainbow which girdled him with freezing fire.

"Our shadow", said the co-pilot, "and the glory round him is bad medicine. Ice. Meaning sleet, hail, anything that freezes on our wings. We'll have to climb over it. Maybe another mile. Maybe two. Better come back."

Doolittle found the way back hard. He felt too big for his skin, and very heavy. In the narrow place where the scissors of the landing-gear lurked he was too large or had not enough strength to push himself through. With horrible anticipations of remaining there until the release of the gear ended his life and predicament in one stroke, he waited while the co-pilot tugged at him like an overstuffed sack of wool. He dragged him past the throne of chromium and rolled him, panting, on his forsaken mattress.

The co-pilot strapped a half-melon of rubber over Doolittle's head and turned a valve in one of the cylinders in the bomb-racks.

"You need oxygen", said he. "Breathe deep and exhale hard. Rub your face where the mask fits tight. Wriggle your fingers and your toes. Frostburn in the air's bad, but you won't get it while your blood moves. You won't die if you black-out, but it burns out your brain-cells and they don't grow in again."

Doolittle obeyed. A little balloon below the mouthpiece of the mask puffed out and collapsed, puffed out and collapsed, with cheerful regularity. Tiny particles of ice stung him in the face as the moisture of his breath condensed in the frost.

He felt better. The co-pilot watched his pupils become normal.

"Okay", said he. "Squeeze the bag in your fingers or warm it in your chest if it starts to freeze up on you. It's time for me to get my own mask and relieve my partner. We're nearly half-way over. We'll be back to have a look at you."

He was gone. Doolittle wondered how he was able to move at all. To raise his own hand to rub his nose bridge made him breathe fast, but the hard breathing of the oxygen through the long tube from the cylinder gave him more and more relief. He remembered Dr. Robertson's remedy in the Moose River mine, and shivered and shuddered in his cocoon of clothing, and he wriggled his fingers and toes in rotation. He made a rhythm of the routine and found pleasure in it. He was no longer helpless, he could move with less difficulty. He sat up and peered from the nearest port at the blue night around him and through the main hatch at the woolly incandescence below.

Next the co-pilot was shouting in his ear. He was wide awake and heard every word easily above the undertone of the engine's now accustomed din. But he must have slept for a second, for he had not noticed the co-pilot's coming.

"I'll say you didn't", said the latter, "not this time, nor the last time, nor the time before that. My partner said he put his flash right into your eyes when he came back after I'd relieved him, and you never blinked. But you were breathing like a baby, with your little balloon filling and flattening like clockwork, so he knew you were all right. You were the same each time I came back to see that you weren't touching any of the metal. Your bare skin might stick to it in the frost, you know. You can take the mask off, now. We've been climbing downstairs, and you can do your own breathing from now on. It's not so cold."

"Why", said Doolittle, burrowing into his sleeve to consult his wrist-watch, still running on Eastern Standard war-saving time, "I've been asleep for hours. And I'm hungry. How about breakfast, hostess?"

"Breakfast is served, my lord", warbled the co-pilot, opening a large cardboard carton. "What'll you start on? Coffee?" He exhumed a huge thermos flask and unscrewed the nickelled top.

"You first", protested Doolittle, "I'll drink the second cupful from the other side."

"Maybe", said the pilot, holding the mug gingerly in his flying gloves so as not to be burned.

He up-ended the flask. A clank, and a thin stream slowly filled the cup. "To you, suh!" he continued politely, and put his lips carefully to the brim.

"Ugh!" gasped he. "Stone cold! And it came aboard scalding hot six hours ago. Stone cold's right. It's frozen solid as a nest-egg doorknob."

They tried the soup, which also had been poured into a thermos scalding hot six hours before. It was solid ice, too. And the fruit juice. There were cheese sandwiches, thick and hard as tiles. The teeth could detach fragments, which were chewable when warmed in the mouth. Doolittle found the frozen bread and cheese delicious.

"Wait till I fetch the R.A.F. their shaving water!" chor-tled the co-pilot, leaving him.

Through the hatch Doolittle discovered that it was broad daylight 'downstairs'. Two miles below, the Atlantic was in a rare old temper, judging from the size of the white billow-bursts on the deep blue surface. Their duration was surprising. They erupted and hung in the air until the moving hatch-frame had passed on to a new set. This was incredible, until he calculated that the area shown through the hatch would not be a quarter mile square and the hatch crossed that area in not

more than three seconds. It took a billow more than three seconds to burst and subside. He began to grasp the intricacies of bomb-sighting.

Then the ocean was not erupting any more, and the hatch was a frame of kaleidoscoping segments, rather like beach stones laid in black cement. Fields, of course, showing stubble grey in the mist. The black division lines were bare-twigged hedges. An elliptical race-track tawny against faint green. A patch of rust and dappled browns, with flushes of crimson. Bracken and late-leaved trees on moorland. Should be Ireland, but certainly no Emerald Isle. Perhaps the grey north.

In a few hatch-widths — "You can't see where you're going, but you can see where you've been", the co-pilot explained—the kaleidoscope was gone and the ocean had taken its place. Less eruptive now, less definite, in increasing mist. It faded away altogether in tawny streaks which might be cloud or sand.

The co-pilot returned beaming. "Sparky's lost a tooth on the sandwiches! Pity about that kid. He wasted a lot of time practising swearing so he'd seem tough, and now he thwearths in hellths and damths and can't thay 'bloody' at all."

Leviathan was wallowing in an ocean of cloud now. Tiny dark boats seemed to be riding on the crests of some of the far cloud-billows.

"Sausages guarding our port", the co-pilot said. "Blimptops showing through the overcast. Britannia needs no bulwarks, but she sure finds barrage balloons handy. Here we come! Three thousand miles through the rough and right on the green. Or do you play golf any more? Had to climb two miles extra to hurdle the ice, and near froze the ears off the props, but we got a better tail wind, and here we are a mite ahead of schedule. I'm telling you, my partner's a great guy. He was in Spain. He was in China. And he always will be."

"Schedule?" repeated Doolittle.

"Sure. Planned time of passage eight-thirty-five. We've been out eight hours, and we'll be down in twenty minutes."

"Sun must get up early here", said Doolittle. "It was above these clouds when we had breakfast."

"Don't forget the five hours difference in time, boy", was his answer.

The bomber apparently closed a bearing on the blimps and fell a mile through the overcast with the certainty of a seal diving for a fish. There was some banking in a wide circle, and the pilot picked up his range for the still invisible runway. Suddenly rich red ploughland leapt to view, sun-flecked, with lush green meadows, hedges bare of leaves and bright with berries, holly mailed in verdant enamel, box-like camouflaged buildings—or perhaps the boxes themselves were camouflage.

Eight hours before, in a new-world wilderness, she had blown out the signal flares on solid ice that screamed as she left it. Now curving down for miles of sky into another hemisphere, the Liberator's fat black forefeet brushed evenly a track-way which could have been old when Caesar crossed from Gaul. At a landing speed of a hundred miles an hour she kissed the tarmac as lightly as a dowager saluting a poor relation. Contact without impact. She was down on the ground instead of up in the sky, whizzing with deceptive speed, not a third of her air velocity, past others of her kind, stationary or lumbering in like weary dinosaurs, past hangars, past wind-sleeves, past control-towers, past office buildings, till she halted within a defined area.

"All out, end of the line", laughed the co-pilot, struggling out of his flying suit. "I'll give you your things in a jiffy."

Doolittle, forgetting all he had borrowed and brought from the other world, dropped through the opened hatchway upon the tarmac. Stumbling out from beneath the belly of the beast, he met the other pilot, the one with the face of wea-

thered granite, loping back from the 'tradesmen's entrance'. They had parted, it seemed at this very spot, the night before on a different continent.

"How'r'ye?" hailed he, gaily for one whose last sleep was three thousand miles behind him. "I thought somehow that was you in back of me all night!"

"I was right on your tail", chuckled Doolittle.

"How'd ye make out? You were doing fine each time I looked. I hated to waken you. Sorry it was so cold upstairs, but it was the sure way to beat the ice. Let me have that bag again. You must be tired."

"I'd rather", said Doolittle shyly, "carry yours and your co-pilot's."

TWO SONNETS

By E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

THOUGHTS OF A BRITON IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF WAR

How far away the nights when I could sleep,
When I gave up my mind to loving hands
Invisible, and seemed to lie on sands
Over which the waves of a wide sea would creep
With pearly monotone, serenely deep,
Murmuring tranquilly, "He understands
Our music. See! his trusting heart expands;
Into his dream let no wild engine sweep!"

Now am I lullabied to wakefulness
By terrors of the air without, within
By thoughts that I have lost touch with the time.
There is no respite from this new distress,
Where solitude is measured as a sin,
And Peace, that gleamed a virtue, looms a crime.

THUS ANSWERED

Is it no comfort that a million share
Vigils of one, who thinks himself alone;
That empire of machines is overthrown
When single brains unsocial fancies dare;
That ever hearts which resolutely care
For their land's freedom stifle not their groan,
Knowing that, vented, even this may atone
For the grim burden of the hours they bear?

A multiple Prometheus is mankind,
Chained to the rock for its inventions vast,
Pecked by the vulture of material thought,
And so far-seeing that its sight is blind,
While the fierce warder mocks at the repast
Wherewith the nights, till succour come, are fraught.

THE SOCIAL FUNCTION OF FICTION

BY BERNARD K. SANDWELL

FICTION is at the present moment the most popular, and the most socially influential, of the arts. The cinema, which may possibly have a larger audience, can hardly be regarded as a separate and self-contained art, so heavily does it draw upon fiction for its material. Poetry and the drama are immensely powerful in a comparatively small but important section of the population, but their contemporary output does not reach the masses. The arts which do not employ language—painting, architecture, sculpture and music—are frequently regarded as purely pleasure-giving activities without any deeper significance. This is a grievous under-estimation of their capacities under ideal conditions, but probably does not greatly misrepresent their effectiveness at the present time.

The Puritan conception of the arts as purely pleasure-giving activities, and therefore of small importance from the point of view of the good life, was strongly held in Canada when I was a youth, at any rate by the evangelical denominations. The theatre was in particular disrepute as being productive of immorality, and as the son of a Congregational minister in Toronto I incurred great disapprobation—which affected me less than my father—by going with my sister to witness a performance of *The Mikado* at the old Grand Opera House. I do not think it did me any particular harm except for implanting in me a conception of the Japanese which was inaccurate in several respects, and which persisted more or less until Pearl Harbour; and even at that it may not have been more inaccurate than the conception of the Japanese which is now inculcated by the comic strips, and which presents them as being a sort of malevolent, treacherous and cleverly imitative monkeys. This view of the theatre was already breaking down, partly under the influence of such artists as Irving, Willard and Hare, by the time I had gone through college

and got into journalism; and it is a curious thing that it never attached itself in the slightest degree to the cinema. The Puritan element in the population of this continent has often deplored what it regarded as the immorality of a small portion of the cinema's production, but it has never dreamed of condemning the whole institution as debasing. But then the whole attitude of Puritanism towards what it regarded as the purely pleasure-giving activities has been greatly modified in the fifty years of my own experience, and pleasure seems now to be regarded as a legitimate object of human endeavour, which was certainly not the case during much of the nineteenth century.

I fancy, however, that a large part of the religious opinion of this country has not got beyond the stage of tolerating art because it does give pleasure. It has not reached the stage of welcoming and supporting art as a valuable means of guiding the thoughts and feelings of the contemporary public towards higher and nobler concepts. Yet there is not much to be said for an art which merely affords a temporary and evanescent pleasure and leaves the spectator or the auditor no better, no stronger, no nobler, no more generous-minded, than he was before. The giving of immediate pleasure is one of the objects of art, and one without which it cannot get very far in the pursuit of other objects; but it is not the chief and certainly not the sole object. It is impossible for the contemplation of any really great work of art to leave the person who contemplates it unchanged, for in order to be a creative artist a man must be able to see in the material with which he deals something that nobody else has seen before him, and to make those who see or hear his work realize something of what he has seen. And this something that the artist sees and more or less successfully conveys is never a scientific fact; such facts are expressed in scientific statements, equations, formulae or graphs; it is a matter of spiritual apprehension, in the realm of values

and not of phenomena; it is something that moves us, that adds to our experience, not merely to our knowledge.

The greatest artist is the artist with the most universal appeal, he whose special vision is so wide and so far-reaching that there is something in it for people of every race, every country, every age. That is the strange thing about the Greek dramatists, the author of *Job*, and Shakespeare; no age and no country has ever failed to find something in them, though different ages and countries have found very different things. I once attended a French performance of *Romeo and Juliet*; it contained things which I had never seen in Shakespeare myself, but they were actually there and they appealed to the French audience. And because of this universality there are people — especially the people whose business it is to teach Shakespeare or Sophocles or *Job*—who maintain that nobody need bother with the contemporary artists, of whom it is extremely difficult to tell whether they are really great or not, because there is an ample supply of the great artists of the past. This is a dangerous argument, because if everybody acted upon it there would be no contemporary art, since the artist must have a public; and if there were never any contemporary art there would never be any classic art, because all the art that is now classic was once contemporary. It is not only a dangerous argument; it is also untrue, for there are some things that the classic artist cannot do for us. He cannot aid us to see with the artist's eye the life of nature or the life of humanity in our own country and in our own time. He cannot express for us the spirit of our own age.

Let us draw a parallel between fiction and the art of painting. There are several hundred great landscape painters in the history of European art, and if we cannot own a painting by any one of them we can at least acquire a reproduction or two, and contemplate their works in our public galleries. Among these painters are many who were highly skilled in

the depiction of snow scenes. But the snow scenes of Europe are not the snow scenes of Canada, and not one among these great European landscape painters can do for Canadians the valuable service of rendering in paint the special and heart-moving beauty of the Canadian snow landscape in its intense and many-coloured light. This is an incalculably valuable service, because the ordinary Canadian who has not the artist's eye does not see that landscape as the artist sees it, until the artist has stated it for him in paint; it is the artist who teaches us to see it, who selects the special and significant things in it and shows them to us, so that after we have seen a few Clarence Gagnons we can look at a Canadian winter landscape and say: "There is a Clarence Gagnon". No doubt there is much that even Clarence Gagnon has not seen, but that some future Canadian painter will see and will show us how to see, until the Canadian landscape is as rich in association for us as the English landscape that so many hundreds of good, deep-seeing, loving English painters have explained to us in paint. Love of one's country is developed through many senses, and the eye is one of them; and the people who develop it in us through the eye are the landscape painters.

I do not mean that Canadian painters should paint Canadian landscapes or that Canadian novelists should write Canadian novels with the deliberate purpose of making us love Canada. Nothing could be more fatal; nothing has been more fatal, for a certain grimly conscious patriotic purpose has underlain and ruined far too much of our national artistic output since 1867. But artists do not paint or write about things that they do not themselves love, and it is their love, based on a true vision of some aspect of that which is loved, which leads us to love the same thing. It may be objected to this statement that much of the subject-matter of contemporary pictorial art and of contemporary poetry and fiction is deliberately and consciously ugly; but that does not prevent

the artist from loving it, and what we feel as ugliness is probably only novelty, and will cease to appear ugly when we get used to it. Wagner's music and Wordsworth's poetry were both denounced as ugly when they were new. Even the satirist, whose ostensible subject is something which he is denouncing, is really moved to his task by a deep love of the underlying qualities, the true capabilities, of that which has been temporarily deformed by the evils which he points out. The evils are accidents; if they were essentials there would be no point in the satire.

The artist has, then, a special function in relation to his age and his own community, and if we who are of his age and community neglect him we do so to our own great loss. Canada is to some extent a special community, distinct even from the English-speaking community of North America as a whole, though to some extent also a hardly distinguishable part of that whole. To the extent to which it is a special community it needs a special contemporary art to help its members to understand and value its special qualities. And the particular art of fiction is the most effective of the various contemporary arts for that purpose. It would be impossible to exaggerate what the art of the American novelist has done in the last fifty years for the United States; it has literally created the American concept of the American national character and the American scene. And one chief reason for the Canadian lack of a similar consciousness of the Canadian character is the extent to which literary artists have worked at the depiction of the applicable in the main to ourselves, and the very limited extent to which we have accepted the American fiction picture as Canadian scene or the Canadian mind. We are about in the situation in which the Americans were when Nathaniel Hawthorne started to write. The United States was then a sort of literary suburb of England, and Canada is to-day a literary suburb of both England and the United States. But the

United States has long ceased to be a literary suburb of any other nation, and there is reason to hope that we, too, may in time develop a considerable measure of artistic nationality.

Serious literature is always profoundly concerned with the problems which are agitating the audience to which it is addressed, the audience of its age and country. Indeed, it is one of the mechanisms which do the agitating. Literature which is designed merely to enable its readers to live for an hour or two in a dream world without problems is not, in this sense, serious literature. We have oddly degraded the term 'romantic' as applied to both poetry and fiction in these latter days by applying it to this literature of a dream world which has no bearing upon the real world. The great romantics never wrote such literature; in fact such literature cannot be great literature because it is not serious. Scott and Victor Hugo wrote about the Middle Ages, but what they wrote had a powerful impact on the world of their day. The elder Dumas wrote the kind of thing that we now call romantic, but he was never a great writer in any other sense than that he wrote a great deal. Much of our modern fiction is merely soporific; it fills a few hours of empty time and after that we think no more about it, just as we think no more about last week's movie. It has no social function except to kill time.

Serious fiction, however, has something to say about the age in which we live—which does not necessarily mean that it advocates any special programme for its amelioration. The artist is seldom either a good economist or a good politician, a good deviser of remedies or a good advocate of their acceptance. But the artist in fiction writes primarily because he has seen or felt something in the world about him which he wants to make known to those who have not seen it. If there are things in Canada which we need to know, and which we cannot learn from such a source as, say, the Canada Year Book, with its thousand and more pages of tabulated statistics, and if the

Canadian fiction writer has seen some of these things and set them down honestly, then we need the Canadian fiction writer and ought to give him some of our attention and support.

There are things of this kind in Canada which we do need to know, that to some extent differ from the things which the American needs to know about the United States, and that our literary artists are beginning to set down for us. They are the kind of thing which, if properly understood by a fairly large number of the Canadian people, would promote a better society. If the serious literature of a given age and country must have some relation to the problems which are agitating that country in that age, it is plain that there are plenty of problems agitating Canada, and that we must to some extent work out our own solutions for them, even though our solutions may be to some extent conditioned by those applied in the United States. And if we have our own problems and need to work out our own solutions, it follows that we need the aid of artists who can see, not necessarily the solutions, but different parts and aspects of the problems.

In my opinion a quality in which Canadians as a whole are decidedly deficient in comparison with Americans is the quality of awareness—awareness of the main characteristics of that astounding complex which is the American people, the American nation. Canadians are less aware; and in proportion as they are less aware they are more smug. Smugness is a difficult quality to define, but part of it is unawareness of that which is around one—or even within one—and which does not suit one's idea of what ought to be around or within one. This unawareness I ascribe in great measure to our lack of a serious creative literature, and to our inattention to such serious creative literature as we do possess.

The interest of creative artists in the nineteenth century was largely centred upon the preoccupying problem of that century, the problem of political inequality and its resultant

evils. The interest of creative artists in the present century is similarly centred upon the preoccupying problem of this century, the problem of economic inequality and its resultant evils. I do not mean that all present-day Canadian artists want to abolish economic inequality, or that they believe that all our current evils are the result of it. They are quite aware of several other current problems, including our appalling over-emphasis on the purely economic aspects of life, our conviction that a daily bath is more important than a daily prayer, and motoring better for the spirit than meditation. But they study the Canadian scene under their eyes in the light of these problems, they are interested in the aspects which relate to these problems, and what they have to say may therefore be helpful to their readers in dealing with these problems. Some of them are Socialists, as young and serious people are likely to be, which does not prevent them from being good artists unless they allow it to impair their vision.

Canada has few creative artists, but that is not surprising considering that it contains only eleven million people, of whom only about seven-and-a-half million speak a language more or less resembling English. It is very hard to make a living in literature by addressing oneself exclusively to a Canadian audience of seven-and-a-half million people, most of them quite unaware of any need for a Canadian literature in fiction. Our writers are therefore to some extent compelled to address themselves simultaneously to the much larger audience in the United States, which robs their work of some part of its essentially Canadian character. Canadians suffer also from a pronounced unwillingness to decide for themselves on the merits of their own writers; a Canadian writer hardly ever gets acceptance in Canada until he has won the approval of a body of critical opinion in the United States or England.

The most interesting example of the results of these conditions is the case of my good friend Morley Callaghan, whom

I once described as "the one Canadian novelist who up to the present has succeeded in applying a tolerably critical method to certain social elements in the Canadian urban population". That remark was made several years ago, but I cannot qualify it yet by adding any other name to the list. Frederick Philip Grove is perhaps an even more penetrating critic, but he is not so successful an artist, and in any event he deals much more with the rural scene and the rural community.

Mr. Callaghan belongs to the Irish section of the Canadian population, a section which was among the last to arrive of the English-speaking elements and which originally consisted almost wholly of the deeply impoverished victims of the Irish famines. After two generations of severe economic struggle, it is now beginning to produce its full share of brilliant intellectual leaders. Except for a much less vehement hostility to the British, the Irish-Canadian community is very similar to the Irish-American community which came out at the same time and in the same circumstances; but there is another fundamental difference due to the existence in Canada of a Separate School system, making for a somewhat greater degree of isolation from the main, Protestant, English-speaking body.

Mr. Callaghan, whose experience is wholly of the Canadian Irish, has therefore managed to depict them in such a way that the American reader never suspects they are not his own Irish. Professor Fred Lewis Pattee, in his *History of American Literature*, speaking of the scene of Callaghan's first novel, remarks: "Manifestly it is American — it touches the Canadian border where 'bootlegging' is a big business, and for the most part the action takes place in a city." We who live in Toronto know that the book is laid in that city; it contains many recognizable topographical touches, including an excellent picture of the Don Jail. But this ambiguity has procured for Mr. Callaghan the enormous advantage, not only

of a good American circulation, but also of much American critical commendation, without which Canada would probably have paid no attention to him at all. Even so, much of the attention that Canada has paid to him is hostile, for he has portrayed Toronto not as a city of churches and churchgoers exclusively, but as a city of churches and churchgoers and bootlegging establishments and even an occasional prostitute; and I have heard many a Torontonians express the view that his books should never have been published. Forty years ago the same objection would have been raised by Americans to a similar book about the United States; but American 'awareness' has progressed quite a distance in that interval.

Unawareness of the changing character of the population is one of the most dangerous defects from which a society can suffer; it is a prime cause of social ill-health and social decay. And it is the artists who contribute most to 'awareness'. When I was a university student my family lived for some years in a New England industrial city, and I naturally spent my vacations with them. I recently revisited that city for the first time in forty years. My father was minister of the First Church, a Congregational establishment which had been in the early days of the colony a state church, and is still attended by all the great old families of the community except those who before the Civil War broke away from it because they disapproved of the Liberationist movement. When I lived there forty-five years ago, the mass of the local population already consisted largely of Poles, Italians, Hungarians and other immigrants who had come in to work in the mills established by the Old New Englanders. They were newly arrived in the country then and spoke little English, and as a boy I found no reason for surprise in the fact that they had absolutely no social contacts with the old families — that the First Church ignored their existence as completely as if they had been so many Negro slaves or so many horses and mules. But when I

went back there a few months ago I found to my astonishment that except for giving financial support to an Armenian mission (whose parishioners never mingled with the First Church congregation, nor they with them) the First Church was just as profoundly unaware of the existence of these new Americans—who were forty-five years older than when I was a boy—than it had been in 1897. The members of the First Church and the South Church and the Episcopal Church were the Old Americans; they alone made up the golf club and the City Club; they gave generously of their time and money to hospitals and other charities; they were public-spirited in many ways; but as for socially recognizing and mixing with the by now numerous educated and well-mannered sons and daughters of the New Americans, they simply did not think of it. Largely as a result of this attitude they have lost all political control of both their city and their state; and they blame Mr. Roosevelt for this lamentable condition, when all that Mr. Roosevelt has done is to recognize what they have refused to recognize, that an element of any society which proposes to provide leadership to that society must know and understand what it is leading. The same condition exists all over New England, and I believe that the New Americans have a better awareness of what America really is to-day than these over-isolated and over-traditional Old Americans. Literature has not been able to save them, not because they have not read it, but because they have set their minds against its message, which is that America must admit to full participation in its life any new element which may come into it, in proportion to the value of the contribution which that element can make to the vitality of the whole. This is a message which we greatly need to have proclaimed to us in Canada by our own literature, which our literary artists are ready to proclaim to the extent of their abilities, but which we are none too ready to receive.

THE ARVIDA STRIKE

BY ROBERT F. LEGGET

BETWEEN the majestic banks of the Saguenay River, on each evening of the short summer season of eastern Canada, there glides the sleek form of a white river steamer. Leaving the ancient settlement of Tadoussac at dinner time, it gives its passengers an evening of rare delight amid natural beauty unsurpassed east of the Rockies. Those aboard see the great twin capes shrouded in evening mists or silhouetted against the moon. The early riser on the day following will be captivated by the quiet charm of Bagotville, its convent school on the hill, and by the gaunt outline of the paper-mill hard by with its ostentatious stock-pile of pulpwood, so obviously cut from the surrounding forests. And many a visitor will sail away from the quiet waters of Ha Ha Bay feeling that here indeed he has seen an outpost of civilization, the fringe of the great unknown. There will be some, however, not so deceived. Some will know that at Arvida, twenty-five miles away, unsuspected by many visitors to the Saguenay River, is one of the great industrial plants of the world.

If the inviting entrance to Ha Ha Bay be avoided and the main river channel be followed instead, the pleasant little city of Chicoutimi is reached a few miles upstream. Tidal water stretches for another four miles, until the Shipshaw river comes in from the north to join the greater waterway. Thereafter the Saguenay is transformed. Throughout the intervening thirty miles to Lake St. John the stream that assumes such majesty in its tidal stretch leaped and roared its way down a series of rapids from the dim past of geological time until but a year or two ago. This fall in level of about 320 feet, coupled with the great flow of the river, acted as a magnet to many from the earliest days of modern water-power development. By 1943 the full drop will have been harnessed for the use and convenience of man, in imposing power-houses

in which will eventually be generated over one million and a half horse-power. Practically all of this power, together with additional power generated elsewhere, will be used for the manufacture of what is now one of the world's most useful metals—aluminum.

The level clay plain forming the ten miles of country between Chicoutimi and Kenogami has probably been farmed from the earliest day of settlement in 1842. Green and pastoral it remained until 1926, when the first sod was cut for the small manufacturing plant of the Aluminum Company of America. Great extensions were planned, but they were inevitably curtailed during the succeeding years of economic depression. Despite this setback, the plant gradually became well established and extensive, and the adjoining town of Arvida a model community in planning, appearance and community services. By 1937 the aluminum plant had become one of the largest in the world. Workers in the plant, numbering several thousand, were largely local men from the Lake St. John region. Some of the older workers lived in Arvida, but the large majority resided in the adjacent towns of Jonquiere, Kenogami, and Chicoutimi. Work in the plant had proceeded long enough for some men to be regarded as 'old hands', for that relation between management and men so vital to industry to have developed, and for many who had been reared as habitant farmers to learn what industrial life can mean not only in interest and in responsibility, but also in exacting routine.

The incidence of war affected the small community of Arvida as much as any similar centre in Canada, if not more so. Aluminum, always an important metal, became almost overnight a key metal in the war effort. The rate of its production was immediately increased, and is still being increased, although to what high pitch cannot yet be told. The Arvida plant, already large, expanded steadily; it is now the largest

of its kind in the world. More power has been obtained; great works are even now under construction designed to harness still more effectively waters from the north as they fall towards the sea.

The summer of 1941, therefore, found Arvida a busy place. The great plant was at work seven days a week, for twenty-four hours of each day. At the times of changing shift all adjacent roads were crowded by automobiles of various shapes and ages, transporting the thousands of workmen to and from their homes. All the houses in Arvida, new and old, were in use and vacancies bespoken many times over. The palatial Saguenay Inn, residence of single members of the staff, was still crowded, even though supplemented by four annexes. Over five thousand men were now at work in the plant, the increase recruited mainly from the Lake St. John region.

An anti-aircraft battery was stationed close to the works, the plant itself being surrounded by a high steel fence behind vital parts of which armed guards patrolled ceaselessly. All power-plants were similarly fenced and guarded. No aeroplanes were allowed to fly in the vicinity. Many other precautions were taken to ensure that nothing should interfere with the normal operations of the vast plant, now covering an area of almost a square mile. The operations demand continuous vigilance, for the metal is obtained from the ore in 'pots'—large electric furnaces—in which it must be maintained continuously in its molten state. At intervals, molten metal is drawn off; more ore is added, and so the process continues without a stop.

And yet, as all of Canada now knows, production of the precious metal did stop, completely, on Thursday, July 24th, 1941. The molten metal in the pots cooled and solidified, as power was necessarily cut off. Work did not start again until Tuesday, July 29th, and then only with difficulty; production was not back to normal until August 17th. In the interval

16,000 tons of aluminum that would normally have been produced were lost to the war effort, representing a monetary loss of over six million dollars.

Why? How could such a thing be allowed to happen? Interested citizens still ask these questions of those who were in Arvida at that time. The most reliable, the best informed, and the most objective answer is supplied by the Report of Justices Severin Letoumeau and W. L. Bond, who were appointed a Royal Commission to "inquire into the events which occurred at Arvida, P.Q., in July, 1941". The Report is dated at Montreal on October 4th, 1941; it was briefly noticed in the press shortly thereafter, but printed copies were not available to the general public until the following December. The Report is therefore but little known. It is a pamphlet of only thirteen pages, yet the more it is considered, the more significant does it appear, especially in view of recent events in the province of Quebec.

The Report provides a brief outline of what happened in Arvida at the time of the strike. The mounting tension among the workmen, due to relatively minor causes; the abnormal heat and humidity during the few days prior to the strike; the general surprise caused by the strike when it actually did occur; the consequent confusion and frantic efforts to keep the pots 'alive'; the arrival of Quebec Provincial Police and later of a strong military detachment;—all are recounted briefly and pointedly. What the Report does not specifically discuss, though one may read it between the lines, is the strange contrast between the vitriolic comments made about the strikers—by some in Arvida, but principally by speakers and writers far from the scene—and the semi-amused, almost playful attitude of the great majority of the strikers. The Report does say that "it is remarkable that a strike of such extent should terminate without any person having been seriously molested

¹*Report of the Commissioners...* Ottawa: The King's Printer, 1941. Ten cents.

or any damage done to the plant or machinery"—remarkable indeed when we consider the thousands of men involved and the delicate nature of much of the plant and machinery. Once the initial tension had passed, the general impression was that of a prolonged holiday, save for the presence of the military and the necessity for passes with which to satisfy armed sentries. As a major strike, the event must hold all records for peacefulness.

The cry of 'sabotage' raised by many voices, including those of men in high places, is effectively disposed of by the Commissioners. "There was no trace of latent or developed 'sabotage', in the sense of hostile or subversive influence, apparent at any time. . . . The rumours of sabotage, foreign agitators, and subversive ideas, which appeared at an early stage, have not been justified, but, on the contrary, there is positive evidence negating such rumours." The writer may perhaps be permitted to mention his personal interest in this part of the Report. He appears to have been a suspected person. One of his prized possessions is the envelope of a letter he wrote, from Arvida, Quebec, to a young friend in Burlington, Ontario, on Sunday, July 27th, 1941, which was opened by the Censor.

Of sabotage, therefore, there was not a trace. This the Canadian public should know, particularly in view of the sensational way in which news of the strike was originally conveyed to them. It may be recalled that the public press carried its first news about the strike several days after it actually took place. In the interval rumours magnified and distorted the event in ways that were to be expected. The allegations of sabotage, however, remain; after the publication of the Report of the Royal Commission they were naturally resented by the workers who had been so vilified before their fellow-Canadians. Not only was the charge of sabotage left to stand; it was almost repeated in some quarters. Thus in an editorial

in *The Gazette* (Montreal) for October 18th, 1941, this was said: "To many a man in the street 'There was an illegal strike but no sabotage' makes a distinction without a difference." The editorial writer went on to say: "To-day, with the investigation finished and the report submitted, we are still left to wonder who the guilty somebody is."

What answer have the Commissioners to make? They list nine causes of the strike. Abnormally hot weather was one, probably acting as the final straw. Dissatisfaction with pay-cheques issued on July 23rd resulting from a combination of usual deductions for pension fund, the Church, etc., and unexplained deductions for increased National Defence Tax, and the new Unemployment Insurance Tax, coupled with a smaller bonus than usual, constituted an immediate cause — listed under three headings by the Commissioners. More deep-seated causes were dissatisfaction with the general rate of pay and with the current 'bonus system', while the failure of the Company to make any announcement about a cost-of-living bonus, already mentioned on the radio and in the press, added to the general discontent. Finally, the last two causes are listed as "the delay, imputed by employees to the Company, in answering complaints, [and] the comparative inertia of the Joint Committee charged with the administration of the Collective Labour Agreement; this committee, apparently, had not met for a period of over a year."

Small things to cause such a great strike? Small things, indeed, when considered against the background of the mighty struggle in which aluminum is playing a vital part. Small things, perhaps, when considered individually, even in relation to the position of each worker in the plant. Many would count them as unimportant, even in combination, in times of stress such as the present. But to the men at Arvida, large numbers of whom were but recently tilling the land, and to most of whom had been denied anything in the way of even an elemen-

tary education of any worth, they meant much; in the heat of an almost insufferable day, they led to the unfortunate and illegal strike.

The Commissioners state plainly that it was an illegal strike. They state, with equal clarity, that the potmen "failed to appreciate the illegality of their proceedings". This is not surprising, since the poster from the Federal Department of Labour, explaining the illegality of strikes pending the reports of Boards of Conciliation, had been received by the Company at the time of the strike, but had not been posted. It was first brought to the attention of the main body of strikers in a speech by an official of the Company delivered after the strike had started.

This incident, like many of the detailed causes cited by the Commissioners, points directly to the chief cause of all the trouble—ignorance. Ignorance on the part of the Company as to the true feelings of the men and ignorance on the part of the men as to the serious effects of the step they took, and of all they might have done instead. This is not the place in which to discuss the first of these topics; it is, in any case, a matter of interest primarily to the Aluminum Company of Canada. Those interested can read the story in the Report; they will inevitably be struck by the tragically unfortunate position of the local plant manager. If they wish to have corroborative evidence of the Commissioners' interferences they may turn to page 32 of the issue of *Saturday Night* (Toronto) for August 30th, 1941, where will be found a letter from one of the assistant superintendents at Arvida (English-speaking) which, when compared with the Royal Commission's Report, shows a naïveté and a fatuous irrelevance almost unbelievable.

The ignorance of the workers, however, is a matter of general interest and importance. It is intimately linked with the Quebec vote upon the recent plebiscite, and with the general attitude of the rural parts of the ancient province to the

war—an attitude which is giving all true friends of Quebec increasing concern. It must be remembered that of the many thousands of workmen serving the Arvida plant, relatively few have worked in any other plant. They are not, therefore, 'industrial workers' in the general sense of that term. Most of them have grown up as sons of the soil, in habitant Quebec families, accustomed to the steady pace of simple outdoor farm life. The labour turnover records of the Company during recent months would probably show that many of the men who come to the plant still prefer the call of the land to the more insistent routine of plant life controlled by the time-clock. The much-publicized 'exodus' from the plant to the farms at the end of last March shows the same thing and illustrates the gullibility of untutored minds. The exodus was stopped and reversed, when a new order regarding military service was simply and authoritatively explained, thus correcting the wrong impressions caused by the order as originally issued.

Many will be amused at such ignorance; many probably laughed at that seemingly irrelevant question about conscription on sugar ration application forms. But none will even smile who know the Quebec habitant for what he is—a staunch, loyal, naturally courteous fellow-Canadian, a man of enduring friendships and one capable of a devotion to work rarely to be seen, but one all too often with the mind of a child—potentially able, but undeveloped. Explain a task to a man of Quebec carefully and simply, in his native tongue, and—if he trusts you—that task will be done, cost what it may. But do not expect him, in the main, to appreciate much that lies outside the interests of Quebec, or even much beyond his own part of Quebec—not that he lacks interest in broader matters, but that he has had little chance and practically no encouragement to learn much about them.

Achievements in almost all walks of life of Canadians of Quebec who have had the advantage of a real education testify

to the potentialities of their kin. The number of young men from such families who are now in uniform testifies to their understanding. Occurrences such as the Arvida strike, however, show, in general, how latent these potentialities still are. To most of the men in the Arvida plant, their daily work was probably just a job, related in some rather indefinite way to the war, an affair intimately associated with conscription and the tragic bungling of 1914 to 1918. Passage of the years means little in rural Quebec. So far as the writer was able to discover, nothing had been done prior to 1941, either inside the plant or outside, to impress upon the men from Lake St. John how vital was their work at Arvida to the fight for freedom, and how Canada depended upon them to do their share in this hour of crisis.

If this suggestion of childlike ignorance is regarded as too naïve, consider the relation of the local trade union (the *Syndicate National Catholique de l'Industrie de l'Aluminium d'Arvida, Incorporé*) to the strike. At the start of the trouble, out of a total of over five thousand employees, considerably less than one thousand belonged to the union. And this, despite the fact that the union had conducted negotiations with the Company since 1937, that it had been the means of securing increases in pay for the men generally, that at the time of the strike it was preparing steps leading to the appointment of a Board of Conciliation, and that practically all the causes of dissatisfaction among the men were matters normally and properly taken up on their behalf by a union. The only possible explanations are that not only did the majority of the Arvida workers know little of industrial life, but also that most of them knew nothing at all about trade unions. This suggestion is confirmed by the fact that in the few weeks following the strike, union membership increased to more than three thousand. In the Report will be found several laudatory references to the local union and its president, and it is no secret

that the strike was finally broken very largely as a result of the work of and a magnificent speech by Mr. Gerard Picard, Secretary of the Confederation of Catholic Workers of Canada, of Quebec City. A truly Gilbertian aspect of the whole sorry business was that if the workers had been properly organized under a trade union, the strike would almost certainly have been prevented.

If the suggested root-cause of the trouble at Arvida be admitted, it will be seen that it is of much more than local significance. It will go far to explain the recent Quebec vote in the national plebiscite. For how can one expect a few radio speeches (poor speeches, too!) and a few posters to make up for years of neglect? Even if the federal government had diverted some of the vast sums of money now being spent on war publicity and advertising to educational efforts in Quebec in regard to international affairs and the war in general, it is still doubtful whether the result of the vote would have been very different.

Unlike the rest of Canada, Quebec centres its community life around one church, and so one may ask what guidance came to the people from the pulpits? All that one can gather about the guidance given to the men of Arvida, not at the time of the strike, of course, but for long months before, is that there was none. What of the local press? Again, there is little evidence of inspirational and educational leadership. (When the war is over, a study of the public press of Quebec during the war years will be revealing.) One is forced to ask—what of the schools? Here one immediately touches the cause of most of the ignorance, and thus of much of the lack of understanding so rife in Canada to-day. And nowhere in Canada is the tragedy of inadequate educational facilities so marked as around Lake St. John, where the general level of literacy is profoundly disturbing.

There are some who view this state of affairs with complacency, in times of peace, suggesting that 'so-called education' would tend to make rural people discontented with their simple lot and to disrupt the stability of country life in Quebec. The fallacies of this argument are easily demonstrated; suffice it to say that in time of war the very reverse of the situation suggested is true. Ignorant of world affairs, and of Canada's place among the nations of the world, simple minds are puzzled and bewildered by the tumult and the shouting of a world at war. It is perhaps understandable that radios should be switched off in the homes of such simple folk when war news is announced; it is certain that this is done, and thus the vicious circle goes on unbroken.

Education being still a provincial concern and in Quebec intimately associated with the Roman Catholic Church, further comment in this place would hardly be fitting. The existence of some encouraging signs, however, may be noted, betokened by some recent words of Abbé Arthur Maheux, spoken to a meeting of the Société St. Jean Baptiste in Quebec City: "In the matter of education, the Catholic of Quebec is dealing not with the universal Church, but with his local and national church. He recognizes its merits, but he perceives its defects and desires to do his part to remedy them. I commit no error when I affirm that this is the disposition of the French Catholic of Canada. They are proud of their religious organization, but with a pride that is not blind."

To this aspiration, Canadians of every tongue and of every Church will say 'Amen', looking forward to the day when blind ignorance shall be no more in their land, shall cease to create misunderstanding and make possible such tragedies as the Arvida strike; when the full glory that is Quebec may be seen and known and the natural beauty of her land nurture intellectual achievements of like degree; when Canadians shall think and act as one nation, their actions based upon true knowledge and understanding.

THE STOICS

BY E. J. PRATT

They were the oaks and beeches of our species.
Their roots struck down through acid loam
To weathered granite and took hold
Of flint and silica, or found their home
With red pyrites—fools mistake for gold.
Their tunics, stoles and togas were like watersheds,
Splitting the storm, sloughing the rain.
Under such cloaks the morrow could not enter—
Their *gravitas* had seized a geologic centre
And triumphed over subcutaneous pain.

Aurelius! What direction did you take
To find your hermitage?
We have tried but failed to make
That cool unflawed retreat
Where the pulses slow their beat
To an aspen-yellow age.
To-day we cannot discipline
The ferments ratting underneath our skin.
Where is the formula to win
Composure from defeat?
And what specific can unmesh
The tangle of civilian flesh
From the traction of the panzers?
And when our children cry aloud
At screaming comets in the skies, what serves
The head that's bloody but unbowed?
What are the Stoic answers
To those who flag us at the danger curves
Along the quivering labyrinth of nerves?

NEW SUPPLY ROUTES TO CHINA

BY DONALD COWIE

IT is necessary to speak of 'new' routes because China relied prior to this year on the main Burma connection for most of her vital supplies; but in reality at least one of the remarkable transport lines replacing that severed connection and keeping China in the war can be traced almost as far back as Chinese history itself. This is the road running from Chungking across the "roof of the world" and through the inhuman Gobi Desert to the fantastic new skyscraper city of Alma Ata in Soviet Kazakstan halfway between the Urals and Persia. Thousands of years ago it was being mentioned by Chinese writers as "The Eternal Road". The Mongols swept westward along it to their Russian and European conquests. Marco Polo wrote the first travelogue on his personal experiences of its gritty delights, and that admirable journalist Daniel Defoe knew enough of the wonder to carry Crusoe along it in those least-known but most curious and topical chapters at the end. It was for centuries the "Silk Route" by which interminable and strongly-guarded caravans conveyed the characteristic manufactures of China to the outside world, and it declined only with the opening of the regular sea-lines to the Orient last century. Then the caravans dwindled, the sand drifted across the narrow beaten track, and the bandits went bankrupt. Only the cries of German, Russian, Swedish and occasionally British archæologists of Hungarian descent, like Sir Aurel Stein, disturbed the sterile peace of the ancient highway—till a new Russia came questing east and Japan leapt at China.

From the first China was enabled to resist the aggressor by Russian backing. The concrete encouragement she received in the form of guns, ammunition, chemicals, clothing and machinery from the U.S.S.R. probably decided her to make that

remarkable decision and fall back fighting on the undeveloped interior, even to Chungking. Thus the old road across the central Asian wastes was opened again. It was not all-important at this preliminary period. The Russian supplies could still be brought down from the north after they had traversed the Siberian railway; other cargoes, including increasingly as time went on consignments from the United States, Britain and Germany, came by ship. The Burma Road was regarded as the best stand-by in case of possible general war, and most energy was devoted to the development of that. But a certain amount of work was done all the time to the Alma Ata highway, mostly by Chinese coolies under the direction of Russian engineers. The idea was so to improve the surface and bridging of this 2,500 miles track that three-ton trucks could travel along it from Alma Ata to Chungking within a fortnight.

The plans were laid so carefully and the work done so well that to-day a regular stream of goods vehicles is supplying China by way of south-eastern Russia. As soon as the Burma connection was cut the great flow began; Burma Road lorries, coolies and executives were diverted thence; arrangements were made for American and British as well as Russian supplies to reach the Soviet terminal (via Persia and India) and Nippon was foiled again. The fact is worth emphasizing, not only as a measure of the Chinese and Russian achievement, but also because the Japanese, as a people, dislike being foiled: their main object in the Eastern war so far has been the isolation of China, and they will certainly not allow the Alma Ata traffic to continue unhindered if they can help it. One of the principal reasons why the Japanese may assault Russia in Asia is implicit here.

Alma Ata in Kazakstan is a new city, built shrewdly at the junction of railways running north to the Urals and southwest to Persia, the Caspian and Baku. It has its own new

industries, but they are mainly assembly ones. Heavy materials and parts are brought there from the Urals and from the United Nations overseas, then put together and run on their own wheels across to China, or otherwise finished. Oil is received from Baku and Persia for transference into road tankers. Chungking has been justifiably worried by the German threat to Baku and Persia, for China's last source of oil supply would undoubtedly be gone if these went.

The road from Alma Ata to the Sinkiang frontier is excellent. Thence it runs via the growing towns of the Sinkiang province, Manas, Urumchi, Kami and Ansi to its worst section, an exposed, shifting track across the edge of the Gobi. But the thousands of coolies in Sinkiang, this "new dominion" of China, as it is called (a portent for the Asian future) are daily at work on improvements; and eventually the Gobi run may be as good as the next one, which begins at Langchow on the Hwang-ho after Suchow. Here the ruts and sand are succeeded by a good camber and a properly metalled surface. Here also a subsidiary road branches eastwards across to Sian, where the Chinese have still been holding the Japanese on the borders of Shensi. The main road continues down to Chengtu, where a 1000-acre aerodrome has recently been completed; and so to Chungking.

But the title of this article says 'new routes' in the plural; and it must already have been obvious, though the facts of the matter have been carefully guarded, that China is still not relying on one supply route alone. United States representatives in India have spoken of the capacity of their great transport aircraft to equal the volume of traffic formerly carried up the Burma railway and road; obviously one air connection must be somewhere in northeastern Assam, where a railway from India conveniently probes the overhanging Himalayan end, to landing-grounds in the Yunnan province of China, where the broken Burma Road is still in Chinese hands. Yun-

nan is therefore as important to-day as it has always been interesting.

Where China comes down to meet Burma it suddenly rises in this wild region. A considerable portion of the highlands are over 9,000 feet high, and do in fact represent the end of the mighty Tibetan system. Thus Yunnan has always provided a natural fortification for China, guarding the land from any attempts to attack it from the rear. Chungking is only a few hundred miles inwards from Yunnan. The inhabitants of the capital have grown used to looking up at those mountains behind them as to an invulnerable means of protection and a source of supply. There, through the peaks, runs the beginning of the Burma Road. But where, to-day, does that vital highway end?

It ends, of course, in Japanese hands; and the whole object of Japanese strategy in these parts is to gather in more and more of the road, till Chungking can be attacked finally from the rear. Let us examine, in terms of the principal physical facts about Yunnan, the precise Japanese chances in this connection.

Perhaps the best way to look at Yunnan is to imagine a Switzerland, multiplied nine times in size and largely lacking in modern facilities, which is completely isolated from the outside world save for those scratch airfields at the shattered end of the Burma Road and a slender mountain railway which runs down to the southeastern coast of China. The mountains are continually divided by steep gorges and rapid rivers, so that human movement is rigidly confined to the regions immediately round the road and railway. Taking the road first, you enter Yunnan from Burma by the town Wanting, which has recently been in the news as a target for United Nations bombers. Then you proceed a few miles to a small place, Chefang, also the scene of recent engagements, after which there is a long, disputed stretch to the important centre of Paoshan.

This stands at the confluence of the two great rivers Salween and Mekong; and the Japanese have been advancing up both of these convenient if turbulent streams, as well as along the road itself. But their main preliminary objective, and one that the Chinese will deny them at all costs, is a town about a hundred miles on from Paoshan, Talifu, the second largest of the province.

Talifu has a remarkable situation, over 6,500 feet high on the shores of Lake Tali. It was the capital of seven kingdoms when Marco Polo wandered wondering into its turbulent streets. Once Talifu lost 25,000 of its inhabitants in a single internecine massacre. But the climate, if nothing else, has always been stimulating, and there are abundant natural resources in the surrounding hills—all kinds of precious metals—so that the town has made great progress since the opening of the Burma Road and the development of Chungking. It is at once the first main Japanese objective and the first Chinese major point of defence in Yunnan, and it can be threatened at present only by those columns from Burma and the Mekong who are still a long way south, battling with Chinese rear-guards, and discovering all the difficulties of supply in a country where there is little to plunder.

But this strategic good fortune may not apply to the next place on the road towards Chungking, Yunnan-fu, the largest city and capital of the province. Here are also a large lake, the Sea of Tien, with about 50,000 population, and many new manufacturing industries around the richest copper mines of China; the fertile soil yields corn, fruit, flax and tobacco for Chungking's armies. If it were not for that railway which has been mentioned earlier, this vital city might be invulnerable.

But the railway runs from Yunnan-fu due southeast to Tongking; and Japanese-occupied Hanni, down near the coast of the China Sea, is only some 500 miles distant. It is practically certain that if the Japanese are allowed to conserve their

strength they will attempt in due course a thrust up this line to take the defenders of the truncated Burma Road in the rear, to assault Yunnan-fu, and to descend thence down the upper reaches of the Yangtze to Chungking. The only happy factors of the situation are that the railway itself is a flimsy, single track running through increasingly difficult country as it enters Yunnan; that difficulties of supply and harassment from the Chinese thereafter might make it difficult for the invaders to advance quickly; and that Japan will not, if the United Nations can help it, be allowed to conserve her resources.

Thus China continues to fight with the help of the outside world, supply aid that reaches her in a continuous stream now across the historic Silk Route and by air from India and Yunnan, and strategic assistance that should, before long, force the invader to relax his fangs in her great body. Such a process of relaxation has already been evident in the coastal province of Chekiang. It can be hastened immediately in two obvious ways.

The first is a British descent, as soon as the rains are over (October-November) from Assam and Manipur into Burma, accompanied if possible (though perhaps this should be a *sine qua non* of the enterprise) by a naval sweep across to Rangoon, at once to clear the Bay of Bengal and to land forces in southern Burma. The second is steadily increased pressure by American and Australian forces against the Japanese in the southeast Pacific island area, with the short-term objective of recapturing New Guinea, the southern part of the Dutch East Indies, and capturing the Japanese bases of the Marshall and Caroline Islands as soon as possible. These moves would make it imperative for the Japanese to divert strength from China, and would also have the effect of once and for all securing the Alma Ata route, and possibly of saving Russia from Far Eastern assault. In due course after that Chinese

forces with United Nations reinforcements would be able to surge forward—and perhaps the Japanese venture would end where it began. Russia might be persuaded to collaborate at the end in the administration of a several-pronged deathblow, which would smite at Japan simultaneously from the south, west, north and east, as well as from several subsidiary points of the compass. And all would—let us surely say ‘will’—have been made possible by the long survival of a battered China at the end of those heroic supply routes.

THE DEAD AT NANTES

BY AUDREY ALEXANDRA BROWN

There is no sound for them: there was no sound

At all for them after the volley waking
Unnumbered echoes in the souls of men—

Echoes that will be making
A terrible music down the years to come
After the guns are dumb.

There was a wall behind them, and above
The red dawn lightened: with a drugged wonder
Frozen in their eyes, they looked on day
And day broke in thunder.

Was this an end, Frenchmen, for a son
Of the green graves at Verdun?

Their spilt blood is no ransom, these who bled
Senselessly as a wildling in the snares—

Dying for what cause they scarcely knew
And a deed none of theirs:

Murdered, not martyred; carrying hence no spark
To light their long dark.

Listen . . . there is silence over France,

Silence shattered by no bugle crying,
No pulse of drums: yet somewhere is a sound
Faintly, faintly sighing . . .

'*Allons, enfants de la Patrie*—'

Who speaks of victory?

What ghost-voice calls upon the living-dead?

Out of what grave that never knew surrender
The deathless soul of France cries to France
Words of immortal splendour?

The dust is stirred on many a stricken field
That died but did not yield.

'*Le jour de gloire est arrivé*'—not yet;

Not for you, France, not yet the glorious day:
But still your conquerors lie uneasily

Where golden Roland lay—
Feeling blow on them from they know not where
A cold and charnel air.

THE ARTS AND THE ABORIGINES

BY DOUGLAS LEECHMAN

IF the arts of the Canadian Indians, as they were before the coming of the white man, we know, unfortunately, all too little. Early explorers paid scant attention to such matters and what few facts they did record are lessened in value by a somewhat prejudiced attitude towards the Indians and their culture. It is apparent, nevertheless, that the fine arts were not strongly developed anywhere in Canada except on the British Columbia coast and in the Arctic, two areas in which a relatively high artistic skill had been attained.

The aboriginal inhabitants of the greater part of Canada were in a low stage of cultural development and had but little time to devote to the fine arts as against the gathering of food and the securing of the other necessities of their daily life. They had neither a constant food supply nor a secure residence, both of which conditions are of vital importance in fostering the arts. On the Pacific coast, where food was in fact comparatively abundant and residence in semi-permanent villages the rule, art had made its greatest advance, and was here sufficiently well rooted to be stimulated by the impact of European civilization.

It must not be assumed that in all other parts of Canada any possibility of artistic development was lacking. On the contrary, it is evident from the skilful use made of the materials and the opportunities at his disposal, that the Indian frequently had within him those psychological drives which, in favourable circumstances, can transform a craftsman into an artist. The media through which he expressed his artistic impulses were numerous; chief among them were painting, sculpture, pottery-making, basket-making, weaving, and embroidery, if we take the more concrete arts alone into consideration.

PAINTING

Painting, with few exceptions, was confined to the decoration of utilitarian articles. There are few, if any, examples of a painting executed solely as an expression of artistic impulses, for the sake of æsthetic satisfaction alone.

The custom of painting the face and parts of the body was widespread. Its purpose apparently was to fill the beholder with admiration or terror, to disguise the features, and to prevent the enemy's detecting any expression betokening fear, should so unworthy an emotion overwhelm the warrior in combat; more prosaically, in times of peace it served as a protection against sunburn and the stings of insects.

The principal pigments used in painting were red and yellow ochres, bluish-green carbonates of copper, white diatomaceous earth, charcoal, and a few rarer pigments, one of the most unusual being a brilliant orange derived from gall-stones found in the buffalo. These colours were prepared by being ground to a powder, often after a preliminary roasting, or by being rubbed down on stone palettes. They were then mixed with an oil or a thin size, and applied to the surface to be decorated, sometimes with the fingers, or by means of a stick, a spongy piece of bone, a tuft of fibrous material, carved stamps, or, as on the Pacific coast, with carefully made brushes, the handles of which were sometimes beautifully carved.

The designs used in aboriginal Canada fall into several distinct schools, each restricted to a clearly defined geographical area. Generally speaking, we may expect curvilinear designs in the east, elaborately conventionalized animal designs in the west, and, on the prairies, both geometrical and realistic designs. The latter were employed principally in the embellishment of tipi covers and of robes, both of which were decorated with somewhat primitive pictures depicting the dreams or the warlike exploits of their owners. Rawhide parfleches

from the same area are nearly always painted with simple geometrical patterns, such as triangles, rectangles, and lozenges, so arranged as to produce striking and artistic effects.

It is on the west coast that we find the highest development of the art of painting. There are two principal types: first, the decoration of wooden surfaces which have already been carved, such as totem-poles and masks, the intention being to increase the realism of the carving by reproducing more or less closely the colours seen in nature; second, the decoration of flat surfaces of wood or skin, such as chests and leather garments. In this case the designs are conventionalized animal forms executed with a surprising degree of skill and with considerable artistic sophistication. It has been shown by Dr. Marius Barbeau, of the National Museum of Canada, that much of this distinctive West Coast art is of recent, post-European development; a conclusion which, though unexpected, is apparently incontrovertible.

Among the Eskimo, the art of painting was so rudimentary as hardly to deserve the name. A red pigment, usually derived from haematite, was rubbed on leather or wood to secure variation in colour; and in Alaska there was some painting of masks, presumably under direct Indian influence from the south.

SCULPTURE

The art of sculpture was not developed anywhere in Canada, except on the west coast and among the Eskimo. Tastefully carved stone pipes, representing human and animal forms, are found in prehistoric village sites of Ontario and Quebec, as are also carefully shaped banner-stones and bird amulets. On the prairies, pipes were frequently carved in catlinite, a fine-grained indurated red clay; the tendency is to keep to simple geometrical forms, as in the painting from the same area. But little wood-carving was done on the prairies; in the east, however, many domestic utensils, such as

ladles and bowls, were decorated with low relief designs. Here, too, clever grotesque masks were made, as well as miniature objects of many kinds for use in the practice of magic.

Graceful bone articles, carved by the extinct Beothuk Indians of Newfoundland, have been found in graves. They were adorned with incised lines filled with a mixture of grease and red ochre to enhance their appearance. Their precise use is still obscure, but they seem to have been primarily ornaments.

Among the Eskimo, the carving of small figures of animals in ivory reached a surprisingly high level, not only in recent times but, as archaeologists have shown, for many hundreds of years in the past; indeed, the oldest examples of such work are, in the main, the best.

On the west coast carving in wood attained marked excellence. Outstanding examples of this art are found in the totem-poles, and in the ceremonial masks and rattles. While the efflorescence which this art experienced soon after the arrival of European fur-traders produced most of the specimens seen in our museums, there is no doubt that a substratum of traditional arts existed before their coming. In Captain Cook's *Voyages*, for example, we find an illustration showing an Indian, standing in a dug-out canoe, who carries a rattle carved in the form of a bird, a type with which we are still familiar; and, while the totem-pole seems to have been non-existent at that time, there are other evidences of an already well-developed native art of sculpture in wood.

POTTERY

Pottery, in Canada, was confined largely to the area east of the Great Lakes and to the southern prairies; it had also a limited distribution in the Arctic, particularly in the west. Of it were made culinary utensils and tobacco pipes; no slips or glazes were used, nor was the ware painted, as was usual in the southwestern United States. Most of it was coarse in

texture, ill-fired and clumsy in shape, though some of the later Iroquoian vessels were more graceful, with elliptical mouths and overhanging, cornice-like rims and sweeping castellations.

Decoration took the form chiefly of repeated hatchings, punchings, stampings, and combings, executed while the clay was still soft, in pleasing designs. Tobacco pipes were moulded in many fantastic shapes, such as human and animal figures, trumpet-shaped bowls, and various geometrical forms. In making a pipe, a straw or a twist of grass was often laid in the stem, to be burnt during the firing; it needed but a puff of breath to blow the ashes out, and the pipe was ready for use.

BASKET-MAKING

Basket-making is one of the most widespread of the native arts and is well represented in Canada, especially in the west. Two main techniques are found: woven work, which is the more usual, and coiled work; each of these may be divided into minor ramifications. A good deal of practical knowledge of the characteristics of plants (when they should be gathered, how they should then be treated, which plants yield the best dyes and how these should be prepared) belonged to the women of the tribes, who were usually the basket-makers.

On the prairies, baskets were but little used, their place being taken by bags and rawhide parfleches. In the east they were often made of splints, sometimes of sweet grass, or corn husk; birch-bark was used over a wide area, frequently being etched with floral and other designs, made by scratching away one layer of bark to reveal an underlying layer of a different colour.

Baskets attain their highest development in the west. Both on the coast and inland they are found in a great variety of weaves and shapes, some decorated with dyed materials, others by the inclusion of elements already coloured by nature, such as the glowing red of cherry bark, the black stems of the

maidenhair fern, and the ivory white of bleached grasses. Many of the original native designs are still in use in the southern interior of British Columbia, where the elaborate coiled and imbricated basketry reaches its apogee, though in recent days European designs tend to occur with increasing frequency. The art is by no means yet extinct, but is in danger of becoming so if adequate steps to preserve it are not taken.

Among the Eskimo, basketry is not highly developed, though it is to be found in Alaska and also in Labrador, where the coiled technique, familiar in the west, again makes its appearance.

WEAVING

It is difficult to draw a hard and fast line between the weaving of textiles and the plaiting of basketry; from a strictly technical point of view, cloth is a form of basketry. For the sake of convenience, we may keep in mind a distinction based on the rigidity of the finished material. Basketry is, as a rule, stiff enough to stand alone; cloth will seldom do so.

Several vegetable fibres were used for weaving, such as dogbane, nettle, milkweed, cedar-bark, and basswood-bark; hair, too, was made use of, supplied by the buffalo on the prairies, by the mountain goat and a special breed of long-haired dogs on the Pacific coast. Most of the pieces of textile produced were small and suitable only for bags, but on the British Columbia coast large blankets were woven. All weaving, even of the largest pieces, was done by the fingers alone, the loom being unknown. For large pieces, a wooden frame was used to keep the warp threads extended, but no shuttle, heddle, or batten was used. Designs were introduced either by weaving them into the material as its manufacture progressed, by embroidery, or by colouring the desired areas of the finished article.

The most elaborate of Canadian textile productions were the beautiful Chilkat blankets of the Pacific coast. These were

woven of mountain goat wool, reinforced with cedar-bark, and decorated with intricate conventional animal forms, executed in dyed wools, which are woven in as the work proceeds. In spite of the involved patterns and the complex technique, finger-weaving alone was used, and this was true also of the Coast Salish blankets of geometrical design, which, at first glance, suggest Navaho work.

EMBROIDERY

Under the term embroidery we may include all methods of decorating surfaces by the addition of elements stitched into place. For this purpose, porcupine quills, coloured with soft and harmonious native dyes, were extensively used. Some of the best work of this kind is of amazing fineness, as many as fifty stitches being crowded into one linear inch. The work was done on a small frame resembling a bow, about two feet long, the warp threads representing the bowstring. The trimmed ends of the quills were hidden by a leather backing and the finished work presented an unbroken surface entirely covered by minute stitches. The designs were geometrical, but some twenty different stitches were known and these could be used for applying porcupine quills to flat surfaces of leather or birch-bark, and in work of this kind the production of curved lines was simple. It is most unfortunate that this art should be so near extinction. It is still practised in parts of the Mackenzie River basin, but the introduction of beads and of embroidery silks, coloured with aniline dyes, has nearly halted it. The preparation of the quills and dyes entailed a great deal of work and European substitutes for both were eagerly accepted.

In more recent times, some very fine work has been done in beads, as well as some atrocious work, and the same may be said of the silk embroidery. Dyed moose-hair was also used for this purpose, and the art developed to a degree but little suspected. It, too, has vanished beneath the flood of beads.

The influence of the Europeans, particularly the French, on native arts has been very great. There are few designs to which one may point and say "This, beyond question, is a purely aboriginal design". Indian girls have been trained in mission schools for nearly three hundred years, and learned there the designs they used, passing these designs on to their children and to their fellow-craftswomen. The very materials in which they worked were frequently of European origin, and the influence of these constant associations must have been very strong and constant.

The farther west we go, the less marked is the domination of European designs until, in the plateaus of the interior of British Columbia, in the Mackenzie River valley, and on the west coast, we find, even to-day, remnants of the old native arts. Some of them may still, perhaps, be rescued before they disappear before the onrush of a new culture.

A HOT SPOT IN THE ARCTIC

BY FRED S. SLOCOMBE

ONE afternoon in late January I was carrying on with the quiet routine of my office, examining candidates for Masters' and Mates' certificates, when there came a long-distance telephone call. It was from Ottawa, and I heard my Chief's quiet voice say — "About this icebreaker for North Russia—will you take her there?" My heart started to pound much more fiercely than it did later during the hectic moments of the air attack at sea. Many thoughts flashed through my mind, as I asked one or two questions. I knew that my answer would be 'Yes', yet I did not want to go. I had achieved the happiness of a settled home life after knocking about on ships since I was fifteen years old, and now suddenly I was to give it all up, load on my wife's shoulders the care of the furnace and all the other responsibilities of home and family, and set out once again on dangerous seas. I had said many months before that I would go if I were needed; now it seemed that I definitely was needed, and urgently. I took the train for Ottawa that night, and three days later I was rushing madly through the slush of "An East Coast Canadian Port" from ship to Customs Office, to Naval Office, to Agents' Office, to ship-chandler's, to Mercantile Marine Office, always a little late, in the nightmare treadmill which is the normal lot of the shipmaster in port when he should be resting. What a loathsome place that "East Coast Canadian Port" seemed to me, haunted as I was by the thought of my wife's face as I had left her, dry-eyed and without a word of protest, courageously controlling her emotions so that it shouldn't be harder for me!

There wasn't much time for moping, however, for I was on the go from early morning until late at night, and almost before I could realize it I was in the middle of an Eastbound convoy in the North Atlantic. Leaden skies; rough sea, foam-

flecked and misty; and a great fleet all labouring, pitching, and rolling. British flags, American, Greek, Dutch, Panamanian, all were there, and it gave me a thrill of satisfaction when I looked aft and saw the Canadian ensign fluttering at the stern of the little ship under my feet, riding the Atlantic rollers like a duck.

It was many years since I had been at sea, but after two or three days it seemed as though I had never been away from it, although I was now facing problems which never had to be faced in peace-time. In convey, even during daylight, constant attention is required to keep the ship in position, especially on a coal-burning ship on which the steam pressure is unsteady. Then the Commodore's ship must be watched for signals, which may be put up at any moment. These may require merely an ordinary alteration, in which case there is ample time to respond; but perhaps one of the escort vessels forming the vanguard of the convoy has located a submarine or an iceberg. In such a case the Commodore may wish to move the whole convoy over bodily to port or starboard in an 'emergency turn' requiring immediate action. And any amateur naval tactician who thinks this is an easy manœuvre with a fleet of ships of assorted sizes and different turning-circles would be surprised at the difficulties involved in practice. During these first few weeks I decided that the greatest war-time danger is not enemy action, but collision. In peace-time the Captain's good-night admonition to the officer on watch is "Give everything a wide berth", and if the lights of another vessel pass within half-a-mile there is a slight tension until all is clear again. Now we are sandwiched between other ships at shouting distance, completely blacked out. The efficiency of the black-out is extraordinary; from all these ships, each well lighted inside by its own dynamo, there is not a glimmer of light showing, and on a dark night we have to keep station when all we can see is a suggestion of darker darkness to either

side of us. It speaks well for the vigilance exercised by the Masters and their officers that there are not many more convoyed ships lost through collision. Another disadvantage of being in convoy is that the individual ship cannot adjust her course to suit her own convenience. This is hard on *Montcalm*, since she is the smallest ship in the convoy, and when we have rough weather she rolls frightfully. Sometimes the clinometer shows that she rolls thirty-five and even forty degrees out of the vertical, and at such times the only way in which the fireman can stoke the fires is by having one to hold the furnace door open, one to shovel and one to hold the shoveller.

We made the crossing without seeing any action, although the occasional clanging, shuddering concussion of depth-charges gave evidence that there were things other than fish in the sea around us, and that the escort vessels were on the job; and when aircraft appeared it was a great comfort to see the Commodore's signal that they were friendly. But aircraft at last appeared without the comforting signal being flown. We were then already well above the Arctic Circle; the sky was covered with heavy clouds and we had a cold-looking grey sea, snow-flurries and an air temperature of about 23 degrees Fahrenheit. We were within easy reach of the German planes based in Norway, and had already received the warning signal, "Attack by aircraft may be expected", and then "Enemy aircraft are approaching the convoy". The first attack came at ten o'clock in the evening, when two large bombers—JU 88's—dived out of the low clouds right into the centre of the convoy. They met such a hail of fire that one of them was immediately seen to be in difficulties and swooped this way and that in a bewildered fashion, dropping its bombs at random, then suddenly crashing into the sea, while the other disappeared into the clouds again. This baptism of fire wasn't, we thought, so bad after all. There was even a feeling of commiseration for the fellows inside that plane. We knew there would be

more attacks, for we were less than an hour's flight from the enemy bases. The next time planes appeared was on the following afternoon, when three of them began circling the convoy, low down on the horizon, out of range of our guns. There they were, three specks moving round and round, back and forth, hour after hour, and there we were, with all our guns manned, shrapnel helmets on, life-belts handy, telling ourselves that this was part of the war of nerves, that Jerry had no intention of attacking for a long time yet, but knowing that every time we lost sight of one of those specks it might reappear in a couple of minutes in the shape of a roaring bomber diving out of the clouds overhead. For nine hours we endured the menace of those 'shadow-planes', as we called them, until about one o'clock next morning. It was almost dark by this time, and in the murky twilight we could no longer see the horizon, but the warning signal was still up. In spite of the excellent sheepskin-lined coats and boots with which the Canadian Government had outfitted the whole crew, we were chilled and tired, and feeling bloated with the tea and coffee consumed during the long vigil, when suddenly there was a shout, "Coming in on the starboard bow!" Looking in that direction, I saw three low-flying planes making straight for us at an angle of forty-five degrees. They were flying so low that they had to lift over the leading ships, and as they did so bombs were seen to fall, but they missed. There was now nothing between them and *Montcalm*, and one at least was continuing straight toward us. All our guns which could be brought to bear were blazing by this time, the noise was deafening and the tracers made a fireworks display. I was standing by to fire the rockets which would throw up thin wire cables to entangle the attacker, but the leading plane swerved off across our bow. I could see our tracers going right into his fuselage, when a spot of fire suddenly appeared, then rapidly enlarged, and the whole plane burst into flames and dived into the sea

off our port bow. We did not claim that we alone brought down that plane, for there were many guns firing at it beside our own, but we certainly helped, and we were cheering wildly, when suddenly my young Third Officer, who was handling a machine-gun beside me on the port wing of the bridge, exclaimed: "Look, Sir! There's a torpedo just missed us!" Sure enough, I could see the track of it, and it could not have passed many yards ahead, for from where I was standing it seemed to have come from right under the bow. The convoy was in close formation, and we could see and hear the men on the next ship on our port side waving their arms and cheering as the plane was brought down; but their jubilation was short-lived, for that deadly tin-fish was streaking straight for their own ship. My men yelled frantically to warn them, but there was no time to take avoiding action, and the ship was struck in the stern. The magazine must have been set off, for flames spouted high in the air, and we instinctively ducked our heads for fear of flying debris. I looked ahead again then to see that we were in no danger of collision, and noticed that the Commodore's and Vice-Commodore's ships had both swung off to starboard. Thinking that a whistle signal had been given and that we had missed it in the noise, I gave the order "Hard-a-starboard!" but immediately cancelled it as I realized that both those ships also had been hit and were sinking. Behind me I heard the Third Officer's awe-struck tons as he said—"God! Look at that ship go!" and I turned back to the port side to see what he was talking about.

I expected to see a ship settling down by the stern, smoke pouring out of her and the crew taking to the lifeboats, but what I actually saw was the bow of that ship standing on end like a blazing torch and disappearing beneath the surface as if pulled down from below. It could not have been more than ten or fifteen seconds after the first explosion, and where there had been a ship with cheering men aboard her there was now

just a ripple. On board *Montcalm* were men who had been sailing throughout the war, and had been in convoys in which eight and ten ships had been lost in a single night, but this swift obliteration of a ship right beside us, and by a torpedo which had so narrowly missed ourselves, seemed to affect everybody. I know the thought occurred to me that if Jerry could sink three valuable ships in so many minutes like that, with the loss of only one plane, there was no reason why he could not come out again and again and wipe out the whole convey, and I felt sure then that I was never going to see Toronto again.

But there wasn't much time for me to think about it, for the convoy was in confusion. As the Commodore's and Vice-Commodore's ships had both been sunk, the Rear-Commodore was in charge, and he put up a signal "Reform the convoy as quickly as possible". Other ships moved up to fill the gaps, and the convoy proceeded on its way. To our surprise the hours went by without any more planes coming over, and soon after four a.m. I could stand it no longer, but collapsed on the chart-room settee and slept.

It is, perhaps, not generally understood that a large convoy covers many miles of ocean, and in low visibility the crew of an individual ship are aware only of what goes on in their immediate vicinity. I am describing what I personally saw from the bridge of my ship, and in the feverish few minutes of these attacks plenty seemed to be happening, but we didn't see it all. For instance, I have no idea what became of the other two planes which I saw making for us. After that which came so near us was disposed of there was no other in sight. Some of my crew said they saw five planes, but the report broadcast in the British Official Press three or four days later stated that there were six enemy machines in each attack. With regard to the second attack, the official report said—and I quote verbatim from the original bulletin written by

my wireless operator as he took it down—"This time the attack was by six torpedo-carrying aircraft. At least one enemy aircraft was destroyed and others were damaged, but three ships of convoy were hit by torpedoes and sank." This tallies almost exactly with what I saw, because it happened very close to *Montcalm*.

Next afternoon up went the grim black flag again, and we had many more hours of tense watching and waiting. The third attack, when it came, appeared to us to be a desultory affair, for it happened at the far end of the convoy, too far off for our guns to participate. This attack was made by dive-bombers, one plane was reported shot down, and minor damage was done to one ship by a near miss, but what seemed to us rather tame was no doubt exciting enough for the ships in that part of the convoy.

We reached Murmansk without further action except by the escort vessels against submarines, and judging by the frequency with which we were shaken by distant depth-charges, the Barents Sea must have been infested with enemy undersea craft, but they were kept at a distance by our escort, which by this time had been increased by the addition of Soviet destroyers. We were very fortunate, for the next convoy was under almost continuous attack for six days and nights.

At last the convoy was steaming in line ahead into Kola Inlet, with gaunt snow-clad hills rising precipitously on each side, and it seemed as if we had reached a safe haven after a stormy passage. I felt extremely relieved, for whether I reached home myself or not, it could not be said that I had failed to do the job I had set out to do. The pilot who took us in could speak no English or French, so I could get no information from him as to the likelihood of air raids, but it was snowing and blowing, we felt pretty safe, and I bathed luxuriously (out of a pail) and went to bed. When the Soviet officials came aboard next day, however, we learned that on

one day in the previous week Murmansk had had thirteen air-raid alarms, bombs having been dropped during eleven of these, and we were later to endure such days ourselves. We were warned to have our guns ready for instant action, but not to open fire until the shore batteries did so, for fear of hitting Russian planes. We were supposed to receive warning by flag signal, but often the first indication we had of a raid was the sudden bang-bang of the guns, and we'll see the shells bursting far overhead; then, using the cottonwool puffs as a guide, we would find the enemy planes and open up with our guns if within range.

The official who was to receive *Montcalm* on behalf of the Soviet Government was Mr. I. D. Papanin, the famous Arctic voyager who in 1937 was landed by plane on an ice-floe near the North Pole with three other men, and set up a meteorological station. They were on the floe for nine months, and at one time their little floating island was reduced to 98 feet by 164. Their exploit added much to the world's meteorological knowledge, and when they got back the four adventurers were honoured as "Heroes of the Soviet Union", and elected to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. Mr. Papanin holds the rare distinction of having been twice honoured as "Hero of the Soviet Union". He is now "Head of the Main Division of Northern Sea Communications", and is a very busy man, spending much of his time in the air, travelling from place to place. We had to converse through interpreters, but found him a very pleasant, jolly personality. He enjoyed telling me how, after a particularly heavy air-raid, he had been walking in the street and a little urchin had grabbed him by the arm, and said anxiously "Papanin"—without any "Comrade" or "Citizen" or any other title,—"Papanin! Are you all right? You're not hurt?" Mr. Papanin assured him that he was all intact, at which the boy had expressed great relief.

After visiting the ship, Mr. Papanin took me back to the town with him in his motor-boat, and we arrived at the docks after midnight. It was still broad daylight, and the wharves presented a busy scene as tanks and other war material were unloaded. The work went on through the twenty-four hours, not stopping even when a raid was in progress unless the enemy planes succeeded in getting overhead. When shrapnel began dropping, the workers would jump ashore and dive into shelters, but these shelters provided no protection against direct hits. One day a bomb landed on one of them, killing over a hundred people. Almost as soon as the smoke had cleared there were clean-up gangs on the job, and fresh men and women went to work on the unloading, for in Murmansk the working women take part in even the heaviest manual labour. Even housewives with children can place their offspring at crèches and do some appointed task outside the home. Communal kitchens provided ready-cooked meals which could be bought and carried home, so that housewifely duties were reduced to a minimum. It was touching to see the mothers who had picked up their babies after the day's work, walking home with their precious bundles held tight in their arms.

The responsibility for getting the tanks, planes, and other war material unloaded from the ships rested on the capable shoulders of the British and American Missions to North Russia, comprising civilian and service representatives of each government. These were headed by Captain Pearson, of the Harriman Commission, and Commander Frankell, U.S.N., for the United States, and Mr. G. E. Cormack, of the Ministry of War Transport, and Lieutenant-Commander Miller, R.N.R., for Britain. The coöperation between these U. S. and British officials was inspiring. There was no such talk as "That's your job, not mine!" They all did whatever they could, day or night, to get the convoys unloaded and away.

The British Ministry of War Transport was acting as intermediary between the Canadian Government and the Government of the U.S.S.R. in the matter of the transfer of *Montcalm*, so that my business was chiefly with Mr. G. E. Cormack, representative in Murmansk of that Ministry. Mr. Cormack was the sole civilian representative of the British Government in Murmansk, and as he (beside Commander Frankell) was the only member of the Mission who could speak Russian his duties were many. He had no staff, all his correspondence had to be done by himself on a small portable typewriter, and his office was also his bedroom. When I got in touch with him in the morning, I found that he had been in his clothes all night, with his chauffeur sleeping in the car (a square-cut army vehicle derisively referred to by the other officers as "the hearse"), ready to come and pick me up on arrival at the dock. Somebody had evidently got his instructions mixed, for I had gone to the hotel in order not to disturb him until morning. As soon as I telephoned him, however, he came over and took me back to the Mission flat for breakfast. There were at this time in the harbour and roads thirty ships; there was no longer any darkness, and Mr. Cormack's work could hardly be said to stop at all. Even if not called out of his bed to work, he was liable to be awakened by an air-raid warning, and he was beginning to feel the strain, but, harassed as he was, his treatment of me throughout our stay in Murmansk was consistent with his action that morning in leaving his breakfast, putting on his outdoor clothes and coming out to get me.

It was a crowded table at the flat that day. Beside the little band of Britons who lived there permanently and were doing such a grand job under most difficult circumstances there were a couple of Naval Surgeon-Lieutenants who were working at the hospital, and half-a-dozen officers and apprentices from a merchant ship which had been sunk in the harbour.

These young men, after their ship had received direct hits twice in the harbour, sinking under the second attack, had been placed on a destroyer for passage to England. This destroyer was in company with the cruiser H.M.S. *Edinburgh* when she was sunk, and had engaged the four German destroyers which attacked the homeward-bound convoy. During the action, the Merchant Navy men had seen their skipper's head blown off, and had helped to clear the decks of the mangled bodies of other men who had been struck, then they had returned to Murmansk with large numbers of the *Edinburgh* survivors on the destroyer. Their gruesome experience had left its mark on some of them, and they were obviously very nervous while an air-raid was in progress.

There is not much more to tell about the remaining period on board *Montcalm*. Two weeks passed before the Soviet crew arrived to take over the ship, and on most days we had several air-raid alarms, but only once or twice were the enemy planes close enough for us to fire on them. Finally everything was completed, the Canadian Ensign was hauled down, the flag of the U.S.S.R. hauled up in its place, and the British crew piled over the side with their bags on to the deck of the tugboat which had brought the Soviet crew. I was proud of my men that night. For various reasons we—and many more ships there—had been short of food for the last week or so. We were promised supplies every day, but none arrived, and we had all been on short rations. The tug with the Soviet crew was supposed to arrive at two p.m., and I was urgently requested to have everybody ready to climb over the side. We had a fair meal with our remaining food at noon, then packed up and waited—until eleven p.m.! Then the skipper of the tug was not willing to take us back because he had no written instructions to do so; but after a hot argument and threats to report the matter to Papanin he agreed to take us. As we were leaving I think we rather astonished the Russians who were

leaning over the rail watching us go. Although *Montcalm's* crew had had nothing to eat since noon, and the endless waiting was enough to put anybody in a bad temper, there were no complaints. On the contrary, anyone would have thought that it was a convention picnic setting out, for all the men were singing and cheering.

We did not arrive at the city dock until six a.m., and the sirens sounded as we were having our breakfast. These we ignored, as we did many times later, and went on with our meal. It so happened that a convoy was leaving that very day, and we managed to get the twenty-six other Canadians of the crew away with that convoy. I heartily wished that I could go with them, but I had to stay to complete the formalities of the transfer of the ship. All these men reached Canada safely.

The rest of us were to endure weeks of almost continual bombing while quartered in the town, and to have an opportunity of seeing and admiring the cheerful industry and stoic courage of the ordinary men, women and children of the Soviet Union; but I cannot do justice to that theme within the limits of this article.

THE WARDEN'S WATCH: 2 A.M.

BY ROBERT W. CUMBERLAND

The night is still; the quarter moon slips down
Through ever deeper orange toward the west.
A plane drones out to seaward on some quest;
The shifts are changed; the warden guards the 'phone.

Such nights see famous cities overthrown,
Seething with flames like a volcano's crest,
Norwich and Bristol, Coventry, Plymouth, Brest,
Kiel and Rostock, Bremen and Cologne.

The night is still; but many a pillowed head
Turns half attuned for that unhallowed wail
Which bodes the aerial firedrake flying near.

Deep in the dumb unconscious lurks the dread
Of man's own monster spewing deadly hail;
Yet stand and wait means but to sit and hear.

L'ILE D'ORLEANS

BY MARIUS BARBEAU

L'ILE d'Orléans—in the Saint Lawrence River, close to Quebec—was the home of some of the earliest settlers in America. Its houses and churches were among the first to stand on Canadian soil. Its population to this day has remained truly French—without admixture. Many French-Canadians at large trace back their ancestry to one of its five villages. But few outsiders until recent years had visited it. It seemed remote and inaccessible; its ferry schedule was erratic; its roads were none too good, at times impassable; and strangers did not know where to stay. It looked like an excellent place for the study of folklore and ancient customs.

My first impressions, as I travelled along the south shore road on a sunny June morning, were wholly favourable. The parishes of St. Laurent, St. Jean and St. François were charmingly old-fashioned. There were gardens, orchards and fields, below the red cliffs or on the hillsides—the centre of the island is a high bluff—fine old churches and graveyards, and innumerable stone houses with high-pitched roofs. Ox-carts and dog-carts were on their way to the creameries. The women in the gardens wore wide-brimmed straw hats of their own make, and skirts of bright homespun. Ste. Famille, on the northeastern side, is the most attractive of the island parishes. It stands on a high rolling slope, facing the Beaupré coast and Cap-Tourmente two thousand feet high, across the north arm of the river—a magnificent panorama. The only other village left to visit, on the north shore, was St. Pierre—the whole island being twenty miles long, five miles wide, and the road that girdles it forty-two miles long. I decided to fix my headquarters at Ste. Famille, as far away from town as possible.

The first month was spent visiting farms and villages at the eastern end of the island. In this I was assisted by M.

Roche, a young French professor, then of McGill University, who was anxious to know French Canada at first hand. From morning to night we proceeded from place to place on our bicycles, seeing more people every day, inspecting houses, barns, workshops and even garrets. The quest was fruitful, particularly as regards manual arts and handicrafts. Most of the people occupied the houses that were built of stone or heavy wooden frames by their ancestors, one or two hundred years ago, sometimes before the Conquest (1760). Old furniture, utensils and artifacts were still conserved, except for what the Jews and curio dealers had removed. Eight or nine generations had lived and toiled there, all in the same line without a break since the establishment of the settlements, after 1651. They had been largely self-supporting, almost prosperous. Not only did they draw from the land all the food they needed, but they were skilful craftsmen, weaving their homespuns out of the flax or the wool they produced, fashioning their tools and instruments with their hands, building their houses, making their carriages and their dug-out canoes or their sailing ships. By tradition and necessity they had mastered all the crafts useful to them. Whenever they required masons and wood-carvers, they paid them mostly in kind, with wheat, fruit and vegetables. In times of prosperity some of them, thrifty though they were, bought luxuries from the Quebec merchants and importers; faiences from Rouen or Delft, china from England, deep pie-dishes from New England, or pewter vessels, brass candle-holders and snuffers, stamped and painted images from Epinal, some fine fabrics — silk kerchiefs with political cartoons, and occasional garments for rare occasions. Valuable relics a century or two old were brought to us from rustic chests and cupboards or from dark recesses in the attic.

A few joiners, carpenters and blacksmiths from the early days had plied their art on the island and were *emplacitaires*

(that is, lived on village lots) ; for instance, the Asselins, blacksmiths ; the Leblonds, Nadeaux, Gosselins and Guérards, joiners ; all of them craftsmen through the generations. Professional or otherwise, they were gifted with talent and skill. There are many cupboards, chests and other pieces of furniture of quality from their hands ; even crucifixes, statuettes and church carvings. Old wrought-iron crosses and funeral inscriptions in the St. François graveyard by Joseph Asselin proved interesting museum acquisitions. Some of the manual devices and hand-made tools were unknown to us. While M. Roche and I busied ourselves taking notes and photographs, we felt that we had found our way into the heart of ancient France. It was a rare experience. Our casual hosts yielded to our inquisitiveness with grace. Leisurely and self-possessed, in spite of their farm labours, they seemed untouched by the modern diseases so much in evidence elsewhere—hurry, and a false appraisal of the true values in life.

The language, like the artifacts, lapsed into archaisms at times, which greatly interested a student like M. Roche, a native of Vichy, France. The manual processes were explained with words novel to us, yet pure French, as we later found them in the glossaries. The description of the wicker fences and traps as formerly constructed for catching eels and *bars* (a kind kind of sea bass) was accompanied by traditional terms familiar to the craftsmen but not to others at large : such as, *les claies*, *les piquets de croisées*, *la chasse*, *le bois barré*, *les hares*, *les nasses*, *le racroc*, *la claie de chasse*, *la claie de revire*, *les patins*, etc. This was true also of most of the special processes and local crafts. The idiom itself was the same as in the provinces of the ancestors overseas.

The original settlers came mostly from northern and central France, according to well-preserved records. For instance, the first Asselin (Asseline), Lheureux (Leureau), Côté, God-

bout, Prémont, Labrecque, were from Normandie; Gagnon (Gaignon), Guyon (Dion), Loignon (Lognon), Landry, Houde, from Perche; Morency (*dit* Beaucher), Nolin (Lafeugière), Bernier, from Ile de France; Bellouin (Blouin, *dit* Laviolette), Allaire, Chabot, de Blois, Marceau, Odet (Audet, *dit* Lapointe), Noël Roger, from Poitou; Baillargeon, from Angoumois; Esteourneau (Letourneau), Martineau, from Saintonge, etc. The majority were of Norman extraction.

Culture and refinement seem more marked on the island than elsewhere in rural Quebec. The folk-lore is poorer in proportion, its tang less archaic. Not many folk-tales have survived. If the songs still are fairly numerous—I collected about five hundred—the style of singing is less florid and mediæval than in Charlevoix County or Gaspé. School education and the proximity of town seem to have rubbed off some of the features due to rustic isolation. The convent of Ste. Famille, founded in 1685 by Marguerite Bourgeoys, is one of the oldest in Canada. Under its influence, reading has assumed the function of memory and curbed the spirit of oral traditions. Several families have furnished recruits to the clergy and the professions—the Gosselins, the Gagnons, the Leclercs, the Fillions, and others. The Gagnon family alone, till 1909, had counted sixty-two of its members in the clergy, of whom fifty-three were living in 1925. Or it may be that the islanders from the start have better conserved some of their oral traditions, as they have their handicrafts, while other districts in their isolation have developed traits of their own.

Four of the six churches on the island are among the oldest and finest on the Saint Lawrence — those of Ste. Famille, St. François, Ste. Pierre and St. Jean. Their architecture, simple and graceful, is in keeping with the surroundings. Their thick stone walls and hipped roofs with bell-cast, the lightness of their pointed spires and belfries, the arches over

their windows, make them singularly attractive. They belong to the time when palaces and churches in France were built in the classic style rather than in Gothic. Their interior wood-work consists of highly ornate retables in the Corinthian order with occasional Louis XV features. Floral panels decorate the choirs, and wooden statues stand on the altars and on the front gable.

Wood-carving is extensive and of high quality. It could not be the work of joiners devoid of professional training. As early as 1911 I had seen and photographed beautiful carvings elsewhere, in Quebec, at Lorette or on the Beaupré coast — statuettes, altars and high reliefs. They were supposedly French-made, of the colonial period. Whole retables, entablatures and ceilings, however, were not imported on small sailing ships from the motherland. They might have been the work of craftsmen and artists within easy reach. But who were they? Where did they get their professional training? The problem of their identity was one I had long wished to study, especially since it had come to my knowledge that, as early as 1672, Mgr. de Laval had founded a school of arts and crafts at Cap-Tourmente, below Quebec.

Professor Ramsay Traquair, the head of the Department of Architecture of McGill University, joined me in July, and for several weeks we studied the old island churches, beginning with that of Ste. Famille. It was known that these churches had been erected and furnished between the years 1717 and 1750. Yet we soon were aware that the work could not all be of that early period. Fragments of carvings, older and in a different style, were found in the garrets and the cellars. From the mixed schemes of decoration it was obvious that the work was not all of the same hands or the same date.

The problem could be solved only with the help of the parish records. It was fortunate that they should be extensive and well preserved from as early as 1680-1700. While

Professor Traquair measured and drew the plans of the churches on the spot, I studied the *Comptes et Delibérations de la Fabrique* and the other manuscript documents. The puzzles that had confronted us were solved in the end. Extensive alterations had been effected at various times, as appeared in the dated entries of the detailed accounts. Many of the craftsmen had been employed in turn, some of them local. Whenever altars, statues and decorations were required for the choir, or a ceiling, the contract was given to the master-carvers of Quebec: the LeVasseurs, the Baillargés, André Paquet and a few others.

If this architecture belonged to the French renaissance from its inception, it had undergone a marked local evolution in the course of two centuries—growth at first and then decadence. There were not many relics left of the earliest period—that of the first masters (brought over from France in 1672-75 by Mgr. de Laval), whose work was distinctive of the reign of François I; the present churches were built after their time. A few statues for the altars, rather small, alone could be ascribed to them. The following period, from 1710 to 1780, was better represented—that of the LeVasseurs, with their Louis XIV and XV *rocaille* and *appliqué* decorations. The high altar of Ste. Famille, the lateral altars of St. François, and other carvings were still in use. Most of the work, however, was of a later date. The two front towers of the Ste. Famille church were built in 1810; the three spires followed, a few years later. The fine choir reredos, in pure Corinthian, came from the shop of Thomas Baillargé, and the lateral altars were made by Baillargé's older brother, Florent. But the ceiling was in a different style, that of Quevillon, of Ile-Jésus.

For Canadian architecture after the Conquest developed into two distinct schools, those of Quebec and of Montreal. The craftsmen of both groups infringed at times upon each other's ground. The lower Saint Lawrence seemed to be a

dependence of Quebec and the special field of the Baillargés, who were the head of a Quebec firm. In spite of this, Quevillon and his companions decorated some churches close to Quebec, on the south shore—at St. Henri, St. Charles, Berthier, St. Michel and Rivière-Ouelle. Yet they belonged to another district; their shops were at Ile-Jésus, near Montreal. The Quebec craftsmen seem to have considered this an intrusion and to have won the sympathy of their clergy. The Ile-Jésus school was censured by abbé Demers, of the Quebec Bishopric—on the high ground that its work was of a degenerate type, that is, rococo or Louis XV. Preference must be given to the early renaissance in its purity; in other words, to the Baillargés. The ancient quarrel of the classic orders versus the rococo was thus reopened in Canada.

This was unknown to curé Gagnon and his parishioners at Ste. Famille; it was still in the early days of the conflict—1812. They happened to see the fresh decoration of the church of St. Jean, across the island, and found it to their liking—rococo though it was. The author, Louis-Bazil David, was still there, looking for a new job, and both the parish priest and his wardens gave him the contract for a new ceiling in their church. It was then the fashion to scrap the older carvings of the LeVasseurs. The work was under way when curé Gagnon journeyed to Quebec, and discovered his mistake; he would have a ceiling in deplorable rococo! David was nought but a former apprentice of Quevillon! The abbé's blood was rising. He went back home and next Sunday flayed his wood-carver from the pulpit. But the parishioners would not change their mind. Rococo or no rococo, they wanted the ceiling, informed the bishop of their choice in a petition, and won their point. The ceiling was completed and still exists. It is in the Quevillon style (Louis XV). But the reredos supporting it is from the Baillargé workshop, in fine Corinthian. There are not many now keen enough to notice the discrepancy.

The parish records, particularly the accounts and the minutes of the meetings of the churchwardens, are a valuable source of information. They have been preserved almost intact for over two centuries. It is regrettable that our government archivists should have neglected them, no less than those of other Quebec parishes and of the old religious institutions. These domestic records have never been collected or copied for the benefit of historians at large, yet they are perhaps the best materials available for early Canadian history.

Not only do they contain the names of the craftsmen and an itemized description of their work, but episodes of early life as well. That of the Feud of the Relics is one of them. The old people at St. Pierre had already spoken of it, when they explained the name of the Priest's Road (*la Route des Prêtres*), that crosses the island north and south and connects St. Pierre with St. Laurent. The arm bone of St. Paul had been taken away at night from one of the churches, long ago, nobody knew when. A quarrel broke out between the churches. The St. Pierre parishioners accused their neighbours of St. Laurent of stealing their silver reliquary. But they could not recover it. The priests were opposed to each other. Feelings ran high for many years. The bishop recalled the *curés* and bade his flock to come to terms. The arm-bone was delivered to the owners in a procession, with great solemnity, at the frontier of the two parishes. Since then the road has been called *The Priest's Road*, and a black cross stands there in the maple bush in commemoration of the event. That much could be learnt from the old people, but there were no particulars, no date, nothing definite. It all seemed like a legend, but the church records of St. Laurent later came to the rescue. Several pages (139-146) of the *Comptes et Delibérations* contain much of the story — letters and receipts of the parish priests, written instructions of the Vicar General, and a protest.

When the quarrel came to an end in 1731, it was twenty-eight years old. It had begun in 1703, when the relic was ceded

by the parish priest of St. Laurent, M. Dauric, to his good friend M. Poncelet, the *curé* of St. Pierre. There were good reasons for the gift, or, rather, the exchange. The relic was "a fragment of the arm-bone of Saint Paul", and Saint Paul had ceased to be the patron saint, since the parish had changed its name to St. Laurent. The fragment was precious, but were not the bones of Saint Clement, given in compensation, much larger and three in number—two, five inches long, and the third, a bit less (*ce qui fait une relique beaucoup plus grosse que celle qu'on réclame*)? The promise was made that great reverence would be shown to Saint Paul, in the parish of St. Pierre. A silver reliquary would be made for the relic. Besides, Mrs. de St. Vallier, the bishop, approved the transfer; and that was of some importance, since he had been the donator, in 1698.

St. Pierre lived up to its obligations. A fine reliquary was made in Quebec. It is described as a monstrance of silver, shaped like the sun (*une chasse d'argent en forme de soleil*), with a crystal receptacle. It was sheathed in three covers, two of which were of linen and one of silk.

But there was much dissatisfaction in the parish of St. Laurent. Their *curé*, M. Dauric, had failed to consult his flock before the transaction. Yet the relic was their own, not his. It had been given to them. It was not his right to dispose of it without consulting them.

Years passed—nearly thirty years. Still they resented the injustice. They were real Normans. Some of their young men, in a night raid across the island, in 1731, recovered the relic for their church. In this they were supported by their new parish priest, M. Chardon.

The St. Pierre parishioners were incensed. Had they not spent fifty *écus* on the silver monstrance, and, besides, lost the relic of Saint Clement? The proposal that the silver reliquary be restored to them empty, or fifty *écus* instead, was rejected.

They addressed an appeal for redress to the diocesan authorities at Quebec.

The Bishop's delegate, some time later, found the reliquary locked up in a chest, at the church of St. Laurent. He required the parishioners to take it back where it belonged. Unanimously they protested. They never had approved the exchange of the relics (*les habitants ont toujours murmuré de cet échange*). But they yielded to authority in the end—months later, rather than break away from the church. Once they had entered the formal protest on their church records 'without prejudice to our rights', they surrendered the relic in a solemn procession to the frontier of their parish, and the black cross now stands there in commemoration.

The island for many years has been a favourite resort for painters, that is, since Canadian artists returned from France, where they had their training. Something there and on the Beaupré coast opposite distinctly reminded them of Normandy, of the country often painted by their masters of the Barbizon school: ploughed fields, stone houses, cows and sheep, and peasants in blue homespun. The men in the summer would travel on their cart-loads to the Quebec market at dawn, and and come back asleep in their empty carts at night. The women would reap the flax in the fields, and weave during the winter months. They would milk the cows, bake the bread in ovens, and make refined cheese. Then there were festive gatherings at night and much jollification. All these scenes they had seen on the canvases of the modern French school. And they followed in the path. One of them, Brymner, is still well remembered at St. François and Ste. Famille, and some of his sketches may be seen in farm-houses. Huot, Paradis and others also sojourned there. Their chief deficiency, as pioneers, was that year after year they went on painting Canadian scenery much as their masters had painted France, even to the dawns and sunsets. To them our evergreens—fir, pine, spruce—were taboo. They could not be painted. Millet and Corot

never had painted them. What is distinctive in Canadian scenery was left out—its vastness, its vigour and boldness; the winter and the snow. Under their brushes, it remained diaphanous, warm and intimate, like the forest of Fontainebleau or the farms of Normandy.

Other Canadian painters were more successful—Krieghoff and Walker. Some of the winter scenes of Krieghoff are delightful, yet reminiscent of the artist's native Dutch tradition. Horatio Walker, whose house is on the island, is the outstanding interpreter of his chosen field. His brush is facile and prolific and his colour-scheme attractive. He has won recognition at home and abroad.

The contours of the island, its cliffs, its old houses, churches and people, are picturesque. They often look like ready-made pictures on the easel of nature. I wondered how they would appeal to painters of our modern Canadian school—the Group of Seven. Two members of the Group, Jackson and Lismer, visited Ste. Famille while I was there, and went away with many sketches. They found it rather disappointing for their work, as they prefer rugged scenery, in the autumn or the spring, which composes interestingly on canvas. Structure and composition are what they are striving for, rather than easy pictorial themes. And they much preferred Charlevoix county for its rolling hills, its mills and houses, its unpainted cedar barns, thrown about in a picturesque disorder. The road around the island is like a tight ribbon, almost always straight, and its houses stand alongside in a row. They found more elbow room in the erratic layout of Baie St. Paul, Les Eboulements and the gorgeous Laurentian hills to the north.

A Montreal painter of the younger generation, Andre Biéler, has since had his studio at Ste. Famille, and has sent to the salons attractive pictures and wood-cuts of peasant life and church processions.. It is evident from these that the island can still furnish new themes to painters, at least in the limited range of portraiture, domestic industries and farm life.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

AMATEURS IN POLITICS

BY J. M. MACDONNELL

THE conference which took place in Port Hope in September last found its origin in the atmosphere which prevailed in the Conservative party after the defeat last February of the Right Honourable Arthur Meighen, the newly chosen leader of the party. On all hands party members bewailed the low estate to which the party had fallen. Those who organized the meeting felt that the decline of the party would have a double significance. Not only would it be regrettable that a party with the traditions and achievements of the Conservative party should disappear, but it would remove one of the great agencies for carrying on free government. From no quarter was this view more strongly expressed than by certain distinguished members of the Liberal party who understood the significance of the party system and the need of two parties, each loyal to the Constitution and loyal to the basic ideas of freedom in both the political and economic spheres.

In these circumstances it seemed that everyone should do what might lie in his power, and so the movement took shape. A group of Conservative citizens had on a previous occasion early in 1941 done a small job for the Federal party organization. In the spring of 1942 the members of that group again took counsel with one another to see whether they could not make a further effort of a somewhat different kind on a somewhat larger scale.

After much thought it was decided that a laymen's meeting should be called. The only rule followed in issuing invitations was to avoid asking people merely because of any official positions they might hold—a course which might easily surprise or irritate others who were not asked. It speaks volumes for the large-mindedness of the party leaders that no offence was taken by them at this decision.

Those who called the meeting did not flatter themselves that they had any special wisdom, but they did feel that there ought to be some gain in bringing together a large number of able people from the ranks of the party, in preparing as much material as possible in advance and then in submitting the material and asking the members of the Round Table to formulate their views on various problems. The conference was divided into four committees, dealing respectively with Canada's war effort, agriculture, labour and rehabilitation, both military and civilian.

The writer can refer here to only a few of the resolutions passed, but these are the most important.

Believing that the principles and ideals which we are fighting to defend are rooted in man's moral nature, the Round Table emphasized the religious foundation of the democratic way of life we fight for:

1. We believe that the individual in his true historical interpretation is essentially a religious being, having a personal belief in God as the universal centre of order and authority. Such a belief is the only real source of strong and vigorous conceptions of freedom and justice and we reject political philosophies which contradict this central truth.

2. However much we may discuss democracy in material terms, its fundamental values are essentially spiritual. Its true foundation rests on a sense of responsibility towards God and a belief that all men and women have been endowed by Him with a sense of individual worth and dignity, and are equal in importance before Him and should be secured in equality of opportunity under the law.

These words go far. In less grave and momentous days men might have hesitated to use such language, but this is no ordinary time, for we are at one of the great turning-points of history. If Canadians are to find their way safely through the difficult days that lie ahead they may well seek a portion,

perhaps even a double portion, of the spiritual insight and moral courage of the great ages of the past.

The statement, as was inevitable, first dealt with war. It demanded "immediate and complete conscription of the manpower of the Dominion for the Armed Services for duty in any part of the world". The French-Canadian representatives, of whom there were about a dozen, all voted for this.

Then came the Empire:

We believe that a peace that is worth fighting for is worth preserving. We are opposed to the isolationist view that Canada can remain a world force, continue as a great trading country in the world and yet remain isolated from international policies that make for peace and war. We regard the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, of which Canada is one, in partnership with the United States of America, as the most appropriate association of nations through which we in Canada should seek the bases of economic interdependence. We believe this for two reasons: first, ties of tradition and loyalty bind us to common aspirations; and second, it is in these states that there is found the most reasonable prospect for stable democratic government. Through this medium we should seek to build an association of democratic states dedicated to the growth of freedom, and of happiness among all people.

A word about the tariff. One of the leading journalists present expressed his amazement at what was going on. "This is most extraordinary", he said, "a Conservative convention which is saying practically nothing about the tariff." He was quite right. Somehow the tariff seemed to have become small in a world where resources are being pooled in a common purpose. The reference to the tariff was as follows:

The peace for which we fight must produce a world in which the benefits of specialized production are not destroyed by barriers to trade. We believe that the guiding principle of Canadian tariff policy should be the extent to which tariffs contribute to the assurance

of gainful occupation and maintaining real, high standards of living.

The resolution on employment said in part:

For us it is an axiom that every person able and willing to work at socially useful tasks must be assured of gainful occupation, with sufficient income to enable him to maintain a home and family. Full employment at fair wages and under proper and progressively improving standards is a fundamental objective of the state. . . .

Demobilization of Canada's Armed Forces should be based on the principle that no man or woman should be discharged except to gainful occupation or for training and education.

Relief in lieu of work has been found to be the most wasteful of all forms of unemployment measures both in money and in human values, and we believe that it will not be again acceptable as a means of dealing with the problem.

So far as practical implications are concerned the employment resolutions were the most far-reaching, and apparently there is much agreement with them.

Looking at the problem as it will inevitably present itself when the war is over, one may put it like this: If I had the job of demobilizing the men in the Armed Forces, it would be a vastly different proposition from what it was in the last war. Then everyone wished to be demobilized as soon as possible because his idea of civilian life related largely to employment. But now many will have had an experience of civilian life which meant unemployment. Suppose they were told—Well, here is a war gratuity and we hope you may be able to find a job. Who would wish the job of demobilizing the men in the Forces on this basis? The situation regarding the men in war industries will be almost as hard. The problem cannot be ignored.

The writer cannot deal further with the details of our resolutions—they went a long distance on the road toward

social security, employment, housing, health, etc. Anything else would have been unrealistic. What was done was based and conditioned on the continued functioning of free enterprise. It was realized that many of those who talk of social security assume that it must come exclusively through large-scale planning and regimentation, and the conference went squarely on record against it. While recognizing the greater obligations which the State must assume, it insisted repeatedly that this greater burden could be carried only if production and national income were kept at the highest level and that this implied the maximum of free enterprise.

One can hardly exaggerate the importance of answering the criticisms of the opponents, the doubts of the friends, of the free system. One hears people say, "I hope that freedom continues, but I wonder." And there they leave it. One is equally amazed by the calm assumptions made by men who should know better. A well-known American historian writes: "How are we going to reconcile the new idea of abundant plenty and freedom from want (which must be based on mass production and vastly increased government control) with the rugged individualism of the old American democratic way . . . Will the people prefer the promise of plenty to the promise of personal freedom?" If believers in free economy let statements like this go unchallenged, they deserve to lose the struggle.

The twofold problem is clear enough. In the first place, the problem is to make the average citizen understand in plain terms what is implied in the seductive, grandiose talk about the planned economy—in other words, to make him understand what Socialism really means. In the second place, the problem is to convince him that the free economy, or, as he calls it, the profit system, is not for the benefit of the few, but for the benefit of all. This last is all-important, and it cannot be done without candid admission of past failures and the conviction

registered at Port Hope that the system must assume greater responsibility to the community than before.

As for planning, it *sounds* so desirable that in certain quarters it is regarded as entirely reactionary and perverse to say a word against it. And, of course, no wise man would say that word. The only question is whether planning is to be done by the many (with whatever control by the State is necessary) or by a few, as in the fully planned economy. This fully planned economy means that a few people are going to assume the superhuman wisdom of deciding what the rest should produce and consume. Having decided, they will then enforce their views by the coercive power of the State. We have now through our own government, necessarily and by reason of war conditions, a fairly complete preview of the regimented economy. Should this go on permanently?

Not only must the planning board decide what is to be done. It must see that its orders are carried out. Everyone must obey. It must decide also what is not to be done. There must be controls. But when did controls produce anything? It is an entire illusion to suppose that our present production could have been brought about by centralized plans and controls. Our present production is based on the energy, the initiative, the thrift, the industry of a free economy—all of which are now being made use of by the central control.

Planning implies obeying. Planning by the few, obeying by the many. It means that a few individuals plan and order and the whole population obey. And complete authority in one department of life implies the extension of that authority to other departments. The other freedoms cannot persist if freedom of initiative is lost. As Mr. W. H. Moore has clearly pointed out, this has all been tried before, notably in the eighteenth century, when men were bound hand and foot by regulations. The result was failure.

But how can we convince the public that free enterprise is for the benefit of all? Despite what has been said above, many people are so critical of free enterprise (they call it always the profit system) that they will continue to oppose it and to accept planning unless certain of their prejudices and misconceptions can be overcome.

The phrase "profit system" is unfortunate and misleading. It suggests the picture of a man taking toll of the community without adequate service to the community in return. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the motive of most business men is not primarily profit, but the building up of a successful business, which means to produce and distribute goods. As Geoffrey Crowther points out in *The Economist*, it would be fairer to call it the "avoidance of loss" system, for few men would cease production merely because there is no profit. Nor do those who decry the profit system take into account all those whose experience is not profit but loss—those who lose their all in the business of production. In the light of this we may well use the phrase "free enterprise" to describe what we have in mind.

In the second place, the false idea must be dispelled that the wealth of the community is a fixed quantity and that what one has is taken from another—and this in spite of all the men whose efforts have added tens of millions to the supply of goods. Does the reader believe that Edison's wealth was taken from a fixed quantity of common wealth which existed when he went into business? The wealth of the world through his efforts has been increased by hundreds of millions.

The writer is not overlooking the fact that considerable parts of our economic life—streets, highways, and many other public utilities—are publicly owned. The clock should not be turned back, and will no doubt move forward. An excellent suggestion as to the relative contribution of state planning and free enterprise after the war was made by Mr. Lyttleton,

who said that there ought to be a great deal more of both. There may be other countries where different conditions may prevail, but for Canadians—with our genius, temperament and background—the situation is different. We have come thus far under the impetus of freedom and we should go on to further achievements under the same stimulus. No one on reflection can doubt that the free system can give the maximum of production.

The foregoing will give the reader a general idea of the aims and beliefs of the Port Hope conference. Have they any real significance and are they likely to be adopted by the Conservative party at its forthcoming convention?

The writer's own conviction is that unless the spirit of the Port Hope approach is maintained it will be a disaster to the party. Something happened at Port Hope that has not happened in the history of the party before. A complete cross-section of opinion met, and after calm deliberation came to certain conclusions, with none of the stress and hurry of the resolutions committee at a convention. So far as one can see, that general approach has been given wide approval throughout the country. The only general criticisms which I have seen have come from definitely reactionary papers. One highly important test is this: What will the young people think about it? What will the young men who on land and sea and in the air are preserving all that we care for—and the young women now going to their aid—what will they think about it all?

The writer has stated the argument for freedom of enterprise and believes that the young will support it if they fully understand the alternative. But they will not support it unless they feel that the free system will accept responsibility, which it did not accept in the 1930's. One of our leaders of finance and business, who is a strong and sincere supporter of free enterprise, is just as strongly of the view that the advantages

must be more widely spread, that more responsibility for employment, housing, etc., must be assumed, and that there must be more equality of opportunity and less disparity of reward. "Do you think", he asked me, "that the young people can be expected to work enthusiastically for a continuation of things exactly as they have been?"

If this view of freedom does not prevail, who else will defend it? Another party has declared for the planned economy, and the planned economy means the total state, and with it the destruction of freedom. The party in power, too, perhaps unintentionally, has become bogged down under a multiplicity of controls which brings it also near the regimented state.

At present in wartime our youth play an all-important part in the State. They are conscious of the State as never before and propose to play a part in it. The only organized appeal made thus far is materialistic. Yet it may attract youth as something new, and it must be met and overcome by a stronger appeal. The Port Hope Conference has put forward a higher and more inspiring conception of the State. We recognize our obligations to the world outside and to the individual citizen at home. We proclaim freedom and the benefit which accrues to the State from the right of the strong and capable to excel in a free system, but equally we recognize the right of all to a fair chance and the obligation to succour the weak and afflicted. We have in effect followed the admonition of Disraeli that the possession of property should mean the performance of duty, which, if it becomes effective, will itself go far to solve the grave challenge of to-day.

THE SEASON'S BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

THOMAS HARDY. By Edmund Blunden. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1941. Pp. ix+286. \$2.50.

The modest and honest manner of this work would have pleased Thomas Hardy. The book represents, as Mr. Blunden says, "the warm affection which I feel to this day for one of the kindest and brightest of men, one who received the youngest of us without the faintest shade of distance or inequality, and whose memory, even from days all too few of walks and talks, shines steadily through all decline and change".

The account of Hardy's life, though necessarily concise, is adequate. On the critical side, the Wessex Novels are first considered, then *The Dynasts* and the poems, and the closing chapter—"Liber Veritatis"—appraises as a whole the creative intention and achievement of this quiet student of "our planetary life", whose studies convinced him that the world-movement is that of "evolutionary meliorism". "Was he wrong", asks Mr. Blunden—

Was he wrong when he thought of the Immanent Will as having an imperfect consciousness, and as being on the way towards a better? Was that a gloomy, and therefore retrograde conjecture? At least nothing of greater power, or more worthy of discussion, or likely to yield some comfort and some sense of prospect to those who see their world in violent and seemingly illogical confusion, was enunciated by the novelists, dramatists and poets of Hardy's long day.

Mr. Blunden regards the best of Hardy's writings as forming a classic "old folio" comparable to the works of Robert Burton, or John Webster, or Francis Bacon, and as having congenial relations also with Milton, Gibbon and Coleridge.

In his analyses of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure* the critic says much in little. Indeed, his whole treatment is compact without appearing to be so, for there is little or no surplusage anywhere, save possibly in the pages dealing with *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. One feels some regret that *The Return of the Native* is examined less closely than these, for the architectural sense of balance and proportion in *The Return* deserves high praise, and the symbolism is strangely subtle. In a later chapter the author considers "the faded pages" in some of the novels and short stories, such as *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, with its "inartistic knottiness" and *Two on a Tower*. He finds that the "slow local minuteness" of the second paragraph in *The Three Strangers* "is an obstacle to the creation of imaginative intensity". It is not easy to accept this verdict. Is not this very minuteness essential in a story the atmosphere of which seeks to make the reader feel the isolated centre and the significant periphery with equal sensitiveness?

The short, searching chapter on *The Dynasts* is particularly interesting in its discussion of the diction and of the metrical modes and impulses that appear in that immense and complicate work. Mr. Blunden, himself a poet of distinction, is at his best perhaps here and in his commentaries upon the poems. In some of the narrative poems, he confesses himself rather put off by "the drifting commonplaces" of "the primitive manner in which he chose to ballad-write them" and by other monotonies also, and he even suggests that Hardy's *Collected Poems* would gain by considerable amount of working thought." The faults, Mr. Blunden by Hardy which, having already stood many years among the best that England has yielded, looks certain to keep its place and to contribute to the thought and character of coming generations". The incisive summaries of the merits of certain classes of these poems are admirably done, especially when they deal with Hardy's tributes to his heroes, with his more philosophic poems and with the war poems. (As for the heroes, it is true, as Mr. Blunden shows, that Hardy read and liked Carlyle, yet he wrote in 1891 that Carlyle was "a poet with the reputation of a philosopher", that he was not a *thinker*.) "Hardy's theory of verse was that it should be strong, symmetrical, bright; but that it should express a considerable amount of working thought." The faults, Mr. Blunden thinks, are the use of too many archaisms and unnecessarily awkward constructions, and the occasional forcing of a rime-scheme into a service alien to it. As for Hardy's poetic diction in general, however, Mr. Blunden speaks discerningly of his desire to translate the actual—

and the terms must therefore have as much of the shrewdness and particularity of life, according to our senses' report, as words can have; it does not matter to Hardy whether others would have given these words a ticket of admission or not. So long as they are words that strike, bite in, caress, disturb, unveil the truth, quicken the curiosity, they will suit him.

This personal impression of Mr. Blunden's makes a valuable contribution to the criticism of Hardy as poet and proseman.

G. H. C.

FRANK NORRIS: A STUDY. By Ernest Marchand. Stanford University Press, 1942. Pp. ix+258. \$3.00.

We have been accustomed to think of Frank Norris as a rebel against the genteel tradition, as one of the first great exponents of naturalism in the manner of Zola, the chief of a tribe which was to include Jack London, Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, John Dos Passos, J. T. Farrell, and John Steinbeck. But this is at best a half truth. Marchand, in his book *Frank Norris*, which is a study of the man's work and not a biography, demonstrates with ample documentation that the naturalist was also a romantic with

much of the dramatic technique of a Victor Hugo, with the social message of an Upton Sinclair, and with the belief in "the measure of morality by the breadth of the chest" of an Edgar Rice Burroughs. As the leader of naturalism in America, Norris must share the honours with Stephen Crane, but his position as the founder of the red-blooded school of American fiction is still unassailable. In short, Marchand's examination is further proof that the more the work of an artist is studied the more open to question becomes the facile label.

This study is in the best tradition of American scholarship, and, at the same time, provides a balance for investigations of such minutiae as the identity of the second shepherd in Spenser's third eclogue, which so frequently occupy the scholarly mind. The evidence is carefully weighed; diverse criticisms are examined and independent conclusions reached. The references are complete. There is an extensive bibliography and an index. And the style is bright and vigorous without being mannered.

C. J. V.

POETRY

PIPES OF PAN. By Bliss Carman. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1942. Pp. 700. \$2.50.

FLYING COLOURS. Edited by Sir Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1942. Pp. 126. Sixty cents.

DAVID AND OTHER POEMS. By Earle Birney. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1942. Pp. 40. \$1.50.

THIS ENGLAND. By James Edward Ward. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Company. 1942. Pp. 48. \$1.00.

SALT MARSH. By Anne Marriott. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1942. Pp. 16. Fifty cents.

FOR THIS FREEDOM TOO. By Mary Elizabeth Colman. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1942. Pp. 16. Sixty cents.

The Ryerson Press has performed a useful service in reprinting within a single volume the five parts of Bliss Carman's *Pipes of Pan*, thus making available a complete Canadian edition of that poet's most representative work. The definitive American edition appeared in Boston in 1906. Carman was a gifted lyrist, with a delicate feeling for verbal music, especially in his evocative pictures of trees and flowers, meadows and forests, seas and streams, sky and clouds, moon and stars, and seasonal changes. As Leigh Hunt once wrote of himself, "I write verses only when I most like to write; I write them slowly, with loving recurrence." Although the two poets were of very different tempers, Carman would have understood that "loving recurrence". Despite his native endowments, however, he insufficiently

disciplined his Muse, was too seldom and too little self-critical, so that his longer poems have a tendency at times to sprawl, largely because he so much enjoyed the process of writing that he rather regretted the necessity of finding port at all. These faults do not appreciably infect *The Pipes of Pan*, written in his early forties—poems that sing and dance and invite and celebrate. Carman is a pictorial and musical poet (though his attempts to write sonnets in blank verse are rather disconcerting), but he is not an intellectual one. It was easier for his own genius to respond to Poe than to Browning, though he felt—and wished to feel—the influence of each of them, and that of Shelley and that of Keats. He has suffered from over-praising and his work needs winnowing—but the essential stuff and grain of it will effectively defend his poetic reputation against too extreme a reaction.

Flying Colours is an anthology of patriotic poems intended chiefly for use in our Canadian schools. The First Part contains about fifty poems by Canadian writers, deriving either from the Great War or the present one; Part Two includes thirty or more by English authors; Part IV presents fifteen American poems; and Part III is given over to verses of or from our Sister Dominions. The prevailing motif is imaginative appreciation of the British Empire and of its indispensable contributions to liberty and civilization. Sir Charles rightly emphasizes “that spiritual if not political unity of the English-speaking peoples toward which events would seem at last to be leading us”.

The title-poem of Mr. Birney's *David* has terrible intensity. It is deeply tragic in tone and undertone, pause and movement—a poem to remember. The modernistic technique is nearly always mastered and made to serve the poet's real purpose. The bitter insight of the youthful narrator who meets a crisis that ends his youth finds a striking contrast in Browning's *Donald*, and *David* does not suffer by the comparison. Of the other poems in this collection the most effective are *Slug in Woods*, *Reverse on the Coast Range*, *October in Utah*, *Hands*, *Dusk on English Bay* and *Vancouver Lights*. Dr. Birney is Assistant Professor of English in the University of Toronto, but is now on leave of absence and serving with the Canadian Army. He was born in Calgary, Alberta.

The author of *This England* is Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Toronto. His collection contains fourteen sonnets and the long title-poem in praise of England. He was educated at Oxford and recalls her towers, streams and meadows with delight, finding England at her fairest there. The poem contains many descriptions of pastoral scenery, meditations upon folk and soil, and suitable references to four of the writer's favourite poets. Although the effect of the whole is mildly agreeable, it is to be

regretted that the craftsmanship is not firmer and that these fluent and facile lines, despite their sincerity, hardly sustain the warmth of their shaper's intention.

Miss Marriott offers some attractive new poems in *Salt Marsh. Night Travellers, Refugees, For Keeping Autumn*—these feel authentically and know how to communicate their feeling. Miss Colman's *For This Freedom Too* includes only four poems, all of them concerned with the war. Of these *The Cost* best satisfies the requirement that "truth in art is the unity of a thing with itself". The Ryerson Poetry Chap-Books have now reached their century. It is fitting to say that all those in Canada who care for poetry and would foster it within the Dominion owe much to Dr. Lorné Pierce as founder and editor of this series.

G. H. C.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

BROADCAST TALKS. By C. S. Lewis, Geoffrey Bles. 2/6.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND INTERNATIONAL ORDER.
by A. C. F. Beales. Penguin Books. 9d.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FASCIST ITALY. By D. A. Binchy.
Oxford University Press. 31/6.

THE THRONE OF DAVID. By G. Hebert, S.P.C.K. 12/6.

THE REVELATION OF GOD IN THE OLD TESTAMENT. By
John Morgan Jones. Jas. Clarke. 6/.

Mr. C. S. Lewis, fellow of Magdalen College in Oxford, has reprinted with slight alterations two series of recent broadcast talks which he delivered with great acceptance. The first series was called "Right and Wrong: A Clue to the Meaning of the Universe", the second "What Christians Believe". The first series deals with Natural Law, as the theologians use the term—a very different sense of the word "law" from that used by the natural scientists. Our sense of Right and Wrong is not a matter of taste or convention or chance; it is an apprehension of the real nature of this world; and it is not to be denied or explained away, and it presupposes God. The second series is especially illuminated by the contention that this world is an "occupied country"—occupied by the enemy and not unvisited by Him to whom it belongs by right. Our true Ruler will one day "invade in force—that will be the end of the world; meanwhile we must get on with the work of sabotage. This little book can be read in an hour, but it is pure gold. Mr. Lewis thinks that he has two great advantages as a broadcaster: in the first place he is a layman; in the second he was once an atheist. But he has two further advantages which he does not mention: he has outstanding literary gifts of terse phrase and forceful illustration, and he can think. So slight a volume cannot deal with the whole of Natural Theology or the whole of the

Church's faith, but it is the sort of book which every educated Christian will read with delight and want to give to all his friends who are not Christians.

Mr. Beales, whose most unflattering portrait is prefixed to his little book on the *Catholic Church and International Order*, is an historian of distinction. By "the Catholic Church" he means the Roman Church, and his book would have been even more valuable had he troubled to find out what the Church catholic teaches, for he would have been able to claim that nearly all his contentions are the common property of Anglo-Saxon Christians generally. But he is justified in his limitation (if not in his title) by the fact that the teaching of the Roman Church is more clear, more definite and more securely based on theological principle than that of any other communion. Mr. Beales like Mr. Lewis brings us back to the fundamental conception of Natural Law; this was defined by Pope Leo XIII as "simply eternal law enshrined in all beings endowed with reason, and inclining them towards their right action and end. It can be nothing else than the eternal reason of God, the Creator and Ruler of the world". Mr. Beales writes "Since each man is heir to all the ages, because the achievements of the human mind are the inheritance of all mankind; and since the results of scientific discovery are making the world more nearly one, in the unavoidability of contacts between nations, there exists as a natural fact a society of nations. The fact of this International Society must be recognized, and its implications accepted. Moreover, since society exists for man, it follows that communities and States are subject, as moral persons, to the same moral laws as are individual men. Public conduct, social and national and international, must be judged by the same canons as private conduct." Christians and non-Christians alike will profit by a doctrine of international relations as coherent and persuasive and comprehensive as that which is here expounded. They will find very little special pleading, though they may deem the defence of private property in land somewhat far-fetched; they will find little loose thinking, though they will be surprised to read, "the natural function of sexual intercourse (*as the higher animals know*) is to produce a family" (*italics mine*); but in the main they will be impressed, illuminated and, perhaps, convinced. Like the foregoing this book must not be judged by its size or price.

The warmest welcome is due to Professor Binchy's learned, candid and sparkling study of the relations of Fascism and the Vatican in Italy. Through 750 and more pages the interest is maintained. If the author has not said the last word upon all the problems he treats, he may claim to have written once and for all the story of the struggles of Pope Pius XI with Mussolini and his minions. Pius XI is undoubtedly the hero of the book. The author may not be always convincing in his *apologia*, but he is

always fair and balanced. Those members of his Church who in Quebec or elsewhere toy with Fascist sympathies will not be pleased with the trenchant rebukes they receive by the way, and Protestants will learn much to their advantage concerning the structure of the Roman Church and the policy of the Vatican. Professor Binchy has no difficulty in showing that Fascism like National Socialism or any other form of totalitarianism is incompatible with Christianity, and readers will observe with interest and regret the relative subservience of Italian hierarchs compared with the outspoken courage of the German episcopate.

In a recent collective pastoral letter the Roman hierarchy of Canada has said, "we must always obey the Pope, whenever he speaks, whenever he instructs, counsels, exhorts, reproves or condemns; he is always the supreme norm of truth and salvation. . . For us Catholics this obedience should extend to all the teaching of the Sovereign Pontiff, not only on questions of faith or morals, but also on the principles that should guide us in a social, economic or political problem." Professor Binchy's book is a very curious commentary on this utterance. He has some very scathing remarks upon the neo-converts from Protestantism in Great Britain who till the war thought fit to espouse the cause of Italian Fascism; he does not refer to the Jacques Cartier Order which, rightly or wrongly, claims the support of the hierarchy in Quebec. Many important theological-political problems arise in the course of his illuminating discussion; one of the most searching concerns the advantages and disadvantages of temporal power, even the most exiguous and unpretentious. Protestantism might seem at a great disadvantage in having no diplomatic relations with the governments of the world at war. The Vatican, on the other hand, is limited and muted to some considerable extent by concordat-treaty obligations; and if such a Pope as Pius XI sometimes spoke with a truly prophetic voice, at other times, it would seem, the necessities of diplomacy sealed his lips.

We seem to be entering upon a new, a fruitful era in Old Testament studies. There can be no going back upon the critical *methods* of the scholars of the past few generations, but there is in progress a very searching scrutiny of their theological *presuppositions*. The Old Testament is Jewish Scripture certainly; is it Christian Scripture also? We are told of our Lord on the road to Emmaus that beginning with Moses and the prophets he showed how all the Scriptures pointed to himself. Is that mode of exegesis any longer possible for us? If not, should we not drop the Old Testament out of the Christian canon? The theological issues involved have been set out very clearly and persuasively in Fr. Hebert's book *The Throne of David*. It is a commentary on the VIIth of the Articles of the Church of England, which runs: "The Old Testament is not contrary to the New; for both in the Old and

New Testament everlasting life is offered to Mankind by Christ, who is the only Mediator between God and Man, being both God and Man.' If Fr. Hebert's own exegesis is open to cavil here and there, he has offered us the first theological treatise upon the Old Testament which we have seen for many a long year.

Along similar lines but briefer, more popular and less theological is *The Revelation of God in the Old Testament*. John Morgan Jones, the author, has gone to his reward. By his ability and scholarly gifts he might have made a name for himself far and wide; instead, he preferred to 'bury himself', as the world would judge, in Merthyr Tydvil as minister to a Presbyterian congregation in the most afflicted of all the "distressed areas" of Wales. His book has been translated from the Welsh. Had it been published a few years ago in English, it might have fallen on deaf ears, but now we are ready for it. Morgan Jones had read the critics but with a very critical and watchful eye; he tested the commentators by their texts; he realized how difficult it is for Westerners, especially when under the influence of modern philosophical ideas, to understand an ancient Eastern document; he had in his own soul a certain affinity with the prophets and psalmists of Israel. The result, though in small compass and unpretentious form, is a real and important interpretation of the religion of the Old Testament which in time ('in the fulness of times') became the religion of the New.

N. M.

FICTION

A MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE. By Francis Brett Young. Toronto. Pp. 304. \$3.00.

THORN-APPLE TREE. By Grace Campbell. Toronto: Collins. Pp. 230. \$2.50.

Mr. Brett Young has a long list of novels to his credit, the scenes of which are laid in a variety of places in Africa and England. So this book is, in some sort, a venture, being, as he calls it in the sub-title, an "old wives' tale", which takes us from a vanished England to a vanished Italy, that Italy which used to be a dream and an inspiration to English writers. The two spinster ladies, whose lives are here related, went from a once wealthy, Anglo-Indian background to the nonchalance and passion of southern Italy, where more ease, more money, and a too-gifted manservant, combined with the revelation of Italy's sensuous beauty, caused strange results in their lives. To read, during a Canadian winter, these descriptions of natural beauty and floral luxuriance of colour under a blazing sun, is an oddly nostalgic experience, which gives birth to the hope that these places may one day be visitable once more, after the end of the suffering and doom which a criminal gang has drawn down on the land.

It would be unfair to give away the plot, for even if, at moments, the critical mind dares to insinuate that certain events are unlikely, the enthralled fancy puts the lid on such thoughts, and revels on to the end of the exciting tale. Mr. Brett Young, no novice in the construction of more serious novels, has succeeded well in this romantic thriller.

Mrs. Campbell's work, *Thorn-Apple Tree*, has great special interest for anyone connected with Glengarry county or Queen's University, for the author comes of an old Glengarry family, and was a medallist in English at Queen's, not so very long ago.

But the book does not depend for its value on such extrinsic qualities, interesting as they are. What is really important in it, and what will make it live, is the extraordinary delicacy of feeling, the knowledge of detail, the grasp of character, with which Mrs. Campbell has re-created a bygone age, the early days in Glengarry. It is an age which is perhaps more overlaid than lost, for it still lives in the hearts of descendants of the Scottish pioneers. This is a very beautiful book. The language has a sort of classic simplicity which embalms, like bees in amber, the old Gaelic and French words of early Canadian life, but needs not the plentiful adjectives and vulgarized colour of some moderns. The strength of the old Scottish tradition, as it took root and blossomed again on the new Canadian soil, fills the book with its quiet, but deeply felt influence. It is a valuable service to have preserved so much of the detail of the life of the pioneer Glengarry settlers, for in our mechanized age we scarcely understand how they lived, and how they combined refinement, and a gentle Highland tradition, with the needs of a life stripped of most luxuries. But the detail is not overdone, and the book gains from the exclusion of the petty and transitory, and the inclusion of the main sorrows, struggles and joys of those old days.

Winnipeg women, shortly after the last war, rescued something of the past of the Kildonan settlers, and made it known in *Women of Red River*. That was a collection of stories of actual people, told by a number of women nearing the end of their long lives. But this novel contains, in essence, the lives of all the pioneers of Glengarry, yes, even their later urge to go West.

One might make too much of the symbolism connected with the thorn-apple itself, but it seems fair to understand it as showing a depth in Canadian life not always visible on the surface, the background of a deep kinship with the soil of this mighty land, and the inspiration that comes from that communion, from generation to generation.

E. H. W.

ECONOMICS

WARTIME TRANSFERENCE OF LABOUR IN GREAT BRITAIN. Studies and Reports Series C (Employment and Unemployment) No. 24. Montreal: International Labour Office, 1942. Pp. 163. Paper \$1.00; cloth \$1.50.

This is a timely publication. It describes the methods by which Great Britain has been transferring labour to war work. It was completed in Great Britain only last summer, at which time at least 75% of the adult population were effectively occupied in the armed forces, war industry, or other work or service. The transfer of men and women to war industry has naturally constituted a large part of this general mobilization of manpower.

Direct organization by the Government of transfers from non-essential to essential work was first put into effect on a broad scale early in 1941. Before that time, and following the period of inactivity preceding May 1940, the Government had relied largely on the natural forces of dislocation from non-essential work and of more attractive wages in war industry, combined with constant persuasion and appeal, especially to skilled workers. But in January 1941 the Prime Minister told the House of Commons that a great tide of new factories was rising to a productive level and the period of manpower stringency was beginning.

Preliminary to the organization of transfers was the establishment of employment controls, the determination of priorities, and the registration of occupational groups and selected age classes. The redistribution of male workers has been facilitated since January 1942 by the co-ordination of deferment from military service and transfer to industry. Men with special skills which they were not using, notably former shipyard workers and coal-miners, have been brought back to their old jobs wherever possible, but the poorer conditions to which they were asked to return have impeded the success of such a transfer movement. Nor have efforts to redistribute skilled men within the munitions industries proved, as yet, wholly successful.

Women have been mobilized for both industrial work and the auxiliary services by the registration of all aged 18-45 and by the conscription of those aged 21-23. After registration each woman is interviewed privately by the employment exchange, classified as "mobile" or "immobile", sent to work she has voluntarily agreed to, or referred to an investigating committee and subsequent appeal if she objects to the work offered. In addition, since the beginning of 1942, women aged between 20 and 25 have been withdrawn from non-essential industries even though substitutes cannot be provided by the exchange, followed by the withdrawal of those aged 26 to 30 where substitutes can be provided.

So great and varied a movement of labour, especially under the difficult conditions presented by the war, calls for an elaborate set of arrangements to provide for the maintenance and care of the persons transferred as well as satisfactory remuneration. Reduction in wage rates has, in fact, been one of the greatest barriers to transfer. The principle adopted by the Government has been that the rate for the job shall be paid, but a multitude of specific problems have arisen in different industries. The engineering employers have finally agreed to the demand of the Amalgamated Engineering Union that the higher of the two rates, the old and the new, shall be paid. Endeavours have been made, principally through joint conferences, to raise the wages in particular essential, low-wage industries. Certain allowances are provided by the Government for travelling, lodging, and continuing liability at home; and certain small settling-in grants and loans may be made. Through welfare officers, the Government takes care of the traveler until he is established in his new work and lodgings. It has also continuously emphasized the need in each factory of a central personnel office and of trained welfare supervisors, and it inaugurated a training course to help overcome the shortage of such people.

The question of guaranteeing re-employment after the war to transferred workers has proved incapable of solution. Some statements have been made where workers have been compulsorily transferred; but those who have voluntarily responded to appeals and gone to war work at a sacrifice would seem to have as much right to protection, whereas those who went for financial gain cannot expect it. The Government has come to the conclusion that it is impossible to draft any effective guarantee for the future and that the problem is one which affects the whole industrial and military population. Consequently, it is now directing its efforts towards planning for the existence of adequate employment opportunities in the post-war period.

The organization charged with administering this new and vast transfer of labour has fortunately been able to build on the country-wide ramifications of the 30-year-old employment exchanges. The responsibility of the Minister of Labour and National Service, like that of the other Government departments, has been decentralized under Regional Controllers, under whom come 44 District Manpower Boards and a whole retinue of subsidiary and associated officers and offices.

Canada will soon be deep into the business of manpower mobilization, and the experience of Great Britain, while incapable of complete adaptation to our circumstances, will be of the greatest benefit as a guide. It is to be hoped that it will be closely studied.

D. H. W.

TRADE UNION AGREEMENTS IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

Industrial Relations Section, Queen's University. Kingston: Queen's University, 1942. Pp. vi+177. \$2.00.

If it is possible to write a definitive work in a field so fluid as that of union agreements, then this is it. One hundred and fifty agreements drawn from all the various fields of industry are here submitted to a most searching analysis. It does not make light reading, but it does provide an indispensable tool for any executive, union or corporation, who has to work in this field. Here can be found an analysis, industry by industry, of the leading clauses, their interpretation, their significance, and in an appendix, their actual wording.

To the general reader two conclusions will stand out, first that unionization is a nearly inevitable process which is bound with time to spread over practically the whole of industry and commerce, second that Canada lags behind Great Britain and the United States here as in so many other respects. The economist of the older school may be inclined to shudder at the implicit approval given to combinations of employers and trade unions in which the interests of the consumer are likely to receive scant consideration; but that may appear as a senseless wail out of the dead past to those who welcome the combination of all economic activity now being carried out under government.

J. L. McD.

FOOD CONTROL IN GREAT BRITAIN. By the International Labour Office, Montreal, 1942. Pp. vi+272. \$1.25.

This is a competent, quietly factual account of the way in which Great Britain has met the problems of food control in the present war. It takes, in turn, the main aspects of food production, distribution and consumption and shows carefully what has been done in each field. One chapter covers agricultural policy and deals with the steps taken to increase the domestic production of food. Another covers the controls assumed over the commercial machinery for food distribution. A third covers the controls over the consumer, some designed to see that he shall not draw too much from the common stock, others to see that he shall draw the amounts necessary for adequate nutrition regardless of whether he has the income to demand it or the will to command it. Under the latter head fall the issues of milk, cod-liver oil, fruit juices and eggs to pregnant and nursing women and to children and the various provisions for communal feeding.

Not the least interesting part of the whole book are the seven appendices giving basic statistical material and a detailed list, chronologically arranged, of the various orders issued up to the end of 1941.

J. L. McD.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE BRITISH EMPIRE 1815-1939. By Paul Knaplund. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. Pp. xx+850. \$4.00 (U.S.).

There is a brilliant passage in Mr. Churchill's book *The World Crisis* in which he recalls the scene in Portland harbour where the Fleet lay on the occasion of his first visit to it after his appointment to the Admiralty. In metrical, moving prose he describes his view of that gigantic armada, being reminded, as he saw the Fleet looming out of the haze, of 'that far-off line of storm-beaten ships on which the eyes of the Grand Army had never looked,' but which had in their day 'stood between Napoleon and the dominion of the world.' The spectacle stirred him deeply. He saw in those great ships and all their attendant auxiliary craft of every kind not the symbol of an invulnerable surety, but the single safeguard which if destroyed would expose to ravishment and anarchy the whole intricate and loosely-held structure of the British world and the passing of all for which it stood. "Open the sea-cocks and let them sink beneath the surface . . . and in a few minutes—half an hour at the most—the whole outlook of the world would be changed. The British Empire would dissolve like a dream; each isolated community struggling forward by itself; the central power of union broken; mighty provinces, whole Empires in themselves, drifting hopelessly out of control and falling a prey to others; and Europe after one sudden convulsion passing into the iron grip and rule of the Teuton and of all that the Teutonic system meant. There would only be left far off across the Atlantic unarmed, unready, and yet uninstructed America to maintain, singlehanded, law and freedom among men."

The Fleet, though many good ships and their brave crews have been lost, still stands between the tyrant and the conquest of the world, and though Europe has fallen, the Empire holds, and America, neither unarmed, nor unready, nor uninstructed, nor yet so far off, is not alone. It cannot be denied that the Empire is in peril, menaced in the centre and in the parts. It cannot be denied that if catastrophe were to befall, "the whole outlook of the world would be changed." It is evident that the Empire has a vast significance. There is no better aid to its understanding than in Professor Knaplund's history of its growth, aims and vicissitudes, during the century and a quarter before it ran into the heavy weather of the past three years.

There is always a certain interest for the sitter (and his relatives) in having his portrait painted. It is a revelation of himself as seen through the discerning and expert eye of the painter. There is a similar interest attached to an historical analysis and interpretation of ourselves and of those things which concern us, done

by a foreign scholar. For more especially in this than in other histories is it true that *de nobis fabula narratur*.

Professor Knaplund is well equipped for his task of adding another distinguished volume to Messieurs Harper's admirable Series. A Norwegian-American, he is a well-known authority on British History and has filled his book with the fruits of long years of scholar's husbandry. He has met with eminent skill the problem of containing his great subject within the covers of a single volume. The transitions between parts and periods are made without disturbance or distraction from the main theme. The English source and centre and its Victorian ethic are made skilfully to flow out, to move and to mix with the members; nor are the economic and social aspects of the period and its phenomena neglected for the political. The balance is just and through each of the four sections into which the book is divided, the same careful inter-relationship of system, policy and parts is observed. The first division covers the period of adjustment after the Napoleonic Wars to 1837. Thereafter the "New Course" is plotted through the halcyon days of *Laissez Faire* to 1870. The third takes account of the shaping of Commonwealth and Empire to 1901. The Storm and Stress of the twentieth century occupies the fourth. There are three illuminating chapters on India. One of the most useful features of the book is the facility in provides for viewing the history of any of the parts of the Empire in the various periods. There is nothing better, for example, than the chapter on the Union of South Africa, or on the other Dominions in the present century, including ourselves. I know of no fairer brief survey of the history of Britain in this century, or of the international situation, or of the awakening of India. It contains a long list of clearly executed and relevant maps and twenty-five pages of bibliography for students.

Throughout his treatment of a great piece of history which has included many acts of violence, folly, greed and neglect, inspiring many hatreds and bitter discontents, Professor Knaplund has preserved an unfaltering objectivity. While not neglecting the darker phases which are apt to taint the brave or pious tale of most human institutions, he is ready to acknowledge the enduring ideal that has informed the relations of the British peoples both as between themselves and with the weaker peoples of the Empire. He discerns no theory of a master race carried onward by its destiny to conquer and to enslave peoples for whom, by the same token, there can be nothing but serfdom and the blood-status of helotry. The principles of responsibility and free association pervade Professor Knaplund's theme. As his American editor comments in a foreword: "Whatever the student finds in this long story of the dealing of one people with others, of our race with many others of diverse cultures and colours, he cannot

fail to perceive that wherever the British Empire has been extended there too has gone law and ordered liberty and the quest for justice." None will lay this book down without a more vivid comprehension of the forces, interests and ideals which have created this commonwealth of nations and world-wide association of peoples, for which, if many bear malice, many also hope and work and fight.

W. E. C. H.

THE NEW WESTERN FRONT—A geographical approach. By Griffith Taylor. Toronto: Ryerson Press. Pp. 28. Price 30 cents.

This booklet discusses the chief topographic features of Europe as they will affect the choice of points of landing of forces in Europe and the routes by which these will proceed into Germany.

The author considers that mountains such as the Alps and Pyrenees, which are young, and therefore high and rugged, make invasion of France from Spain, of Italy from France, and of Germany from Italy, difficult if not impossible. Similarly the rejuvenated, old mountain areas of Norway would render landings on the Norwegian coast extremely costly.

The shores of the Netherlands offer favourable landing places, but advance toward the German border would necessitate crossing the sticky clays of the lower Rhine delta. The shores of Normandy present fewer difficulties than any other locality and the invading armies could move eastward, skirting the ancient mountain mass of the Ardennes, across the chalk beds of the Paris basin and the sandy plains of the upper Rhine delta, to Cologne. Thence plains covered by glacial sands and gravels stretch eastward to Berlin. A shorter and more direct route to Berlin is offered by the valley of the Elbe river. But the coast of Germany from Emden to Hamburg is probably more heavily fortified than any other in the world.

Invasion by way of Murmansk is suggested but a long sea supply route would be involved and attack could be made only by way of the east Baltic states. A flank attack on Finland from the Murmansk route is out of the question, but southern Finland could be easily reached were it possible to capture the Port of Petsamo.

The rôle of air power is deliberately excluded from consideration. Hence undue emphasis is placed on physical features that were important in the last war, but that offer no obstacles to a modern army, supported by an air force superior to that of the defending one. The hinge of the Maginot line at Sedan was not strongly fortified because the French considered that the Ardennes mountains furnished considerable protection. An overwhelming air superiority and modern tanks made it possible for the Ger-

mans to traverse them without much difficulty. No doubt military authorities on both sides have been taught by that and other examples the fact that air power nullifies, to a great extent, the advantages or disadvantages of topography.

E. L. B.

EDUCATION

THE MODERN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. By Alexander B. Currie. Toronto: Ryerson Press. Pp. xi+110. \$1.35.

'Never was it more imperative to combine sound conservatism with sane progress', says Professor Hughes in his introduction to this little book on modern education, originally written in 1941 as a course of lectures for students and teachers at McGill University. Since the main purpose of the book is to advocate the general adoption and further development of the 'enterprise plan' in elementary education, it is natural that it should stress 'progress' rather than 'conservatism'. This enterprise plan, we are told, is "the classroom procedure which encourages pupils to plan and carry out undertakings related to an agreed upon theme under the teacher's supervision and with his help", involving "the assumption by the pupils of individual and joint responsibility" for carrying out such a plan. And its object is to ensure that "the learnings of children at school will include those related to character, spiritual anchorage and civic virtue; to the development of personal talents; to the special arts, skills and knowledges appropriate to his age."

While enthusiastically advocating this plan for the elementary school, the writer admits that it is not suited to the secondary school where more direct and intensive methods should be used. He also warns against its weaknesses,—the "obvious danger of diffuseness, of thinness, of shallowness, of gaps in the child's knowledge". But, under the direction of a gifted teacher alive to its dangers, he is convinced that "the well-conducted enterprise removes a great deal of frustration from school life."

The book is intended primarily for teachers who are familiar with the modern terminology of the teaching profession. This reviewer, not being one of the initiates of that exclusive cult and of rather conservative temperament, has at times been somewhat mystified by and indeed a trifle critical of unfamiliar modes of expression. The book, as has been suggested, was intended for the initiated.

M. L. M.

BIOLOGY

ON GROWTH AND FORM. By Sir D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. 1942. Pp. 1116. \$12.50.

This book is an up to date revision of the volume which first appeared in 1916 and which has been out of print for some years. It has been considerably enlarged and revised to include any concepts of mathematics and physics, in relation to biological studies, which have been altered or expanded in the past twenty-five years.

Form, growth and function as biological problems are considered in relation to principles of physics and mathematics. A comprehension of basic mathematics and physics is essential to an appreciation of the author's discussion.

A vast variety of organisms has been used for examples. The species range from unicellular plants such as bacteria, diatoms and *Protococcus* to the giant *Sequoia* trees; among the animals nearly all phyla are represented from the Protozoa to the Chordata. The text is well illustrated with 554 figures.

One of the most important chapters is that on the rate of growth. It is well known that the rate of living slows down as size increases so that a smaller species of animal lives more rapidly but not as long as a larger one. The rate of growth varies in an orderly way and is subject to definite laws, dependent upon the age of the organism, and has its maximum early in life after which it gradually declines. It is affected by a number of physical conditions such as temperature and may, under certain circumstances, be negative, especially during metamorphosis and senescence. The phenomenon of regeneration is similar to ordinary growth except that its rate is increased in a region of injury.

Much attention is given to the individual cell, both of multicellular as well as unicellular plants and animals, as to its internal form and structure and its external form. The study of a single cell leads on to tissues or "cell-aggregates" which appear to follow certain principles and laws of mathematical physics in the forms of the simpler organisms cited.

In the different shapes of hundreds of foraminiferal shells many problems are presented. Some species have remained static in form since Cretaceous times while other species have evolved since then. The possibility exists that identical forms may have been independently evolved more than once. The shapes of mammalian horns and teeth are considered as well as the shapes of eggs and the form and branching of blood-vessels. There is a chapter on leaf-arrangement or phyllotaxis.

Morphology is treated from a mathematical aspect which the author believes necessary to any true comprehension of growth and form. This aspect has been little employed by biologists and even less by mathematicians.

The author accepts the fact that mutations have occurred and that new "types" have arisen and believes that these changes are likely to repeat themselves and that a single type "may have come into being again and again."

"Our geometrical analogies weigh heavily against Darwin's conception of endless small continuous variations; they help to show that discontinuous variations are a natural thing."

H. W. C.

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

LAST TRAIN FROM BERLIN. By Howard K. Smith. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1942. Pp. 359. \$3.25.

This is the unofficial sequel of William L. Shirer's *Berlin Diary*. It takes up the story more or less where Shirer left off and is, in the author's own words, "the only record of the sweeping changes which have taken place inside Germany since the beginning of, and due to, the Russian war". It is a good book, but might have been better if the author had omitted the first two chapters of undergraduate reminiscences and contented himself with reporting facts instead of expounding certain immature theories. When, for instance, Mr. Smith suggests that, if the British wish to "knock the Nazis lop-sided", all they have to do is to nationalize the Welsh coal mines, he is talking nonsense. And when he suggests that if the Americans wish to "kill more Nazis than a thousand bombs on Germany" and have Krupp "the deadliest man in Germany in a week", all *they* have to do is to nationalize the munitions industry and publish the fact, he is again speaking with no proper sense of proportion. If Mr. Smith, who has spent the better part of almost six years in Germany, and who professes to know something of the effect of propaganda on the German people, can believe for one moment that Goebbels would allow information to seep through to the German people which might have disastrous results for the Nazi hierarchy, he must be more naïve than one would think possible. And even if Mr. Smith's proposals were to become a *fait accompli* and the news were allowed to reach the German people, we question whether, at this critical moment, when they are no longer fighting to conquer, but to continue to exist, they would care one rap about the nationalization of Welsh mines or American munitions.

Mr. Smith, however, has made clear some of the things about Nazi Germany that were by no means clear before. His central theme is that since the outbreak of the Russian war "something has happened to the German people. A change of almost revolutionary proportions. . . ." Nothing has gone according to schedule; the people are disgruntled, disillusioned, and embittered. The standard of living has been seriously lowered; what with empty stores and empty stomachs, the national morale has sunk to a dan-

gerously low level. Food, even in the best Berlin restaurants, is unappetizing—even more so, apparently, than in 1919. In cafés like Krannzler's and Unter den Linden the food is "generally a foul-smelling hunk of fish called *Kabeljau* . . . covered with a gummy yellow sauce called *Senftunke*. According to Mr. Smith, the German people are sick to death of Nazism and would call the whole thing off were it not for two factors—the Gestapo and the fear of reprisals. We know what the Gestapo is and what it stands for; the German people know this even better, and their dread of this abominable organization is great. They know also what will happen within their borders if the German troops are ever forced to withdraw from occupied Europe, and the Poles, Norwegians, and French are let loose in their midst. If, Mr. Smith thinks, the German people could be guaranteed against the "white-hot rage" of the peoples who have been temporarily conquered, "they would become rather hard for Hitler to keep in the war". Emphatically, this is not sufficient inducement for the Germans to quit fighting. They would distrust any guarantee that the Allied nations might give because they would not honour such a guarantee themselves. And the Allies will give no such guarantee. Instead, they will fight and beat the Germans "until they scream with anguish and pain".

One of the most illuminating chapters in the book is that entitled "The End of the Nazi Revolution". Here Mr. Smith discusses what he terms the "decline and fall of what had once been Hitler's mightiest weapon—the glorious brown army of the *Sturm Abteilung*"—the Storm troops; the dispossession of the middle classes; the liquidation of the little man, the confiscation of his property and his reduction to impotence by the enforced incorporation of the more ruthless and daring of his leaders into the S. S. *Totenkopfverbaende* (Death's Head formations), in other words—the Gestapo. Disaffection and discontent in the ranks of the Brown Shirts were the cause of its being disbanded; two of the first indications of unrest were the defection of Otto Strasser and the "blood purge" of 1934. Another point that Mr. Smith clears up is the true nature and meaning of National Socialism. Many people "have accepted Nazism as a form of Socialism. . . . In actual fact, Nazism is the most reactionary and vicious form of capitalism that has ever existed, and Hitler has destroyed systematically every element in his state which was, in any degree, revolutionary".

Mr. Smith makes no attempt to prophesy, but his chapter on "The Elements of Conflict" is a comforting one. There is no readiness as yet among the German people to revolt, but things are beginning to happen in Hitler's *Reich* which have happened before and which in the end sent the Kaiser packing. We agree that one way "to win wars and beat Nazis" is to open a political front. But

that is easier said than done and no one has as yet shown how it can be done. The Nazis are nervous; they are now fearful of defeat and retribution, but they are not yet defeated, although defeat is certain.

Last Train from Berlin, which may turn out to be a better best-seller than *Berlin Diary*, is not only the most vivid and reliable account, but by far the best personal narrative we have yet read, of actual living conditions in contemporary Germany.

J. A. R.

AMERICAN UNITY AND ASIA. By Pearl S. Buck. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. 1942. Pp. 140. \$2.00.

Among the problems emerging from the war and from the anticipation of the peace a place must be found for the problem of race prejudices. The war has become a world war indeed when we have arrayed on our side, officially if not in fact, the 700,000,000 Asiatics in India and China. Hitler has brought us in one leap face to face with the problem of living with the Oriental. War aims which do not explicitly include the Oriental in their scope are detrimental to the most effective prosecution of the war; a positive danger to the peace. This is the burden of this collection of letters and addresses and it is a timely theme.

The treatment of the theme lacks objectivity, and the author's own prejudices are all too obvious and harmful. She has too long breathed the atmosphere of the China American missionary and she looks upon the world with an eye which sees only black and white. There are no gradations of shade. Thus Democracy is good while imperialism, in particular British Imperialism, is bad. The two are mutually exclusive. The Oriental is always right and the Occidental, Britain in particular, is a bully. With these bold strokes she would paint the world. On such a premise the conclusion that Britain's war aims are "muddled" because, claiming democratic principles, she maintains an empire, is easily reached. This is to make nothing but catchwords of democracy, freedom, and imperialism. No useful purpose can be served by discussing the problem against this rigid background of prejudice and sentiment. We must admittedly take new account of the Orient when the peace reckoning is made up, but to secure this at the sacrifice of Anglo-American unity would be too great a price. Yet this suggestion is implicit in these essays.

The white man must, I think, plead guilty to the charge of prejudice against the coloured races. In so far as these are prejudices born of ignorance of the Oriental they are harmful and shameful. The cure is enlightenment—a slow and painful process. But much that the author of these essays assumes to be mere prejudice is in fact not prejudice at all. We face real problems in

our inevitable approach to the Orient, problems of our standards of living, indeed of our very economic existence. These problems cannot be dismissed by merely subscribing to the doctrine of equality which may in truth have no meaning. We in the West now know that somehow we must learn to live with the Chinese and the Indian on a new international basis. The old order in the East has passed. This is our race problem for the war and for the peace. Academic discussions of racial equality are as fruitless in this connection as discussions upon the equality of the sexes are in relation to our social life. In the new world commonwealth the Orient and the Occident must supplement one another. Attempts to equate the two entities lead but to confusion and further prejudices.

There is a lack of historical sense in the book. If world society is to evolve into something better and more stable we must expect slow and painful movement. Evolution in the physical world has been slow and painful. It is not surprising that in the world of human relations the pace, at times, seems tragic. But who can say that we do not understand or appreciate the Oriental better than we have done? It is a truism to say we are different. Why should we not be? Our hope is in finding a fair working relation with the East and in a more enlightened understanding of her. But we cannot be asked to take all the burden of compromise and understanding. Any book which takes up this problem and ignores these practical objectives makes a contribution to diversity.

H. W. H.

MODERN WORLD POLITICS. By Thorsten V. Kalijarvi and Associates. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Pp. ix+843.

CONFLICTS: STUDIES IN CONTEMPORARY HISTORY. By L. B. Namier, M.A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Manchester. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. Pp. viii+223. 8/6.

CONDITIONS OF PEACE. By Edward Hallett Carr, Professor of International Politics in the University College of Wales. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. Pp. xxiv+279. \$3.50.

THE UNRELENTING STRUGGLE. By the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. Pp. x+371. \$3.50.

A STUDY OF WAR. By Quincy Wright, Professor of International Law in the University of Chicago. Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company. Two volumes. Pp. xxiii+xxiv+1552. \$15.00.

This group of books is part of the vast contemporary literature of peace and war, an epitome of the general concern about the past, present and future of international relations. The immensity

of the problems involved is apt to leave the individual in a mood of bafflement and helplessness, but as these matters have shown themselves able to affect him so intimately, he is driven to seek explanations and first principles. To provide him with these is no easy matter, since there is divergence of opinion among a multitude of authorities. The problems are infinitely complex, and attempts to simplify them are apt to fall into ambiguity. Furthermore, the headlong rush of history is bewildering to the mind, and men have an ancient habit of reading the events of to-morrow through the spectacles of yesterday.

A courageous attempt has been made by Mr. Kalijarvi and his co-authors to catch the volatile fluid of contemporary history in the twenty-eight chapters of their book on *Modern World Politics*. The effort is reasonably successful. It places in review before the reader some of the more important phases of current affairs as they have appeared to the world in observable action and in the voluminous comment thereon by the armies of publicists and journalists. There is much to be said for such a synthesis. It is convenient. It is summary. It is up-to-date. It has been written, moreover, at a time when the relevance of brute power in politics had come to be recognized by many of those who in the past were wont to regard idealism and force as unalterably opposed.

In addition to the more usual discussion of the fundamentals of international relations there is also an exposition of the newer techniques of military and psychological warfare, of international secret organizations, of fifth columns and treachery. There is an historical account of the twenty years' crisis in the great regions of the world, an analysis open to the criticism to which historians expose themselves when they allow their pens to follow too hard upon the event. The part on Recent Trends in International Affairs deals with some important aspects of war, as, for example, in relation to technology, to totalitarianism and as a symptom of the social crisis. A critical chapter on geo-politics or geographical determinism, condemns it as the ideological justification of the Nazi aim of world conquest, and compares it with Marxism, the pseudoscience of economic determinism and the ideological justification for the Russian Revolution. Lastly, there are variations on the theme of world order and a planned peace.

To publish a book of such a sort at such a time is to invite the criticism that it lacks perspective. But if we insist upon this to the point of discouragement, we deprive ourselves of a most useful survey, done, for the most part with an admirable regard for the necessities of scientific treatment. It cannot be said, however, that the chapter by Professor Harry Elmer Barnes covering the period between the First and Second World Wars shows a very strict attention to the canons of objective scholarship. While this is a book of political science, there

are parts of this particular contribution which are more political than scientific, and unsuitable for a work purporting to be a text-book in the subject. On the history of the war debts, for instance, Professor Barnes casts objectivity to the winds. "It is believed," he says, "that the recognition of the futility of trying to collect war debts was what led the United States in the second World War to adopt the policy of outright charity to Great Britain instead of once more resorting to the fiction of loans." What interesting connotations there are in that little word "charity"! In the political economy of Professor Barnes obviously, gratitude is classified as an article for import only. Referring to the point that American tariff walls made it impossible for the debtors to pay, Professor Barnes naively argues insincerity in the debtors by pointing out that "at no time did the debtor nations offer to make payment in full in return for a suspension of the tariff obstacles hindering the exportation of Allied goods to the United States". What a brave new world it might have been had the American government been willing to suspend its tariffs at the behest of other governments in order to let fall an avalanche of foreign manufactures upon the American home-market!

The sense of Professor Barnes' explanation of Hitlerism as a factor in world politics is that the British were the true architects of "the Nazi Frankenstein". He goes so far as to assert that British policy was not appeasement but secret collaboration with Hitler. As a surmise this may be defensible. As history the evidence for it has yet to be produced. By way of corollary, he adds that "this policy of bolstering the opponents of Bolshevism began in January, 1932, when Great Britain refused to stand with the United States in curbing Japanese aggression in Manchuria". There is no evidence that the United States either then or for years afterwards, had the slightest intention of going to war to uphold the collective system, whether against Japan or any other power. In a similar vein, Professor Barnes sneers at Great Britain for not fighting Italy, as a second-rate Mediterranean power, in 1935-36. Phillipics are not, in this case, a relevant substitute for scholarship.

A more balanced treatment is given in the next chapter by Professor Thomas Preston Peardon, who writes with less prejudice and greater precision. He points out that "anyone who supposes that the United States gave a strong international lead in the Manchurian crisis is imagining a vain thing." At the same time, he makes no excuses for the defections of British statesmanship, nor does he avoid the issue of the Tory betrayal of British and world interests through failure to meet the challenge of Fascism before it was almost too late. It is a relief to turn from the confident assertions of Professor Barnes to the more accurate reticences of Professor Peardon. "A full answer to these ques-

tions", he writes, "cannot be given until we have a better perspective and far more documentation than is now available. The cautious student will hesitate before accepting the partisan and windy charges of conspiracy with Fascism, and the loose assertions of British decadence that have been tossed about so freely by some writers." In the hands of "cautious" students, then, the book will supply its own correctives, but unfortunately for the good of Anglo-American relations, students are not notoriously cautious.

Sound historical judgement will preserve a society from the more disastrous kinds of political error. Men who are themselves endowed with that important attribute are among the most useful of citizens. Among British statesmen, none has been more deeply inspired by a regard for historical continuity than Mr. Churchill. Among British scholars, none has shown a greater ability to bring the experience of the past to bear upon the problems of the present than Professor Namier. He has put some of the stock of his critical erudition into a book of essays written, with one exception, since the outbreak of the war. All of them have previously appeared in various reviews, and now come conveniently together as a commentary on the questions of the hour. The exception among them in point of time is a remarkably prescient discussion on the Russia of Brest-Litovsk. In approaching the vast enigma of Russia, Professor Namier plainly sets forth his point of view. 'Pro-Russian and anti-German,' he writes, "a Conservative by instinct, predilections and doubts, but not from material interests or from fear—in short, a Tory Radical—I carefully watched the Russian Revolution without being affected by the hysterics which drove certain types of Conservatives into the dangerous absurdities of a home and foreign policy dominated by the fear of Soviet Russia." Professor Namier agrees with the view on the Germans which their continental neighbours take of them, a position not wholly characteristic of English thinking on the subject, since the Islanders are less proximate to the German menace than either the French or the Poles. The attempt to settle Europe in despite of both Germany and Russia Professor Namier condemns as "stark lunacy", a conclusion now officially inscribed in the Anglo-Soviet Pact.

The essays are informed by a profound and intimate knowledge of Europe. The group dealing with Germany forms a study in political anatomy which recommends itself for the reading of everyone who is concerned with the solution of that obstinate Germanic problem. Other essays enquire into the nature of democracy and the workings of the party system. Others, with power and sincerity, examine the position of the Jews. "Not one nation, however insignificant, can, without distortion, be omitted from the world's history: but remove the Jews and history becomes incomprehensible." Professor Namier is especially qualified to

write on the subject since he himself is a Jew and a Zionist. The more general essays on Europe from Vienna to Versailles, and after, provide an illuminating survey of a momentous period, and lead to some important findings on the conditions of European peace. The book concludes with a piece on English prose, done by a scholar who can claim an intimate knowledge of languages. Professor Namier's prose is garnished with some brilliant aphorisms, of which may be quoted both as an example and a monition. "The disenchantment of victory is far more paralysing than the bitterness of defeat."

Mr. Churchill, with his own characteristic sense of history, has also the rare distinction of both making history and recording it. The previous volumes of his speeches are invaluable documents. They carry the story from the time when Churchill's voice was crying in the wilderness of appeasement through the glorious period when, in our darkest hour, he proclaimed our constant faith in victory. This latest chronicle extends from the tribute to Neville Chamberlain on 12th November, 1940, to the speech made to the Canadian Houses of Parliament on 30th December, 1941. We know this record. We have heard the orator's voice in the utterance. These are our annals, the vivid and poignant translation into literature of our desperate yesterday. To re-read them is a reminder of what we have come through. But it is a tale not only of the courage and endurance that have carried us so far, it is also a recollection of the powers of that great man to whom, after long months of adversity, there has been triumphantly delivered a victory. To read these speeches again is to renew our strength for the trials and the testing which still lie before us.

Not least among the tasks for which we must be prepared is the business of meeting the problems of the peace with minds adequately informed thereon. There has been much intellectual preoccupation with this great matter in Britain and America, though not enough as yet in Canada if we are to play an effective and responsible part in the post-war world. Of the many books that have been written, Professor Carr's *Conditions of Peace* is a notable one. It follows his stimulating and provocative treatment of *The Twenty Years' Crisis*. On the whole, it is a better book than its predecessor, being less concerned with refutation than with constructive principles. The first part is discussion of some of the fundamental issues involved in the social cataclysm of the twentieth century, showing how the war is symptomatic of our society's deep *malaise*. "The war", writes Professor Carr, "has brought the final proof of the bankruptcy of the political, economic and moral system which did duty in the prosperous days of the nineteenth century." There can be no certainty, however, whether the civilization which is now at stake will be destroyed or will set in for a period of fairly rapid decay, or else come to a decisive turning-

point and new birth. "The fundamental issue is moral." If the war were to generate new moral forces, as it may already have begun to do in England, then the future might be saved for something better. The war has provided "at any rate for the British people and for the whole English-speaking world—a moral purpose which has revived the national will, increased the sense of cohesion and mutual obligation, bred a salutary realization of the gravity of the crisis, and at the same time created the hope and the opportunity of a new ordering of human affairs."

The securities, national and international, in which this moral capital might be invested are examined by Professor Carr in the second part of his book. He has much that is important to say about the position of Britain both at home and abroad. His chapter on Britain and Germany is full of significance, and there is much in his final chapter on the New Europe to demand the attention. The principles he sets forth are the products of clear and fearless thinking. It is difficult to do this brilliant writer justice without copious quotation. One only may be permissible. "After the present war it will be wise to recognize that peace-making is not an event, but a continuous process which must be pursued in many places, under varying conditions, by many different methods and over a prolonged period of time." It is possible to disagree with some of Professor Carr's prescriptions in this book, as it was with the criticisms of his previous one. But he writes with so clear a focus on the realities of international relations that he establishes an undoubted claim to be heard.

The last of the books to be included in this present scrutiny, *A Study of War* by Professor Quincy Wright, is worthy to be acclaimed as a work of major importance. If the academic world can do anything at all to help the distracted denizens of the world at large, it can exhibit the behaviour of men in the context of their own disasters, weighing human action against the precepts of reason, justice, humanity and religion, and contrasting the savage reversions of war with the noble potentialities of man's intelligence.

The most primitive of society's devices for the settlement of disputes is the solution by slaughter. This is, however, so evil that man has often made his protest against it. War has come to be regarded as the most malignant manifestation of social ill. To diagnose its nature, to discover its causes, and to prescribe a treatment and a cure are tasks to which men have returned through countless generations. But the conquest of disease and of pain has engaged and for long defeated the efforts of the ages. As a social scientist, Professor Wright has completed a substantial work of research on war as an ancient cancer in the body politic. As the result of a continuous occupation with this great subject since the year 1926, Professor Wright has produced a study which ex-

amines war in all its aspects, its history, its sociology, its politics, its economics, its theory, its technique, its causes, its control.

It would be impossible in so brief a notice to offer criticism of a work which bears all the marks of a classic. One can only tender gratitude and congratulations to Professor Wright on the tenacity and the insight which have carried him to the conclusion of a project so immediate to the world's necessities, and yet so fraught with discouragement to those who, like himself, refuse to believe that war can any longer be regarded other than as a barbarous anachronism. This is a book that he who runs the state may read, and since in a democracy we govern ourselves, it is a book for all who seek to combine goodwill with informed intelligence.

W. E. C. H.

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